

New Oxford Item.

VOL. XXX.

NEW OXFORD, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1908.

NO 33.

Neuralgia Pains

Are the result of an abnormal condition of the more prominent nerve branches, caused by congestion, irritation, or disease. If you want to relieve the pain try Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. They often relieve when everything else fails. They leave no disagreeable after-effects. Just a pleasurable sense of relief. Try them.

"I have neuralgia headache right over my eyes, and I am really afraid that my eyes will burst. I also have neuralgia pain around my heart. I have been taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills recently and find they relieve these troubles quickly. I seldom find it necessary to take more than two tablets for complete relief."

MRS. KATHERINE BARTON
1117 Valley St., Chicago, Mo.
"I have a great deal of neuralgia and have doctored a great deal without getting much benefit. For the last two years I have been taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and they always relieve me. I have been so bad with neuralgia that I sometimes thought I would go crazy. Sometimes it is necessary to take two of them, but never more and they are sure to relieve me."

MRS. PERRIER
24 Lynn St., Lincoln, N.B.
Your druggist sells Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and we authorize him to return the price of first package (only) if it fails to benefit you.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Register's Notices.

NOTICE is hereby given to all legatees and other persons concerned that the Administration accounts heretofore mentioned will be presented at the Orphans' Court of Adams County, Pa., for confirmation and allowance on Monday, December 7th, 1908, at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., viz:

205.—First and final account of Chas. M. Wolfe, Esq., Administrator of the estate of Isabelle Carl, late of Hamilton township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

206.—First and final account of Lewis Miller, Executor of the estate of Margaret F. Miller, late of Tyrone township, Pa., deceased.

207.—The first and final account of Howard G. Blocher and B. F. Hesson, Executors of the last will and testament of Alfred H. Staley, late of Littlestown Adams county, Pa., deceased.

208.—First and final account of John W. F. Miller, Administrator c. t. a. of the estate of Henry F. Miller, late of Tyrone township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

209.—First and final account of H. J. Sneeringer, Executor of the last will and testament of Julian Noel, late of Mountpleasant township, Adams county, Pa., deceased.

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Hart Schaffner

& Marx.

There's no question about it; there are no other such clothes as these in the market; the reliability of quality in the all-wool fabrics, the perfect tailoring, the correct style and fit make them distinct from all others. You ought to see what we have here for you; and we're here to show it to you.

Fine suits in many fancy fabrics, in blue serge, black Thibet suits for all occasions, wearers, sizes, \$18 to \$27.50.

All Clothing Pressed and Cleaned Free.

N. B. Carver & Sons.

HANOVER PA.

ELECTRIC BITTERS

THE BEST FOR BILIOUSNESS AND KIDNEYS.

The Savage Rifle Club of Lycoming county, succeeded in killing a three prong buck which dressed 133 pounds. Mr. Harvey Rudy made the lucky shot. C. T. Hersh who is a member of the club, received his share of the venison. S. R. C.

At 5:30 Tuesday morning Miss Gertrude Naomi Thoman, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. J. W. Thoman, of Hanover, formerly of Abbotstown, was united in marriage with Maurice C. Nace, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Nace, by Rev. E. S. Hay. The groom is a member of the firm of G. B. Nace, Son & Co.

The Board of Poor Directors organized Tuesday afternoon and elected the following officials for the county home: Physician, Dr. H. M. Hartman; secretary, Geo. Diller; treasurer, W. F. Weaver; attorney, C. E. Stahle; steward, Foster Beard; day watchman, S. B. Slonaker and wife; night watchman, Charles B. Strasbaugh and wife; keeper of old men's department, Frank Sheely and wife; first teamster, Conrad Smith; matron of old ladies' department, Mrs. Conrad Smith.

Admitting that he set fire to the home of his grandparents in Lycoming county, and burned it to the ground, because some one offered him 15 cents for the job, Paul Hurlbert, 15 years old, was jailed at Williamsport.

The Capture of Dittenhafer.

Last week we made mention of the capture of Ambrose Dittenhafer, who has been evading the officers for some time. Following is the full account of the exciting capture:

Detective Wilson Monday night organized his band, consisting of Constable Morrison, of Straban township, Deputy Fred. Kappes and a large posse of Straban township citizens and with this party went to the vicinity of Dittenhafer's home and surrounded the house. They remained there until near morning when they thought they saw "Ditty" enter the house.

Detective Wilson at once rushed in and was confronted by the man's wife, who had a shot gun leveled at him. Not dismayed he hurried through the various rooms after the man, being met in one of them of Dittenhafer's sons armed with a gun. No harm was done.

Mr. Wilson failed to find his man, Dittenhafer having passed the door instead of entering, but the fog was so dense that the mistake was easily made. The posse at once organized to give chase and followed the fleeing man for three miles through the mist seldom being able to catch sight of him. Several shots were fired when the pursuers would see him, but none took effect.

Dittenhafer, who is said to possess unusual powers of speed, managed to get away from those following and doubled on them, circling back to his home. Learning where he was the posse returned to their original place of operations and surrounded that part of the place known as Dr. Goldsborough's thicket. The time elapsed from the beginning to the end of the chase was between five and six hours and both pursuers and pursued were pretty well tired out.

Here the man realizing that his chances for escape were rather slim made a desperate fight and armed with a razor and his "big stick" was ready for a hand to hand combat. Shot after shot was fired into his hiding place and he finally emerged to be met by Detective Wilson, whose pistol was pointing straight at his head. Realizing that all was up he surrendered.

Dittenhafer begged Mr. Wilson to let him go saying that he would leave the county. The energetic detective could not see things that way and handcuffs were quickly placed around the man's wrists and he was hurried to the county jail where he is now incarcerated.

Candidates' Expenses.

Gettysburg, Nov. 27.—In compliance with the law requiring the filing of an itemized statement in the Clerk's office within fifteen days following the election, the late candidates for political honors in this county are bringing in their statements. So far the following gentlemen have filed accounts:

James C. Cole, Democratic candidate for General Assembly, \$418.35.

Wm. P. Baker, Republican candidate for General Assembly, \$523.89.

Henry Osborn, Republican candidate for Director of the Poor, \$52.60.

Jacob A. Appler, Democratic candidate for Register and Recorder, \$279.35.

Z. H. Cashman, Democratic candidate for County Commissioner, \$130.25.

Edward D. Ziegler, Democratic candidate for Congress, \$126.30.

Jacob G. Slonaker, Democratic candidate for County Treasurer, \$496.73.

Wm. K. Weikert, Republican candidate for County Commissioner, \$370.

Geo. D. Thomas, Republican candidate for County Auditor took oath that his expenses did not exceed \$50.

Luther B. Slaybaugh, Democratic candidate for the same office took the same oath.

Edward D. Brame, Democratic candidate for Director of the Poor, \$43.45.

John D. Keith, Republican candidate for District Attorney, \$298.02.

Elias Fissel, Democratic candidate for Sheriff, \$340.

J. A. Kane, Democratic candidate for County Commissioner, \$270.20.

H. C. Shryock, Democratic candidate for County Auditor, less than \$50.

Edward H. Fohl, Republican candidate for County Auditor, less than \$50.

Jacob F. Thomas, Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Courts \$312.

Edward F. Strausbaugh, Prohibition candidate for Sheriff, less than \$50.

C. H. Wilson, Republican candidate for Sheriff, \$564.25.

One of the Lane boys, colored, who left Gettysburg several years ago, was killed on the railroad in Philadelphia on Monday. Particulars not known. The body was sent to his home in Gettysburg on Tuesday.

Four Gettysburg parties had a narrow escape from injury about 3:30 o'clock Monday afternoon between Abbotstown and Thomasville when W. Lavere Hafer and party traveling in Mr. Hafer's Pullman car collided with the large Packard touring car of Joseph D. Baker of Frederick, Md., slightly damaging both cars.

Fully 125 Perished In Double Shaft at Marianna.

FEAR GAS WELL CAUSED IT

Pittsburg, Dec. 1.—The squeaking iron bucket, operated in the 500-foot shaft leading to the Rachel and Agnes mines of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal company, at Marianna, Pa., since last Saturday, when a terrific explosion in the mines wrecked the up-to-date elevator in the shaft and snuffed out the lives of miners to a number estimated at from 125 up, had carried to the surface the bruised, mangled and burned remains of 124 of the victims of the disaster.

The general belief is that not many more bodies will be found. That a few bodies are buried under slate or other roof structure and the bodies of underground construction was conceded, and it may be several days before these are found.

The workings in which the catastrophe happened is known as the Rachel and Agnes mines, in reality a double mine, with underground connections. Construction work was practically finished, and Deputy State Mine Inspector Henry Louttit a few moments before the explosion had completed a two days' inspection, which had revealed no cause for apprehension. Mine Foreman Henry Thompson and two miners entered the cage, and it was started towards the bottom of the 500-foot shaft. There was an ominous rumbling, then a trembling of the ground round about the mouth of the shaft as from an earthquake, and an instant later there was a terrific report, and the cage was hurled up the shaft and through the roof of the shaft house, the mine foreman and the two men still in it. The bodies of the men were hurled through the top of the building and far beyond it. Thompson was dead when picked up, while the others, although mortally injured, were hurried to a hospital.

The cause of the disaster is a mystery. Some say it was an abandoned gas well that was tapped by the miners others; others say the mine has been known to be gaseous.

ALMOST DROWNED BY FISH

Big Pike Yanks Him Overboard and Bites Hand.

Atlantic City, N. J., Dec. 1.—Thomas P. Packer, a business man, was almost drowned in a battle with a big pike in Egg Harbor river, according to his story told on return from a fishing trip.

Packer was trolling and had captured several smaller fish when he felt a heavy tug. He fought the gamy fish for twenty minutes and was about to land it, when the pole broke. He says that he grasped the loose line and the struggling fish at the same time and in the tussle tumbled overboard.

The water was shallow and the sportsman conquered the fish before he was tumbled into deep water. The pike sunk its teeth deep into his hand. Packer brought the fish home to support his story.

Will Build \$5,000,000 Cotton Mill.

Boston, Dec. 1.—Eugene M. Foss announces that work is to be begun immediately on the construction of a \$5,000,000 cotton mill in East Boston. For more than a year this project has been held in abeyance because of the business stagnation. Its 250,000 spindles and 7500 looms will be operated by 8000 workers. The mills, weave sheds and power station will cover sixty-five acres of land.

Cheap Paper in Sight.

Paper is to be manufactured from cotton stalks, a heretofore useless by-product, according to a report issued by the bureau of manufacture. A company capitalized at \$500,000 has been organized at Atlanta, Ga., for the purpose. It is claimed that paper can be made from cotton stalks at a cost of about \$15 a ton.

Walter Grove, James Lutz and Charles Burk, three young men of Felton, York county, narrowly escaped serious injuries when the gun in the hands of Posey Frey, their companion, accidentally discharged. As it was, the three hunters were filled with shot and are now under the care of a physician.

On Wednesday afternoon a son of Joseph Brame, near Emmitsburg, was run over by a heavy wagon and one half of his scalp was peeled off exposing his skull. The boy, about 10 years old, was at school when a heavy wagon passed and he jumped on it against the will of the teacher, and falling, one of the wheels struck his head.

In a dispute over the ownership of chickens, George Follmer, of Buckhorn, shot his son, James Follmer, while the latter was running in an effort to escape the argument. More than 100 shot grains were picked from the young man's body, and he is in a serious condition. The father was arrested.

Steamer Finance Sunk Off Sandy Hook By the Georgic.

COLLIDED IN THICK FOG

In a thick fog off Sandy Hook, the steel freighter Georgic, of the White Star line, rammed and sank the lightly laden Panama line steamer Finance, outward bound with eighty-five passengers. The Finance went down within ten minutes after the collision, carrying to their death three of her passengers and one of the crew. The rest of the passengers, who included nineteen women and fourteen children, as well as others of the crew, were rescued by the boats of the Georgic. The freighter was not damaged.

The dead are: Miss Irene Campbell, Charles H. Schweiner, Henry Muller, all of Panama, and William H. Todd, third assistant engineer.

The disaster occurred in the main ship channel off Sandy Hook, and as both the vessels were groping their way through a fog that has held up maritime commerce in local waters for the past three days. The prow of the freighter penetrated the side of the Finance nearly ten feet, tearing away an unoccupied stateroom and leaving a ragged hole through which the water rushed in. The Panama steamer heeled far over to starboard, while men and women, many of whom had been awakened from a sound sleep, were thrown from their berths. Hastily covering themselves with bed-clothing and making little attempt to dress, these rushed in a panic to the main deck, which was fast sinking to the surface of the water. Many of the passengers jumped overboard before they could be restrained by the crew of the injured steamer, many not even stopping to provide themselves with life preservers.

A Legalized Triple Lynching.

The town of Tiptonville, Tenn., bordering on Reelfoot lake, which recently has been the scene of many stirring incidents, witnessed the "legalized" lynching of three negroes who were arrested for murdering on Sunday Special Deputy Sheriff Richard Burruss and wounding John Hall, a deputy sheriff.

The execution of the negroes was given a semblance of legality by a hurried "trial" arranged with the understanding that the men would be condemned to death as soon as the "trial" was over.

The negroes lynched were Marshall Edward and James Stineback. These brothers created a disturbance at a religious meeting near Tiptonville on Saturday night. When Officers Burruss and Hall attempted to arrest them the negroes shot the officers.

At the "trial" all of the evidence of those who had seen the killing was heard, and in an incredibly short time the "case" was given to the "jury," which in a few minutes "returned a verdict of guilty" and "fixed the penalty at death." The "sentence" had barely been passed on the three negroes, when the mob, with a whoop and a yell, swarmed into the courtroom, seized the prisoners, rushed them to a large tree near the edge of town and "duly executed the sentence of death" by hanging them, firing volley after volley into the air as the bodies were drawn up from the earth.

Overripe Eggs Used By Bakers.

It is charged that rotten eggs are used in many bakeries in Philadelphia in baking bread, cakes, pies and pastries. The business of supplying rotten eggs to bakeshops is so extensive that there are more than twenty dealers engaged in the disgusting trade. Thousands of dozens of "rots" and "spots," the refuse of the big storage warehouses and wholesale egg dealers, are sold weekly to be converted into food for the public.

This revolting condition is revealed by investigations conducted by the state dairy and food commission. Special Agent H. P. Cassidy, who has collected the evidence, announces that cases are to be brought at once against about a dozen rotten egg dealers and more are to follow.

Will Oppose Re-Election of Penrose.

In a statement made by Representative-elect Captain Ira McJunkin, of Butler, Pa., it is said an effort will be made at the coming session of the Pennsylvania legislature to elect State Treasurer John O. Sheatz to succeed Bois Penrose in the United States senate.

According to the statement, a thoroughly organized movement is now on foot and it is asserted that the "invasion of the Penrose ranks will produce a political upheaval unprecedented in the politics of the state."

Captain McJunkin also states that Treasurer Sheatz is heartily in favor of the course outlined and has indicated his willingness to join the issue against Penrose.

Will Fight Miners' Demands.

On behalf of the anthracite coal operators, a statement has been issued explaining the position of the operators with regard to the new work-

ing agreement that is to be entered into when the present three-year agreement, based on the award of the strike commission of 1902, which expires April 1 next.

The operators declare that there is no possibility that they will accede to the demands which the United Mine Workers of America have decided upon, but have not yet formally presented to the operators.

The operators say they have been given to understand that the miners have drafted a new set of demands, which the miners' union agreed to waive in 1906, when the working agreement was extended to March 31, 1909. The stand of the operators will be for a renewal of the agreement for another three-year term, or longer.

First Whipping In Years.

For the first time in eight years the whipping post was used at Hagerstown, Md., when Jim Wilson, a colored man, was lashed by Sheriff George W. Earnshaw for wife-beating. Wilson was convicted before Police Justice Hoffman, who sentenced him to receive ten lashes and to serve six months in the house of correction. Wilson was sullen and refused to appeal for mercy, although he squirmed as each blow of the whip fell upon his bare back.

Headquarters For Union Engineers.

Warren S. Stone, the grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, announced that the plans for the brotherhood's new headquarters building in Cleveland, O., have been completed. A twelve-story building will be erected in the downtown district. Work, he said, would begin next March. The building will cost \$1,000,000. The erection of the building will mean a permanent home for the brotherhood.

Lampshire Guilty of Arson.

Ray Lampshire, charged with arson and the murder of Mrs. Belle Gunness and her three children by setting fire to the Gunness house on April 28, was found guilty of arson by the jury at La Porte, Ind. Within five minutes after the verdict was reported, Judge Richter sentenced the defendant to the state penitentiary at Michigan City for an indeterminate term of from two to twenty-one years, fined him \$5000 and disfranchised him for five years.

Shot Dead Hunting Rabbits.

Frank Koons and Elmer Hoffman, of Cementon, Pa., cousins, aged sixteen, went gunning for rabbits near Laury's. Koons was ahead as they went through a wire fence. The trigger of Hoffman's gun caught in the wire, causing a discharge, and Koons fell, shot through the abdomen. He died within five minutes.

Made Chairman Inaugural Committee.

Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock, of the Republican national committee, announced the appointment of Edward J. Stellwagen as chairman of the inaugural committee. Mr. Stellwagen is one of the leading capitalists of Washington, among other positions occupied by him being that of president of the Union Trust.

Postal Deficit \$16,873,222.

In his annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, Postmaster General Meyer gives the total receipts for the year as \$208,351,886, thereby showing a deficit of \$16,873,222, the largest in the history of the department, with an additional loss from fire, burglary, etc., of \$37,055.

Lost \$12,000 Necklace.

Otto C. Heinze, a broker, reported to the police of the Tenderloin station in New York that his wife had lost a \$12,000 necklace of sixty-three pearls on Thanksgiving night while attending a theater.

Dies On Way to Get \$40,000.

Within an hour before he was to receive a fortune of \$40,000 left him by General John A. Halderman, a former close friend, who died recently, Samuel E. Taylor, a contractor of Atlantic City, N. J., dropped dead in New York.

Blind Bees Make Best Honey.

Blind bees are makers of the best honey. This is a discovery announced by H. R. Latimer, who is at the head of the mathematical department of the Maryland School for the Blind at Baltimore.

Hitchcock Gets Cabinet Post.

Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican national committee, has been offered and has accepted the position of postmaster general in the Taft cabinet that is to be.

Rear Admiral Russell Dead.

Rear Admiral Alexander Wilson Russell, of the United States navy, retired, died at his home in Philadelphia, aged eighty-four years. Death was due to heart failure.

Gets \$200 For Pearl Found In Oyster.

John A. Cobine, a sporting man of Trenton, N. J., found a pearl in an oyster. He sold it to a jeweler for \$200 cash.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS.

Wednesday, November 25.

The largest wooden schooner in the world, the six-master Edward B. Winslow, 318 feet long, was launched from the yard of Percy & Small at Bath, Me.

While playing with the fire in Philadelphia, the clothing of three-year-old Russell Simon became ignited and he was burned to death.

John Haynes, a farmer of Winona, S. C., after trying to kill his wife and children with a shotgun, shot Henry Moore, who went to the assistance of the family, in the leg, and then blew out his own brains.

Friday, November 27.

In attempting to cross a lake at Orono, Me., the thin ice broke and James F. Aldrich, of Little Falls, N. Y., was drowned.

Dean Frederick Howard, of the musical college of Drake university, and well known in musical circles, died suddenly at Des Moines, Ia.

Baroness Alice Decartier de Marchienne, wife of the chief counselor of the Belgian legation, died at Phoenix, Ariz., where she had gone for her health.

Three women and one man were baptized in the chilly waters of the Delaware river at Gloucester, N. J., by Rev. Bickers Gill, pastor of the Helping Hand church of that place.

Saturday, November 28.

Colonel Harry C. Page, one of the oldest newspaper men in New Jersey, and editor and owner of the Bayonne Herald, died at his home in Bayonne, N. J.

Acting as her own detective, Miss Amelia Ernsten captured Edward Kelly, a hold-up man, in Chicago, who six weeks ago robbed her of \$125 and a gold watch.

Of the estate of \$665,000, half a million dollars was left to the American Bible society by Bloodgood L. Cutter, the poet, of Little Neck, L. I., who died last September.

Dr. John Bell Henneman, of the University of the South, at Seawane, Tenn., one of the most prominent educators in the south, died in Richmond, Va., after an operation.

Monday, November 30.

In a head-on collision on the Seaboard Air Line railroad near Ocala, Fla., five persons were killed.

F. W. Vanderbilt has given Yale university \$50,000 to enlarge Vanderbilt square, at New Haven, Conn.

Pleading guilty in the United States court at Baltimore, Md., to accepting rebates from the Pennsylvania railroad, the Baker-Whiteley Coal company was fined \$3700.

Joe Berenski and John Bardale, while hunting near Steubenville, O., fired a shot into a can that contained nitro glycerine and were instantly killed by the explosion.

Tuesday, December 1.

Comptroller of the Currency Murray issued a call on national banks for a statement of their condition at the close of business Nov. 27.

Chairman Stellwagen, of the inaugural committee, has appointed Major General J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff, U. S. A., to be grand marshal of the inaugural parade.

Jesse C. Joy, cashier of the Hamilton bank, of New York city, who has been a patient in a sanitarium at Kingston, N. Y., committed suicide by shooting himself in the head.

One man was killed, five others seriously injured and many passengers badly shaken up when train No. 5, known as the Chicago Limited, on the Pittsburgh & Western branch of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, crashed into a "buckled" freight train near Valencia, Pa.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS.

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

PHILADELPHIA.—FLOUR quiet; winter extras, new, \$3.75 @ 3.90; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$4.42 @ 4.55; city mills, fancy, \$5.85 @ 6. RYE FLOUR firm; per barrel, \$4.15 @ 4.25. WHEAT firm; No. 2 red western, \$1.04 @ 1.05; CORN quiet; No. 2 yellow, local, 69c. OATS firm; No. 2 white, clipped, 55 1/2 @ 56c; lower grades, 54c. HAY steady; timothy, large bales, \$14.50. POULTRY: Live steady; hens, 11 @ 12c; old roosters, 9c. Dressed steady; choice fowls, 14c; old roosters, 9 1/2c. BUTTER steady; extra creamery, 35c. EGGS steady; selected, 37 @ 39c; nearby, 34c; western, 34c. POTATOES firm; per bushel, 80 @ 83c. Sweet Potatoes, Eastern Shore, Va., \$1 @ 1 1/2 per barrel.

BALTIMORE.—WHEAT easy; No. 2 spot, \$1.07 1/2 @ 1.07 3/4; steamer No. 2 spot, \$1.03 1/4 @ 1.04; southern, \$1.01 1/4 @ 1.04 1/2. CORN firm; mixed spot, 71 @ 71 1/2c; steamer mixed, 68 @ 68 1/2c; southern, 66 @ 71 1/2c; Nov. 70 @ 70 1/2c; year, 68 1/2 @ 69 1/2c. OATS steady; No. 2 white, 54 1/2 @ 55c; No. 2 yellow, 54 1/2 @ 54 3/4c; No. 3, 52 1/2 @ 52 3/4c; mixed, N. 53 @ 55 1/2c; No. 3, 52 1/2 @ 52 3/4c. BUTTER firm; creamery separator, extras, 30 @ 31c; held, 23 @ 24c; prints, 31 @ 32c; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 17 @ 18c. EGGS steady; Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 22c; West Virginia, 31c; southern, 20c. per dozen.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards).—CATTLE higher; choice, \$6.50 @ 6.75; prime, \$6.10 @ 6.40. SHEEP and LAMBS higher; prime wethers, \$4.25 @ 4.50; culls and common, \$1.50 @ 2.50. PIGS: \$5.50 @ 5.75; veal calves, \$8.50 @ 9. HOGS active and higher; prime heavies, \$6.10 @ 6.15; mediums, \$6.50 @ 6.10; heavy Yorkers, \$5.90 @ 5.95; light Yorkers, \$4.75 @ 5. pigs, \$4.25 @ 4.60; roughs, \$4.10 @ 5.50.

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Last week we made mention of the capture of Ambrose Dittenhafer, who has been evading the officers for some time. Following is the full account of the exciting capture:

Detective Wilson Monday night organized his band, consisting of Constable Morrison, of Straban township, Deputy Fred. Kappes and a large posse of Straban township citizens and with this party went to the vicinity of Dittenhafer's home and surrounded the house. They remained there until near morning when they thought they saw "Ditty" enter the house.

Detective Wilson at once rushed in and was confronted by the man's wife, who had a shot gun leveled at him. Not dismayed he hurried through the various rooms after the man, being met in one of them of Dittenhafer's sons armed with a gun. No harm was done.

Mr. Wilson failed to find his man, Dittenhafer having passed the door instead of entering, but the fog was so dense that the mistake was easily made. The posse at once organized to give chase and followed the fleeing man for three miles through the mist seldom being able to catch sight of him. Several shots were fired when the pursuers would see him, but none took effect.

Dittenhafer, who is said to possess unusual powers of speed, managed to get away from those following and doubled on them, circling back to his home. Learning where he was the posse returned to their original place of operations and surrounded that part of the place known as Dr. Goldsborough's thicket. The time elapsed from the beginning to the end of the chase was between five and six hours and both pursuers and pursued were pretty well tired out.

Here the man realizing that his chances for escape were rather slim made a desperate fight and armed with a razor and his "big stick" was ready for a hand to hand combat. Shot after shot was fired into his hiding place and he finally emerged to be met by Detective Wilson, whose pistol was pointing straight at his head. Realizing that all was up he surrendered.

Dittenhafer begged Mr. Wilson to let him go saying that he would leave the county. The energetic detective could not see things that way and handcuffs were quickly placed around the man's wrists and he was hurried to the county jail where he is now incarcerated.

Candidates' Expenses.

Gettysburg, Nov. 27.—In compliance with the law requiring the filing of an itemized statement in the Clerk's office within fifteen days following the election, the late candidates for political honors in this county are bringing in their statements. So far the following gentlemen have filed accounts:

James C. Cole, Democratic candidate for General Assembly, \$418.35.

Wm. P. Baker, Republican candidate for General Assembly, \$523.89.

Henry Osborn, Republican candidate for Director of the Poor, \$52.60.

Jacob A. Appler, Democratic candidate for Register and Recorder, \$279.35.

Z. H. Cashman, Democratic candidate for County Commissioner, \$130.25.

Edward D. Ziegler, Democratic candidate for Congress, \$126.30.

Jacob G. Slonaker, Democratic candidate for County Treasurer, \$496.73.

Wm. K. Weikert, Republican candidate for County Commissioner, \$370.

Geo. D. Thomas, Republican candidate for County Auditor took oath that his expenses did not exceed \$50.

Luther B. Slaybaugh, Democratic candidate for the same office took the same oath.

Edward D. Brame, Democratic candidate for Director of the Poor, \$43.45.

John D. Keith, Republican candidate for District Attorney, \$298.02.

Elias Fissel, Democratic candidate for Sheriff, \$340.

J. A. Kane, Democratic candidate for County Commissioner, \$270.20.

H. C. Shryock, Democratic candidate for County Auditor, \$50.

Edward H. Pohl, Republican candidate for County Auditor, less than \$50.

Jacob F. Thomas, Democratic candidate for Clerk of the Courts \$312.

Edward F. Strausbaugh, Prohibition candidate for Sheriff, less than \$50.

C. H. Wilson, Republican candidate for Sheriff, \$554.25.

One of the Lane boys, colored, who left Gettysburg several years ago, was killed on the railroad in Philadelphia on Monday. Particulars not known. The body was sent to his home in Gettysburg on Tuesday.

Four Gettysburg parties had a narrow escape from injury about 3:30 o'clock Monday afternoon between Abbotstown and Thomasville when W. Lavere Hafer and party traveling in Mr. Hafer's Pullman car collided with the large Packard touring car of Joseph D. Baker of Frederick, Md., slightly damaging both cars.

Fully 125 Perished In Double Shaft at Marianna.

FEAR GAS WELL CAUSED IT

Pittsburg, Dec. 1.—The squeaking iron bucket, operated in the 500-foot shaft leading to the Rachel and Agnes mines of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal company, at Marianna, Pa., since last Saturday, when a terrific explosion in the mines wrecked the up-to-date elevator in the shaft and snuffed out the lives of miners to a number estimated at from 125 up, had carried to the surface the bruised, mangled and burned remains of 124 of the victims of the disaster.

The general belief is that not many more bodies will be found. That a few bodies are buried under slate or other roof structure and the bodies of underground construction was conceded, and it may be several days before these are found.

The workings in which the catastrophe happened is known as the Rachel and Agnes mines. In reality a double mine, with underground connections. Construction work was practically finished, and Deputy State Mine Inspector Henry Louttit a few moments before the explosion had completed a two days' inspection, which had revealed no cause for apprehension. Mine Foreman Henry Thompson and two miners entered the cage, and it was started towards the bottom of the 500-foot shaft. There was an ominous rumbling, then a trembling of the ground round about the mouth of the shaft as from an earthquake, and an instant later there was a terrific report, and the cage was hurled up the shaft and through the roof of the shaft house, the mine foreman and the two men still in it. The bodies of the men were hurled through the top of the building and far beyond it. Thompson was dead when picked up, while the others, although mortally injured, were hurried to a hospital.

The cause of the disaster is a mystery. Some say it was an abandoned gas well that was tapped by the miners others; others say the mine has been known to be gaseous.

ALMOST DROWNED BY FISH

Big Pike Yanks Him Overboard and Bites Hand.

Atlantic City, N. J., Dec. 1.—Thomas P. Packer, a business man, was almost drowned in a battle with a big pike in Egg Harbor river, according to his story told on return from a fishing trip.

Packer was trolling and had captured several smaller fish when he felt a heavy tug. He fought the gamy fish for twenty minutes and was about to land it, when the pole broke. He says that he grasped the loose line and the struggling fish at the same time and in the tussle tumbled overboard.

The water was shallow and the sportsman conquered the fish before he was tumbled into deep water. The pike sunk its teeth deep into his hand. Packer brought the fish home to support his story.

Will Build \$5,000,000 Cotton Mill.

Boston, Dec. 1.—Eugene M. Foss announces that work is to be begun immediately on the construction of a \$5,000,000 cotton mill in East Boston. For more than a year this project has been held in abeyance because of the business stagnation. Its 250,000 spindles and 7500 looms will be operated by 8000 workers. The mills, weave sheds and power station will cover sixty-five acres of land.

Cheap Paper in Sight.

Paper is to be manufactured from cotton stalks, a heretofore useless by-product, according to a report issued by the bureau of manufacture. A company capitalized at \$500,000 has been organized at Atlanta, Ga., for the purpose. It is claimed that paper can be made from cotton stalks at a cost of about \$15 a ton.

Walter Grove, James Lutz and Charles Burk, three young men of Felton, York county, narrowly escaped serious injuries when the gun in the hands of Posey Frey, their companion, accidentally discharged. As it was, the three hunters were filled with shot and are now under the care of a physician.

On Wednesday afternoon a son of Joseph Bette, near Emmitsburg, was run over by a heavy wagon and one half of his scalp was peeled off exposing his skull. The boy, about 10 years old, was at school when a heavy wagon passed and he jumped on it against the will of the teacher, and falling, one of the wheels struck his head.

In a dispute over the ownership of chickens, George Follmer, of Buckhorn, shot his son, James Follmer, while the latter was running in an effort to escape the argument. More than 100 shot grains were picked from the young man's body, and he is in a serious condition. The father was arrested.

Steamer Finance Sunk Off Sandy Hook By the Georgic.

COLLIDED IN THICK FOG

In a thick fog off Sandy Hook, the steel freighter Georgic, of the White Star line, rammed and sank the lightly laden Panama line steamer Finance, outward bound with eighty-five passengers. The Finance went down within ten minutes after the collision, carrying to their death three of her passengers and one of the crew. The rest of the passengers, who included nineteen women and fourteen children, as well as others of the crew, were rescued by the boats of the Georgic. The freighter was not damaged.

The dead are: Miss Irene Campbell, Charles H. Schweinler, Henry Muller, all of Panama, and William H. Todd, third assistant engineer.

The disaster occurred in the main ship channel off Sandy Hook, and as both the vessels were groping their way through a fog that has held up maritime commerce in local waters for the past three days. The prow of the freighter penetrated the side of the Finance nearly ten feet, tearing away an unoccupied stateroom and leaving a ragged hole through which the water rushed in. The Panama steamer heeled far over to starboard, while men and women, many of whom had been awakened from a sound sleep, were thrown from their berths. Hastily covering themselves with bed-clothing and making little attempt to dress, these rushed in a panic to the main deck, which was fast sinking to the surface of the water. Many of the passengers jumped overboard before they could be restrained by the crew of the injured steamer, many not even stopping to provide themselves with life preservers.

A Legalized Triple Lynching.

The town of Tiptonville, Tenn., bordering on Reelfoot lake, which recently has been the scene of many stirring incidents, witnessed the "legalized" lynching of three negroes who were arrested for murdering on Sunday Special Deputy Sheriff Richard Burruss and wounding John Hall, a deputy sheriff.

The execution of the negroes was given a semblance of legality by a hurried "trial" arranged with the understanding that the men would be condemned to death as soon as the "trial" was over.

The negroes lynched were Marshall Edward and James Stineback. These brothers created a disturbance at a religious meeting near Tiptonville on Saturday night. When Officers Burruss and Hall attempted to arrest them the negroes shot the officers.

At the "trial" all of the evidence of those who had seen the killing was heard, and in an incredibly short time the "case" was given to the "jury," which in a few minutes "returned a verdict of guilty" and "fixed the penalty at death." The "sentence" had barely been passed on the three negroes, when the mob, with a whoop and a yell, swarmed into the courtroom, seized the prisoners, rushed them to a large tree near the edge of town and "duly executed the sentence of death" by hanging them, firing volley after volley into the air as the bodies were drawn up from the earth.

Overripe Eggs Used By Bakers.

It is charged that rotten eggs are used in many bakeries in Philadelphia in baking bread, cakes, pies and pastries. The business of supplying rotten eggs to bakeshops is so extensive that there are more than twenty dealers engaged in the disgusting trade. Thousands of dozens of "rotts" and "spots," the refuse of the big storage ware houses and wholesale egg dealers, are sold weekly to be converted into food for the public.

This revolting condition is revealed by investigations conducted by the state dairy and food commission. Special Agent H. P. Cassidy, who has collected the evidence, announces that cases are to be brought at once against about a dozen rotten egg dealers and more are to follow.

Will Oppose Re-Election of Penrose.

In a statement made by Representative-elect Captain Ira McJunkin, of Butler, Pa., it is said an effort will be made at the coming session of the Pennsylvania legislature to elect State Treasurer John O. Sheatz to succeed Bois Penrose in the United States senate.

According to the statement, a thoroughly organized movement is now on foot and it is asserted that the "invasion of the Penrose ranks will produce a political upheaval unprecedented in the politics of the state."

Captain McJunkin also states that Treasurer Sheatz is heartily in favor of the course outlined and has indicated his willingness to join the issue against Penrose.

Will Fight Miners' Demands.

On behalf of the anthracite coal operators, a statement has been issued explaining the position of the operators with regard to the new work-

ing agreement that is to be entered into when the present three-year agreement, based on the award of the strike commission of 1902, which expires April 1 next.

The operators declare that there is no possibility that they will accede to the demands which the United Mine Workers of America have decided upon, but have not yet formally presented to the operators.

The operators say they have been given to understand that the miners have drafted a new set of demands, which the miners' union agreed to waive in 1906, when the working agreement was extended to March 31, 1909. The stand of the operators will be for a renewal of the agreement for another three-year term, or longer.

First Whipping In Years.

For the first time in eight years the whipping post was used at Hagerstown, Md., when Jim Wilson, a colored man, was lashed by Sheriff George W. Earnshaw for wife-beating. Wilson was convicted before Police Justice Hoffman, who sentenced him to receive ten lashes and to serve six months in the house of correction. Wilson was sullen and refused to appeal for mercy, although he squirmed as each blow of the whip fell upon his bare back.

Headquarters For Union Engineers.

Warren S. Stone, the grand chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, announced that the plans for the brotherhood's new headquarters building in Cleveland, O., have been completed. A twelve-story building will be erected in the downtown district. Work, he said, would begin next March. The building will cost \$1,000,000. The erection of the building will mean a permanent home for the brotherhood.

Lamphere Guilty of Arson.

Ray Lamphere, charged with arson and the murder of Mrs. Belle Gunness and her three children by setting fire to the Gunness house on April 28, was found guilty of arson by the jury at La Porte, Ind. Within five minutes after the verdict was reported, Judge Richter sentenced the defendant to the state penitentiary at Michigan City for an indeterminate term of from two to twenty-one years. fined him \$5000 and disfranchised him for five years.

Shot Dead Hunting Rabbits.

Frank Koons and Elmer Hoffman, of Cementon, Pa., cousins, aged sixteen, went gunning for rabbits near Laury's. Koons was ahead as they went through a wire fence. The trigger of Hoffman's gun caught in the wire, causing a discharge, and Koons fell, shot through the abdomen. He died within five minutes.

Made Chairman Inaugural Committee.

Chairman Frank H. Hitchcock, of the Republican national committee, announced the appointment of Edward J. Stellwagen as chairman of the inaugural committee. Mr. Stellwagen is one of the leading capitalists of Washington, among other positions occupied by him being that of president of the Union Trust.

Postal Deficit \$16,873,222.

In his annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, Postmaster General Meyer gives the total receipts for the year as \$208,351,886, thereby showing a deficit of \$16,873,222, the largest in the history of the department, with an additional loss from fire, burglary, etc., of \$37,056.

Lost \$12,000 Necklace.

Otto C. Heinze, a broker, reported to the police of the Tenderloin station in New York that his wife had lost a \$12,000 necklace of sixty-three pearls on Thanksgiving night while attending a theater.

Dies On Way to Get \$40,000.

Within an hour before he was to receive a fortune of \$40,000 left him by General John A. Halderman, a former close friend, who died recently, Samuel E. Taylor, a contractor of Atlantic City, N. J., dropped dead in New York.

Blind Bees Make Best Honey.

Blind bees are makers of the best honey. This is a discovery announced by H. R. Latimer, who is at the head of the mathematical department of the Maryland School for the Blind at Baltimore.

Hitchcock Gets Cabinet Post.

Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican national committee, has been offered and has accepted the position of postmaster general in the Taft cabinet that is to be.

Rear Admiral Russell Dead.

Rear Admiral Alexander Wilson Russell, of the United States navy, retired, died at his home in Philadelphia, aged eighty-four years. Death was due to heart failure.

Gets \$200 For Pearl Found In Oyster.

John A. Cobine, a sporting man of Trenton, N. J., found a pearl in an oyster. He sold it to a jeweler for \$200 cash.

CONDENSED NEWS ITEMS.

Wednesday, November 25.

The largest wooden schooner in the world, the six-master Edward B. Winslow, 318 feet long, was launched from the yard of Percy & Small at Bath, Me. While playing with the fire in the kitchen stove in his home in Philadelphia, the clothing of three-year-old Russell Simon became ignited and he was burned to death.

John Haynes, a farmer of Winona, S. C., after trying to kill his wife and children with a shotgun, shot Henry Moore, who went to the assistance of the family, in the leg, and then blew out his own brains.

Friday, November 27.

In attempting to cross a lake at Orono, Me., the thin ice broke and James F. Aldrich, of Little Falls, N. Y., was drowned.

Dean Frederick Howard, of the musical college of Drake university, and well known in musical circles, died suddenly at Des Moines, Ia.

Baroness Alice Decartier de Marchienne, wife of the chief counsellor of the Belgian legation, died at Phoenix, Ariz., where she had gone for her health.

Three women and one man were baptized in the chilly waters of the Delaware river at Gloucester, N. J., by Rev. Bickers Gill, pastor of the Helping Hand church of that place.

Saturday, November 28.

Colonel Harry C. Page, one of the oldest newspaper men in New Jersey, and editor and owner of the Bayonne Herald, died at his home in Bayonne, N. J.

Acting as her own detective, Miss Amelia Ersten captured Edward Kelly, a hold-up man, in Chicago, who six weeks ago robbed her of \$125 and a gold watch.

Of the estate of \$665,000, half a million dollars was left to the American Bible society by Bloodgood H. Cutter, the poet, of Little Neck, L. I., who died last September.

Dr. John Bell Henneman, of the University of the South, at Sewanee, Tenn., one of the most prominent educators in the south, died in Richmond, Va., after an operation.

Monday, November 30.

In a head-on collision on the Seaboard Air Line railroad near Ocala, Fla., five persons were killed.

F. W. Vanderbilt has given Yale university \$50,000 to enlarge Vanderbilt square, at New Haven, Conn.

Pleading guilty in the United States court at Baltimore, Md., to accepting rebates from the Pennsylvania railroad, the Baker-Whiteley Coal company was fined \$3700.

Joe Berenski and John Bardale, while hunting near Steubenville, O., fired a shot into a can that contained nitro glycerine and were instantly killed by the explosion.

Tuesday, December 1.

Comptroller of the Currency Murray issued a call on national banks for a statement of their condition at the close of business Nov. 27.

Chairman Stellwagen, of the inaugural committee, has appointed Major General J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff, U. S. A., to be grand marshal of the inaugural parade.

Jesse C. Joy, cashier of the Hamilton bank, of New York city, who has been a patient in a sanitarium at Kingston, N. Y., committed suicide by shooting himself in the head.

One man was killed, five others seriously injured and many passengers badly shaken up when train No. 5, known as the Chicago Limited, on the Pittsburg & Western branch of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, crashed into a "buckled" freight train near Valenciennes, Pa.

PRODUCE QUOTATIONS.

The Latest Closing Prices in the Principal Markets.

PHILADELPHIA.—FLOUR quiet; winter extras, new, \$3.75@3.90; Pennsylvania roller clear, \$4.40; city mills, fancy, \$5.85@6.00. RYE FLOUR firm; No. 2 red, western, \$1.04@1.05. CORN quiet; No. 2 yellow, local, 69c. OATS firm; No. 2 white, clipped, 55c@56c; lower grades, 54c. HAY steady; timothy, large bales, \$14.50. POULTRY: Live steady; hens, 11@12c; old roosters, 9c. Dressed steady; choice fowls, 14c; old roosters, 9c. BUTTER steady; extra creamery, 35c. EGGS steady; selected, 37c@38c; nearby, 34c; western, 34c. POTATOES firm; per bushel, 80@83c. Sweet Potatoes, Eastern Shore, Va., \$1@1.25 per barrel.

BALTIMORE.—WHEAT easy; No. 2 spot, \$1.07@1.07½; steamer No. 2 spot, \$1.03@1.04; mixed, \$1.01@1.04½. CORN firm; mixed spot, 71c@71½c; steamer, 68c@68½c; southern, 66c@71½c; Nov., 70c@70½c; year, 68½c@69c. OATS steady; No. 2 white, 54½c@55c; No. 3, 52½c@54c; No. 4, 52c@52½c. BUTTER firm; creamery separator, extras, 30@31c; held, 23c@24c; prints, 31c@32c; Maryland and Pennsylvania dairy prints, 17@18c. EGGS steady; Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia, 22c; West Virginia, 31c; southern, 30c. per dozen.

Live Stock Markets.

PITTSBURG (Union Stock Yards).—CATTLE higher; choice, \$6.50@6.75; prime, \$6.10@6.40. SHEEP and LAMBS higher; prime wethers, \$4.25@4.50; culls and common, \$1@2; lambs, \$4.50@6.75; veal calves, \$8.50@9. HOGS active and higher; prime heavies, \$6.10@6.15; mediums, \$5.50@6.10; heavy Yorkers, \$5.90@6.95; light Yorkers, \$4.75@5; pigs, \$4.25@4.60; roughs, \$4.50@5.50.

THE ANXIOUS FARMER.

It was a long time ago
That I put the seeds around;
And I guess I ought to know
When I stuck 'em in the ground.
'Cause I noted down the day
In a little diary bound.
I've gotten lost somewhere, and
I don't know where to look.

But I'm certain anyhow,
They've been planted 'most a week;
And it must be time by now
For their little heads to peek.
They've been watered every day
With a very special care,
And once or twice I've dug 'em up, to
See if they was there.

I fixed the dirt in humps
Just the way they said I should;
And I crumbled all the lumps
Just as finely as I could.
And I found a nigger-worm
A-poking up his head.
He maybe feeds on snails and such,
And so I squashed him dead.

A good's so very small;
And dirt all looks the same;
How can they know at all
The way they ought to aim?
And so I'm very bound
In case of my need:
A farmer ought to do his best for
Every single seed!

—Burgess Johnson in Harper's Magazine.

Grandpa Bruno's Story.

It was in Beartown that old Grandpa Bruno lived. He was the eldest bear in the village and the most respected. Also he was the most pitied, for he had but three feet, one of the front paws being gone. This, as you may know, made poor old Grandpa Bruno a cripple, and he always walked with a decided limp.

But as the accident which made Grandpa Bruno a cripple had happened a very long time ago there were very many young Bears who had never heard about it. And among these young Bears were several who were inclined to be disobedient and to go off on long and perilous adventures, roaming the woods and the mountains, where danger lurked. In vain did their parents—those of cooler heads and wiser minds—remonstrate with them; they would persist in running into all sorts of danger.

One evening as half a dozen of the Bear youth of Beartown were out for a lark they chanced to pass by the house of Grandpa Bruno. They stopped to inquire about the venerable old bear's health and to say a few pleasant things to him, for though they were a mischievous and venturesome lot of fellows they were good at heart and held the aged Bruno in reverence.

Grandpa Bruno was sitting in the front of his house, smoking his pipe, when the youths approached him. "Good evening, grandpa," they said, all bowing and smiling cordially and respectfully. "How do you find yourself this fine evening? The moon is at its full and can be seen through the pines if you'll just take a dozen steps to your right."

"Ah, good even'n, to you, young friends," replied Grandpa Bruno. "I'm as well as one of my years and possessing but three feet can possibly be. As for taking the dozen steps to see the moon—well, I'll wait till she comes over my head and looks down upon me. It's a task for a lame man to walk—even a dozen steps, you know. But where are you youngsters off to this night? It's pretty late for youths to be abroad—especially if they are of a mischievous turn of mind."

"Well, grandpa, it's this way," explained one of the youths, a bright-faced fellow, and leader of the band. "We're anxious to see something of the world outside our own mountain woods. We're off to hunt for adventures on yonder great mountain—the one to the south."

"Ah, yes, I've been there—once," said Grandpa Bruno, and I had a most wonderful adventure, too. If you would like to hear about it I'll tell you now. The evening is fine and you can sit on the ground about me. My pipe is done for tonight and I'm in a story-telling mood. But remember this: Every word I tell you tonight is as true as truth. And I had exactly the experiences I'm going to tell you about."

"Ah, that'll be interesting," declared the half dozen youngsters in a breath. "And we'll sit very quietly here on the ground, grandpa, and listen to every word you speak. We've always known you were an exceptional bear in your youth, and we feel flattered that you will take us into your confidence. It proves to us that you are not so strait-laced and particular about young fellows going on adventurous trips as are so many of our older bears. And now we're all seated and you may begin."

"Well, my young friends, I was very much of the same turn as yourselves when I was your age," began Grandpa Bruno, putting his pipe and tobacco pouch on a convenient stump.

"Ah, we knew it," cried two of the young bears.

"Yes, I was forever hunting adventure," admitted Grandpa Bruno. "And I found it over on yon great mountain toward the south—the one you have planned to visit this night. Well, it happened in this way, my finding the adventure of which I shall tell you; I had been curious to see the world outside my own domain, and I went off against my father's and mother's wishes. I had a beautiful young wife and two cubs, and they went with me. My young wife was opposed to our going, but seeing that I was determined, she was too faithful to allow me to go alone. So with our two little cubs, we set out one fine morning just as the sun was coming into sight. All day long we traveled, only stopping now and then to eat the honey from the wild bees' hives, or to quench our thirst at some brook. And I remember we did pause long enough to allow our little cubs to take a nap. Then,

on and on we went, ever toward that great mountain which seems to hold such temptation for venturesome youth.

"Well, toward evening we reached the very heart of that mountain, and on the way we passed several paths not made by bears or other four-footed creatures. There were strange looking footprints, and I felt sure we were to meet with something exciting and novel. But nothing happened just then. And as the cubs were tired out, and their mother a bit weary, we decided to lay us down to rest and sleep. I fell into a deep slumber almost immediately, and so did the cubs. But my wife said she felt so thirsty that she would go down the mountain side and drink from a spring we had passed on our way up.

"But hardly had she left me when I heard a noise more sudden and sharp than thunder, and saw a flash like lightning. Then I heard my dear wife's shriek and groan. I ran with all possible speed to her, and there I saw her lying weltering in her own blood. I ran to her, but as I was about to lick a great ugly wound I discovered in her side, and thus stop the bleeding, another of those terrific reports sounded in my ears, and I heard something go whizz past my head. I ran into a thicket nearby, for I knew that whatever the cause of my dear Mrs. Bruno's wound, it was also aimed at me, and I was my duty to my cubs, and to their wounded mother, to save myself if possible. So, behind the cluster of bushes I hid, and saw several tall, two-footed creatures come to the spot where my poor wife was dying. I could tell from the groans which escaped her and the look in her eyes that she would soon pass out of her agony. And upon sight of the strange animals, she tried to rise, to show fight, but fell back—dead."

Grandpa Bruno stopped to wipe his eye and to steady his voice, which had grown unsteady. Then he resumed his narrative: "And then I crept up the mountain side to get my cubs and to hurry homeward. But I was not to have any such good luck. Those long, two-footed creatures, with white, small faces, were on my trail, and as I was nearing my cubs—who were still asleep—another one of those terrible sharp, thunder-like explosions sounded behind me and I felt a stinging sensation in my foot. I found also that I could not run on that foot as I did on the other three, and sidled off into another deep thicket, hiding myself from my pursuers. They went past me up the mountain path and came full upon my cubs—my darling little ones who were fast asleep. I guess I was forgotten by those murderers, for they did not look for me. They took up my cubs—fighting and growling—the dear little things—into captivity. And I have never seen them since."

Again the old bear paused in his story, bending his face in his paws and weeping silently. The hearts of his listeners were touched, and the leader of the band—such a gay light-hearted Bear—put his paw sympathetically on the old Bear's knee and said, "Since it pains you so, good Grandpa Bruno, to go over that sad story, please tell us no more. We do not enjoy what is pain to you."

"Ah, my sons," replied Grandpa Bruno, "I am suffering the remembrance of that sad circumstance in the telling that I may save you the same sort of experiences. I never allow myself to talk of the sad ending of my dear Mrs. Bruno and the kidnapping of my little ones, unless it is to warn a fellow Bear. And I'm almost done my story, for what remains amounts to nothing as compared to the part already told."

"Ah, that's how you came to lose your front paw," said one of the listeners in a tender voice.

"Yes. After I saw my little ones carried off, and also watched the cruel creatures who had killed my wife take her poor body and place it on a wooden thing, which they pulled down the mountain side, I lay down in the thicket to die. My physical pain was as nothing to my mental suffering. I was directly responsible for my wife's death and the carrying off of my cubs, and I wanted to die. I did not think I could live another night."

"But we cannot always die when we would like to, and when the morning came my paw was so swollen and caused me such intense agony that I went to the brook down the mountain side, found a cool, vine-covered spot, where I might not be seen, and lay down with my poor paw in the water. There I lay for days, eating and drinking nothing. Every little while I would draw my paw from the brook to lick the wound. But when I saw how swollen and feverish it was a feeling of homesickness came over me, and I crept toward this place—the home of my happy cubhood. I wanted to die surrounded by my own kind. And I also wanted to warn my people about those dangerous creatures on that mountain yonder."

"Well, after reaching home—which took a long time and brought me into repeated danger—I fell very ill and all my friends despaired of my life—a life that held no charm for me any longer. But weeks passed and my paw rotted away, leaving but this old stub." Here grandpa held out the crippled paw stub. "And I lived and became strong."

"You have been spared to give warning to others who may be wild and venturesome like yourself," said one dear old grandmother Bear to me.

"And so it was true. Life was forced upon me for a purpose. But—'tis getting late and you claps are off for the great mountain yonder," and Grandpa Bruno looked about on his listeners.

"No, we're off for our own safe beds," cried the bears. And they kept their words, too.—Washington Star.

The Ivory Market in London.

One of the sights of London is the great ivory floor at the London docks, where, previous to and during the periodical sales, ivory may be seen literally by the acre, for the tusks are laid out in lots on the floor of one of the great warehouses for inspection by intending purchasers. For weeks previous to the actual sale the special staff of the Ivory department have been busy preparing the various consignments and arranging them according to the size and quality and classing them into the various grades, each of which has some particular use for which it is especially adapted.

There is practically no waste in the manufacturing of articles from ivory. The smallest chip is not thrown away, but carefully preserved to be utilized for some purpose. Even the shavings from the turning down of a billiard ball have a marked value for use in inlay work. Consequently the lots in an ivory sale by no means consist of tusks and sections of tusks alone, but include the residue from many previous sales. Buyers purchase the particular class that they require for their own individual industry and subsequently return what in most other material would be waste to be resold to manufacturers of a different class of goods.

Though there is "no waste," oddly enough the most important consideration from a buyer's point of view is "how much waste" will a certain lot produce in the course of transforming it into its own particular line? Thus, a lot that would be dear to one would be a gift to another, and vice versa. The most valuable class of ivory is that suitable for making billiard balls. To conform to the requirements the tusk must be perfectly sound and solid, without the slightest suspicion of crack or flaw, and, moreover, they must measure only a trifle more than the regulation size billiard ball or they will cut to waste, from the manufacturer's point of view. On the arrival of a consignment of unworked elephant ivory from abroad the first preparation for the sale floor consists of a thorough cleaning of the interior or hollow part of the tusk. This is done by means of wads attached to long sticks. The exact

length of the hollow is thereby revealed, and in addition cracks and flaws that cannot be observed on the exterior are at times disclosed. Soundness is the one thing that sways every class of buyer; flaws mean waste; waste means resale at a lower figure per pound.

The increasing scarcity, combined with the increased demand for articles manufactured or adorned with ivory, has had the inevitable effect of increasing the price of the raw material. To take billiard ball ivory, for instance. In 1870 the price was \$250 per cwt., whereas in 1905 the same class of ivory was sold for \$335. In bulk ivory averages about \$1,000 per ton. Each lot is carefully weighed and the exact weight marked upon it. Extra large tusks are exceptional, for in the majority of instances in which a tusk grows to an exceptionally large size, the other belonging to the same animal is found to be deformed or to have been injured or broken off, thus encouraging an abnormal growth.

The record single tusk, sold some years ago, turned the scale at the enormous weight of 204 pounds. The idea that innumerable elephants are shot to supply the market with ivory is incorrect, as the majority is what is known as dead ivory; that is, tusks of animals that have died from natural causes in the bush, many of them perhaps centuries ago. Climatic and other influences cause the color of the ivory to vary from pure white to dark brown. The latter, however, is only a surface discoloration that can be removed by scraping. Climate, however, affects the substance to a very great degree, rendering some hard and brittle, and in other cases increasing the liability to crack and split. Some of the ivory that arrives from the northern part of central Africa is exposed to the sun throughout its long journey on camels across the desert, and has to be bound up in rawhide to protect it and prevent it from splitting. Trifling as a defect in the surface may appear to the uninitiated, it may reveal to the expert the presence of disease within, or may enormously reduce the value of the tusk by rendering it unsuitable for some particular class of work.—The American Jeweler.

SHOOTING ON HIMALAYAS.

Game Birds of India—Their Habits and Peculiarities.

The common pheasant of the Mussoorie district and also of Kumaon is the white crested kalij, says a writer for Field. My experience of the Himalayan pheasants points to their being birds of unassuming, skulking habits. When flushed by dogs they frequently perch in trees, and when sitting thus I have occasionally shot them with a rook rifle after they had been treed by my spaniel. Very close and strict beating is necessary in order to send the birds over the guns; even then they seldom make long flights, diving back again into covert on the first opportunity.

Of course, the heavy and extensive jungle of the Indian hillsides is largely responsible for the disappointing nature of the shooting. Even the English pheasant has, in the thick and continuous bush of New Zealand, become a bird of low sporting value, preferring, like the Indian kalij, to run rather than fly. No doubt, if the kalij could be established in a country of small detached woods, such as the Neigherry plateau, where the beaters could compel them to face the open, they would give nearly as fine sport as the European pheasant.

A peculiar and difficult shot, which the Indian pheasant shooter is often called on to take, is when a kalij dives perpendicularly from the top to the bottom of a steep sided ravine. One must hold then well below, as though the bird were a falling stone.

By far the best time for shooting is in the winter, when the covert has thinned. When the season first opens, just after the monsoon is over, all vegetation is at its rankest, and it is then especially hard to turn the pheasants out of their fastnesses.

At high elevations in the Himalayas the sportsman constantly meets with the great snow cock. These birds are not pheasants, but gigantic mountain partridges, and are found in pairs near the snow, from 12,000 feet upwards. They are heavily built, sober colored birds, and the plumage of both sexes is alike—grey above, penciled with black, and with chestnut borders to the wings; the tail, which is square ended like that of a grouse, is reddish gray and chestnut marked with black.

A New Alloy Found.

An alloy that gives off showers of sparks when struck with metal—igniting not only gas, but alcohol—soaked wicks—was a recent accidental discovery of Auer von Welsbach. It consists of iron with cerium, lanthanum or other of the rare earths used for incandescent mantles, and the sparking is found to reach a maximum with the percentage of iron at thirty. A use for igniting explosives is suggested.

A Bid.

"Does your friend, the editor, give you any encouragement?" asked the would-be poet's friend. "He's never said anything encouraging, but once," replied Reimer, "and that was yesterday. He saw me in a brown study and he said: 'A penny for your thoughts.'"—Philadelphia Press.

SCISSORS IN THE KITCHEN.

A Labor Saver in Preparing Vegetables in Making Salads.

If you want to see a pair of scissors put to all sorts of queer uses just watch some young housekeeper getting vegetables ready for dinner or preparing a salad. It is declared that in nine cases out of every ten things can be cut better with the scissors than with a knife.

Especially in the preparing of salads should the kitchen scissors appeal to the housekeeper looking for labor saving schemes. Dicing apples and celery is a matter of only a moment when done in this way, and a few green peppers may be snipped up in less time than it takes to tell about it.

The easiest way to dice green peppers is to cut off several long slivers the whole length of the pepper. Hold these firmly in one hand and with the scissors slip through the entire bunch. Several stalks of asparagus may be clipped through in the same way.

For hollowing out a tomato previous to stuffing, a pair of scissors enables one to remove practically all the pulp without breaking through the skin. For fruit salads scissors are equally useful, as the fine skin which separates the sections of grape fruit and oranges is easily clipped off in this way.

But fruit and vegetable salads are not the only kinds for which the kitchen scissors may be brought into use. Cold boiled chicken and lobster are easily cut into pieces, and, surprising as it may seem to those who haven't tried it, chicken joints and lobster shells are no obstacles when scissors are used.

The hard parts of oysters and clams are neatly removed with a pair of scissors, and slices of cold tongue and ham are often improved in appearance if, before sending to table, they are trimmed into shape in the same way.

When it comes to preparing cold vegetables for reheating in cream sauce, or for the many popular dishes au gratin, the kitchen scissors are again a blessing. Cold boiled potatoes, cauliflower, asparagus, oyster plant, in fact any and every vegetable may easily be snipped into pieces of the required size. Doing such work with a pair of scissors is not only much quicker and easier, but the saving of one's hands is important. No woman will believe until she tries for herself how great a labor saver a pair of scissors may prove in her kitchen.—New York Sun.

The Parvenu.

A stout, over-dressed woman sat talking to a friend. She said: "Yes, since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs, hens, and—"

"That must be charming," broke in the other. "You can have all the fresh eggs you want and—"

"Oh, well," hastily interrupted the first speaker, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."—Harper's.

The tobacco industry of France is a Government monopoly yielding \$93,000,000 a year.

MUCH SOUGHT AFTER.

A Boarding House Book That Changed Hands Often.

The "renumerative guests" who gathered at the breakfast table in Mrs. Seavey's basement dining room were all assembled, with the exception of the medical student. It was a dark morning, and nobody looked particularly cheerful.

"I'd like to know who took 'Mrs. Romaine's Brother' out of the parlor last night," said the music teacher, looking round the room with an accusing gaze. "I'd lotted on half an hour with it after I came back from the concert last night, and it was gone. I'm just at the place where Muriel tells Henry that within two days' time she will restore—"

"Oh, please don't tell!" cried Mrs. Seavey. "You know I'm trying to read it, and I'm way behind all the rest of you. I so seldom have any spare time."

"Here's 'Mrs. Cutting with 'Mrs. Romaine's Brother' under his arm," said the stout young man from the corner drug store as the medical student entered the room. "See here, you can't take that off to the hospital with you; we're all reading it. What are you doing with a novel, anyway?"

"Why, somebody told me about the scene where Henry discovers that his eyes"—began the medical student, laying the book on the table; but before he could say any more the music teacher and the young woman from the library cried out.

"Don't!" they besought him. "Don't! We haven't got to that!"

"What do you think of Muriel's carrying off that little boy after the accident?" asked the stout young man. "Do you suppose—"

"Oh, does she really carry little Edward off?" asked the philanthropic elderly lady. "I haven't got to that, but I anticipated something of the sort when I read about the nurse, and that she was really the one!"

"I know it!" exclaimed the little stenographer. "But you just wait till you get to the end. Of course she never would have broken off her engagement to Henry except that she knew from the way he acted that there was something between him and her brother, and when—"

"Did she break her engagement?" cried the stout young man, the music teacher, the librarian and the elderly philanthropist in chorus, while the medical student looked interested.

"Oh, yes," said the little stenographer. "Why, I knew from the first she's never marry Henry, and when Alfred—"

"Who's Alfred?" came in another chorus.

"Oh, haven't you got as far as that?" asked the little stenographer, in a pitying tone. "Why, when she took that long ride to the next camp before daylight—"

"Oh, the next camp!" echoed the chorus.

"I must read on as far as that this morning," said the philanthropic lady, but Mrs. Seavey pressed her hand to her head and rose from the table.

"If the friends will excuse me," she said, in her most conciliatory tone, "my back is paining me this morning, and I'm going to my room for a little rest."

There were polite murmurs of regret as Mrs. Seavey went toward the door, but as she paused for a moment beside the medical student, quick glances passed between her guests, full of intelligence.

"I hope you aren't studying too hard," said Mrs. Seavey, in her most motherly way. She allowed her hand to rest for a moment on the medical student's shoulder; it then slipped to the table, and when she removed it, she also removed "Mrs. Romaine's Brother."

"Dear me!" said the stout young man. "Is it possible we shall all be driven to getting library cards of our own?"—Youth's Companion.

World's Deepest Shafts.

The Michigan copper country possesses the world's three deepest vertical mining shafts. The deepest of these is No. 2 at the North Tamarack property, its measurements being 5,200 feet. To the south, at a distance of 4000 feet, is the No. 5 shaft of the same company. This ranks as the second deepest vertical shaft on the globe, its measurements being 5,080 feet from the collar to the bottom level. Second only to these great openings is the Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet & Hecla Company, which is down 4900 feet and in which the copper lode was not encountered until a depth of 3300 feet and been attained. The deepest incline shaft in the world is the No. 4 of the Calumet & Hecla. This shaft, itself, from the collar to the lowest level, is sunk on the plane of the lode for a distance of 8100 feet, while from a drift at the bottom a winze extends downward 190 feet to the boundary of the property, giving a measurement of 8290 feet from surface. No. 4 shaft passes by the Red Jacket shaft at the 50th level.—Boston Transcript.

Golf Ousts Cricket.

Golf seems to have ousted cricket from Parliamentary circles entirely. Sir Home Gordon says it is hopeless to raise a Parliamentary eleven, when a team can always be obtained for golf.

How completely have the allurements of the latter game succeeded is shown by the fact that on one Friday in June the computation was made "that 350 of our representative legislators were going to golf in the weekend." Indeed Sir Home Gordon assures us that "next to politics nothing is so much discussed in the lobby and smoking rooms of the House as golf."—Barrington.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.
CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR
House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords Barstocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at
The Hotel Oxford
Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.
F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

WM. McSHERRY, JR.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.

Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office Opposite Court House.

MOPHERSON & MOPHERSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office on second floor of Star and Sentinel Building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

LABOR WORLD.

There are signs of a revival in the lead and slate industries of Wales. A union labor club was formed at the last meeting of the San Francisco, Cal., laundry workers.

Typographical unions have been formed in the colonies of Barbadoes, British Guiana and Trinidad.

Printers' unions have been started in the sister colonies of Trinidad, Barbadoes and British Guiana.

Organizers in the anthracite field of Pennsylvania are endeavoring to rehabilitate the miners' union.

The retail clerks of San Francisco, Cal., will start an employment bureau for the benefit of members.

No one in Saxony is allowed to shoe horses unless he has passed a public examination and is duly qualified.

In the shipbuilding trades on the Mersey and Tyne there are 20,000 fewer men employed than last year.

An Oklahoma farmer insists that a man can live on nine cents a day, provided he uses the products of his farm.

The strike of chauffeurs against the New York Taxicab Company has been settled, both sides having made concessions.

For strike benefits, \$118,322.70 was paid out by the United Brewery Workmen of America for the two years ending August 31, 1908.

Machinists of San Francisco, Cal., and of Oakland have under consideration a proposition to form a district council of lodges of machinists.

At a meeting of the United Hebrew Trades Union of New York City, it was decided to affiliate with the Workmen's Circle, the national Hebrew labor federation.

Henry Abrahams, secretary of the Boston C. L. U. recently predicted the five-hour workday in the shoe making business of New England within a very few years.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Richard Croker decided to leave Ireland for a visit to the United States.

President C. W. Eliot, of Harvard, resigned, and his resignation, to take effect May 19, 1909, was accepted.

Howard Gould won the honors for chrysanthemums at the first day of the National Flower Show in Chicago.

Seth Low succeeds James R. Morse in the presidency of the American Asiatic Association, now eleven years old.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, says that he has discovered the true sources of the Bramaputra and Indus.

DeLancey Nicoll, attorney, of New York City, said that Howard Gould's income had been cut down \$300,000 and was now only \$400,000.

One of the best known mining men in the country, Walter Fitch, has resigned as superintendent of the Calumet and Hecla properties.

Duchess Alexandra Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was married in Berlin to Prince August William of Prussia, fourth son of the Emperor.

R. W. Gilder, of the Century, said that the Kaiser article was not withdrawn because of anything in it likely to cause international complications.

Kenyon Cox, the painter, is also an accomplished writer. He is a son of General Jacob D. Cox, Secretary of the Interior in President Grant's first Cabinet.

Amid great ceremony the Czar of Bulgaria convened the National Assembly for the first time since claiming regal dignity, and was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

Henry P. Davidson, vice-president of the First National Bank of New York, and Professor A. P. Andrews, members of the National Monetary Commission, have returned from an official trip to Europe.

In China the natives preserve vegetables by coating them with salt and drying them in the sun. Hams are cured by means of an alkaline earth and common salt. Pickled eggs are preserved with a compound of common mud, salt, saltpeter and soy bean sauce.

The Portland (Ore.) police court is to have a stove made from revolvers taken from criminals.

THE ANXIOUS FARMER.

It was a long time ago
That I put those seeds around;
And I guess I ought to know
When I stuck 'em in the ground.
'Cause I noted down the day
In a little diary book—
It's gotten somewhere, and
I don't know where to look.

But I'm certain anyhow
They've been planted 'most a week;
And it must be time by now
For their little sprouts to peek.
They've been watered every day
With a very special cup
And once or twice I've dug 'em up, to
See if they were there.

I fixed the dirt in humps,
Just the way they said I should;
And I crumbled all the lumps
Just as finely as I could.
And I found a nigger-worm
A-poking up his head—
He maybe feeds on seeds and such,
And so I squished him dead.

A seed's so very small;
And dirt all looks the same;—
How can they know at all
The way they ought to am?
And as I'm waiting round
In case of any special cup
A farmer ought to do his best for
Every single seed!

—Burgess Johnson in Harper's Magazine.

Grandpa Bruno's Story.

It was in Beartown that old Grandpa Bruno lived. He was the eldest bear in the village and the most respected. Also he was the most pitied, for he had but three feet, one of the front paws being gone. This, as you may know, made poor old Grandpa Bruno a cripple, and he always walked with a decided limp.

But as the accident which made Grandpa Bruno a cripple had happened a very long time ago there were very many young Bears who had never heard about it. And among these young Bears were several who were inclined to be disobedient and to go off on long and perilous adventures, roaming the woods and the mountains, where danger lurked. In vain did their parents—those of cooler heads and wiser minds—remonstrate with them; they would persist in running into all sorts of danger.

One evening as half a dozen of the Bear youth of Beartown were out for a lark they chanced to pass by the house of Grandpa Bruno. They stopped to inquire about the venerable old bear's health and to say a few pleasant things to him, for though they were a mischievous and venturesome lot of fellows they were good at heart and held the aged Bruno in reverence.

Grandpa Bruno was sitting in the front of his house, smoking his pipe, when the youths approached him. "Good evening, grandpa," they said, all bowing and smiling cordially and respectfully. "How do you find yourself this fine evening? The moon is at its full and can be seen through the pines if you'll just take a dozen steps to your right."

"Ah, good even'n, to you, young friends," replied Grandpa Bruno. "I'm as well as one of my years and possessing but three feet can possibly be. As for taking the dozen steps to see the moon—well, I'll wait till she comes over my head and looks down upon me. It's a task for a lame man to walk—even a dozen steps, you know. But where are you youngsters off to this night? It's pretty late for youths to be abroad—especially if they are of a mischievous turn of mind."

"Well, grandpa, it's this way," explained one of the youths, a bright-faced fellow, and leader of the band. "We're anxious to see something of the world outside our own mountain woods. We're off to hunt for adventures on yonder great mountain—the one to the south."

"Ah, yes, I've been there—once," said Grandpa Bruno. "And I had a most wonderful adventure, too. If I tell you now. The evening is fine and you can sit on the ground about me. My pipe is done for tonight and I'm in a story-telling mood. But remember this: Every word I tell you tonight is as true as truth. And I had exactly the experiences I'm going to tell you about."

"Ah, that'll be interesting," declared the half dozen youngsters in a breath. "And we'll sit very quietly here on the ground, grandpa, and listen to every word you speak. We've always known you were an exceptional bear in your youth, and we feel flattered that you will take us into your confidence. It proves to us that you are not so strait-laced and particular about young fellows going on adventurous trips as are so many of our older bears. And now we're all seated and you may begin."

"Well, my young friends, I was very much of the same turn as yourselves when I was your age," began Grandpa Bruno, putting his pipe and tobacco pouch on a convenient stump. "Ah, we knew it," cried two of the young bears.

"Yes, I was forever hunting adventure," admitted Grandpa Bruno. "And I found it over on yonder great mountain toward the south—the one you have planned to visit this night. Well, it happened in this way, my finding the adventure of which I shall tell you; I had been curious to see the world outside my own domain, and I went off against my father's and mother's wishes. I had a beautiful young wife and two cubs, and they went with me. My young wife was opposed to our going, but seeing that I was determined, she was too faithful to allow me to go alone. So with our two little cubs, we set out one fine morning just as the sun was coming into sight. All day long we traveled, only stopping now and then to eat the honey from the wild bees' hives, or to quench our thirst at some brook. And I remember we did pause long enough to allow our little ones to take a nap. Then,

on and on we went, ever toward that great mountain which seems to hold such temptation for venturesome youth.

"Well, toward evening we reached the very heart of that mountain, and on the way we passed several paths not made by bears or other four-footed creatures. There were strange looking footprints, and I felt sure we were to meet with something exciting and novel. But nothing happened just then. And as the cubs were tired out, and their mother a bit weary, we decided to lay us down to rest and sleep. I fell into a deep slumber almost immediately, and so did the cubs. But my wife said she felt so thirsty that she would go down the mountain side and drink from a spring we had passed on our way up.

"But hardly had she left me when I heard a noise more sudden and sharp than thunder, and saw a flash like lightning. Then I heard my dear wife's shriek and groan. I ran with all possible speed to her, and there I saw her lying weeping in her own blood. I ran to her, but as I was about to lick a great ugly wound I discovered in her side, and thus stop the bleeding, another of those terrific reports sounded in my ears, and I heard something go whizz past my head. I ran into a thicket nearby, for I knew that whatever the cause of my dear Mrs. Bruno's wound, it was also aimed at me, and I was my duty to my cubs, and to their wounded mother, to save myself if possible. So, behind the cluster of bushes I hid, and saw several tall, two-footed creatures come to the spot where my poor wife was dying. I could tell from the groans which escaped her and the look in her eyes that she would soon pass out of her agony. And upon sight of the strange animals, she tried to rise, to show fight, but fell back—dead."

Grandpa Bruno stopped to wipe his eye and to steady his voice, which had grown unsteady. Then he resumed his narrative: "And then I crept up the mountain side to get my cubs and to hurry homeward. But I was not to have any such good luck. Those long, two-footed creatures, with white, small faces, were on my trail, and as I was nearing my cubs—who were still asleep—another one of those terrible sharp, thunder-like explosions sounded behind me and I felt a stinging sensation in my foot. I found also that I could not run on that foot as I did on the other three, and sidled off into another deep thicket, hiding myself from my pursuers. They went past me up the mountain path and came full upon my cubs—my darling little ones who were fast asleep. I guess I was forgotten by those murderers, for they did not look for me. They took up my cubs—fighting and growling—the dear little things—into captivity. And I have never seen them since."

Again the old Bear paused in his story, bending his face in his paws and weeping silently. The hearts of his listeners were touched, and the leader of the band—such a gay light-hearted Bear—put his paw sympathetically on the old Bear's knee and said. "Since it pains you so, good Grandpa Bruno, to go over that sad story, please tell us no more. We do not enjoy what is pain to you."

"Ah, my sons," replied Grandpa Bruno, "I am suffering the remembrance of that sad circumstance in the telling that I may save you the same sort of experiences! I never allow myself to talk of the sad ending of my dear Mrs. Bruno and the kidnapping of my little ones, unless it is to warn a fellow Bear. And I'm almost done my story, for what remains amounts to nothing as compared to the part already told."

"Ah, that's how you came to lose your front paw," said one of the listeners in a tender voice.

"Yes. After I saw my little ones carried off, and also watched the cruel creatures who had killed my wife take her poor body and place it on a wooden thing, which they pulled down the mountain side, I lay down in the thicket to die. My physical pain was as nothing to my mental suffering. I was directly responsible for my wife's death and the carrying off of my cubs, and I wanted to die. I did not think I could live another night."

"But we cannot always die when we would like to, and when the morning came my paw was so swollen and caused me such intense agony that I went to the brook down the mountain side, found a cool, vine-covered spot, where I might not be seen, and lay down with my poor paw in the water. There I lay for days, eating and drinking nothing. Every little while I would draw my paw from the brook to lick the wound. But when I saw how swollen and feverish it was a feeling of homesickness came over me, and I crept toward this place—the home of my happy cubhood. I wanted to die surrounded by my own kind. And I also wanted to warn my people about those dangerous creatures on that mountain yonder."

"Well, after reaching home—which took a long time and brought me into repeated danger—I fell very ill and all my friends despaired of my life—a life that held no charm for me any longer. But weeks passed and my paw rotted away, leaving but this old stub." Here Grandpa Bruno held out the crippled paw stub. "And I lived and became strong."

"You have been spared to give warning to others who may be wild and venturesome like yourself," said one dear old grandmother Bear to me.

"And so it was true. Life was forced upon me for a purpose. But—'tis getting late and you chaps are off for the great mountain yonder," and Grandpa Bruno looked about on his listeners.

"No, we're off for our own safe beds," cried the band. And they kept their words, too.—Washington Star.

The Ivory Market in London.

One of the sights of London is the great ivory floor at the London docks, where, previous to and during the periodical sales, ivory may be seen literally by the acre, for the tusks are laid out in lots on the floor of one of the great warehouses for inspection by intending purchasers. For weeks previous to the actual sale the special staff of the ivory department have been busy preparing the various consignments and arranging them according to the size and quality and classing them into the various grades, each of which has some particular use for which it is especially adapted.

There is practically no waste in the manufacturing of articles from ivory. The smallest chip is not thrown away, but carefully preserved to be utilized for some purpose. Even the shavings from the turning down of a billiard ball have a marked value for use in inland work. Consequently the lots in an ivory sale by no means consist of tusks and sections of tusks alone, but include the residue from many previous sales. Buyers purchase the particular class that they require for their own individual industry and subsequently return what in most other material would be waste to be resold to manufacturers of a different class of goods.

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length of the hollow is thereby revealed, and in addition cracks and flaws that cannot be observed on the exterior are at times disclosed. Soundness is the one thing that sways every class of buyer; flaws mean waste; waste means resale at a lower figure per pound.

The increasing scarcity, combined with the increased demand for articles manufactured or adorned with ivory, has had the inevitable effect of increasing the price of the raw material. To take billiard ball ivory, for instance, in 1870 the price was \$250 per cwt., whereas in 1905 the same class of ivory was sold for \$835. In bulk ivory averages about \$10,000 per ton. Each lot is carefully weighed and the exact weight marked upon it. Extra large tusks are exceptional, for in the majority of instances in which a tusk grows to an exceptionally large size, the other belonging to the same animal is found to be deformed or to have been injured or broken off, thus encouraging an abnormal growth.

The record single tusk, sold some years ago, turned the scale at the enormous weight of 204 pounds. The idea that innumerable elephants are shot to supply the market with ivory is incorrect, as the majority is what is known as dead ivory; that is, tusks of animals that have died from natural causes in the bush, many of them perhaps centuries ago. Climatic and other influences cause the color of the ivory to vary from pure white to dark brown. The latter, however, is only a surface discoloration that can be removed by scraping. Climate, however, affects the substance to a very great degree, rendering some hard and brittle, and in other cases increasing the liability to crack and split. Some of the ivory that arrives from the northern part of central Africa is exposed to the sun throughout its long journey on camels across the desert, and has to be bound up in rawhide to protect it and prevent it from splitting. Trifling as a defect in the surface may appear to the uninitiated, it may reveal to the expert the presence of disease within, or may enormously reduce the value of the tusk by rendering it unsuitable for some particular class of work.—The American Jeweler.

SHOOTING ON HIMALAYAS.

Game Birds of India—Their Habits and Peculiarities.

The common pheasant of the Mussoorie district and also of Kumaon is the white crested kalij, says a writer for Field. My experience of the Himalayan pheasants points to their being birds of unsporting, skulking habits. When flushed by dogs they frequently perch in trees, and when sitting thus I have occasionally shot them with a rook rifle after they had been treed by my spaniel. Very close and strict beating is necessary in order to send the birds over the guns; even then they seldom make long flights, diving back again into covert on the first opportunity.

Of course, the heavy and extensive jungle of the Indian hillside is largely responsible for the disappointing nature of the shooting. Even the English pheasant has, in the thick and continuous bush of New Zealand, become a bird of low sporting value, preferring, like the Indian kalij, to run rather than fly. No doubt, if the kalij could be established in a country of small detached woods, such as the Neigherry plateau, where the beaters could compel them to face the open, they would give nearly as fine sport as the European pheasant.

A peculiar and difficult shot, which the Indian pheasant shooter is often called on to take, is when a kalij dives perpendicularly from the top to the bottom of a steep sided ravine. One must hold then well below, as though the bird were a falling stone. By far the best time for shooting is in the winter, when the covert has thinned. When the season first opens, just after the monsoon is over, all vegetation is at its rankest, and it is then especially hard to turn the pheasants out of their fastnesses.

At high elevations in the Himalayas the sportsman constantly meets with the great snow cock. These birds are not pheasants, but gigantic mountain partridges, and are found in pairs near the snow, from 12,000 feet upwards. They are heavily built, sober colored birds, and the plumage of both sexes is alike—grey above, pencilled with black, and with chestnut borders to the wings; the tail, which is square ended like that of a grouse, is reddish gray and chestnut marked with black.

A New Alloy Found.

An alloy that gives off showers of sparks when struck with metal—igniting not only gas, but alcohol—soaked wicks—was a recent accidental discovery of Auer von Welsbach. It consists of iron with cerium, lanthanum or other of the rare earths used for incandescent mantles, and the sparking is found to reach a maximum with the percentage of iron at thirty. A use for igniting explosives is suggested.

A Bid.

"Does your friend, the editor, give you any encouragement?" asked the would-be poet's friend. "He's never said anything encouraging, but once," replied Reimer, "and that was yesterday. He saw me in a brown study and he said: 'A penny for your thoughts.'"—Philadelphia Press.

SCISSORS IN THE KITCHEN.

A Labor Saver in Preparing Vegetables in Making Salads.

If you want to see a pair of scissors put to all sorts of queer uses just watch some young housekeeper getting vegetables ready for dinner or preparing a salad. It is declared that in nine cases out of every ten things can be cut better with the scissors than with a knife.

Especially in the preparing of salads should the kitchen scissors appeal to the housekeeper looking for labor saving schemes. Dicing apples and celery is a matter of only a moment when done in this way, and a few green peppers may be snipped up in less time than it takes to tell about it.

The easiest way to dice green peppers is to cut off several long slivers the whole length of the pepper. Hold these firmly in one hand and with the scissors slip through the entire bunch. Several stalks of asparagus may be clipped through in the same way.

For hollowing out a tomato previous to stuffing, a pair of scissors enables one to remove practically all the pulp without breaking through the skin. For fruit salads scissors are equally useful, as the fine skin which separates the sections of grape fruit and oranges is easily clipped off in this way.

But fruit and vegetable salads are not the only kinds for which the kitchen scissors may be brought into use. Cold boiled chicken and lobster are easily cut into pieces, and, surprising as it may seem to those who haven't tried it, chicken joints and lobster shells are no obstacles when scissors are used.

The hard parts of oysters and clams are neatly removed with a pair of scissors, and slices of cold tongue and ham are often improved in appearance if, before sending to table, they are trimmed into shape in the same way.

When it comes to preparing cold vegetables for reheating in cream sauce, or for the many popular dishes au gratin, the kitchen scissors are again a blessing. Cold boiled potatoes, cauliflower, asparagus, oyster plant, in fact any and every vegetable may easily be snipped into pieces of the required size. Doing such work with a pair of scissors is not only much quicker and easier, but the saving of one's hands is important. No woman will believe until she tries for herself how great a labor saver a pair of scissors may prove in her kitchen.—New York Sun.

The Parvenu.

A stout, over-dressed woman sat talking to a friend. She said: "Yes, since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs, hens, and—" "That must be charming," broke in the other. "You can have all the fresh eggs you want and—" "Oh, well," hastily interrupted the first speaker, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."—Harper's.

The tobacco industry of France is a Government monopoly yielding \$93,000,000 a year.

MUCH SOUGHT AFTER.

A Boarding House Book That Changed Hands Often.

The "remunerative guests" who gathered at the breakfast table in Mrs. Seavey's basement dining room were all assembled, with the exception of the medical student. It was a dark morning, and nobody looked particularly cheerful.

"I'd like to know who took 'Mrs. Romaine's Brother' out of the parlor last night," said the music teacher, looking round the room with an accusing gaze. "I'd lotted on half an hour with it after I came back from the concert last night, and it was gone. I'm just at the place where Muriel tells Henry that within two days' time she will restore it."

"Oh, please don't tell!" cried Mrs. Seavey. "You know I'm trying to read it, and I'm way behind all the rest of you. I so seldom have any spare time." "Here's Mr. Cutting with 'Mrs. Romaine's Brother' under his arm," said the stout young man from the corner drug store as the medical student entered the room. "See here, you can't take that off to the hospital with you; we're all reading it. What are you doing with a novel, anyway?"

"Why, somebody told me about the scene where Henry discovers that his eyes"—began the medical student, laying the book on the table; but before he could say any more the music teacher and the young woman from the library cried out.

"Don't!" they besought him. "Don't! We haven't got to that!" "What do you think of Muriel's carrying off that little boy after the accident?" asked the stout young man. "Do you suppose—"

"Oh, does she really carry little Edward off?" asked the philanthropic elderly lady. "I haven't got to that, but I anticipated something of the sort when I read about the nurse, and that she was really the one—"

"I know it!" exclaimed the little stenographer. "But you just wait till you get to the end. Of course she never would have broken off her engagement to Henry except that she knew from the way he acted that there was something between him and her brother, and when—"

"Did she break her engagement?" cried the stout young man, the music teacher, the librarian and the elderly philanthropist in chorus, while the medical student looked interested.

"Oh, yes," said the little stenographer. "Why, I knew from the first she's never marry Henry, and when Alfred—"

"Who's Alfred?" came in another chorus.

"Oh, haven't you got as far as that?" asked the little stenographer, in a plying tone. "Why, when she took that long ride to the next camp before daylight—"

"Oh, the next camp!" echoed the chorus.

"I must read on as far as that this morning," said the philanthropic lady, but Mrs. Seavey pressed her hand to her head and rose from the table.

"If the friends will excuse me," she said, in her most conciliatory tone, "my back is paining me this morning, and I'm going to my room for a little rest."

There were polite murmurs of regret as Mrs. Seavey went toward the door, but as she paused for a moment beside the medical student, quick glances passed between her guests, full of intelligence.

"I hope you aren't studying too hard," said Mrs. Seavey, in her most motherly way. She allowed her hand to rest for a moment on the medical student's shoulder; it then slipped to the table, and when she removed it, she also removed "Mrs. Romaine's Brother."

"Dear me!" said the stout young man. "Is it possible we shall all be driven to getting library cards of our own?"—Youth's Companion.

World's Deepest Shafts.

The Michigan copper country possesses the world's three deepest vertical mining shafts. The deepest of these is No. 3 at the North Tamarack property, its measurements being 6,200 feet. To the south, at a distance of 4000 feet, is the No. 5 shaft of the same company. This ranks as the second deepest vertical shaft on the globe, its measurements being 5,080 feet from the collar to the bottom level. Second only to these great openings is the Red Jacket shaft of the Calumet & Hecla Company, which is down 4900 feet and in which the copper lode was not encountered until a depth of 3300 feet and been attained. The deepest incline shaft in the world is the No. 4 of the Calumet & Hecla. This shaft, itself, from the collar to the lowest level, is sunk on the plane of the lode for a distance of 8100 feet, while from a drift at the bottom a winze extends downward 190 feet to the boundary of the property, giving a measurement of 8290 feet from surface. No. 4 shaft passes by the Red Jacket shaft at the 50th level.—Boston Transcript.

Golf Ousts Cricket.

Golf seems to have ousted cricket from Parliamentary circles entirely. Sir Home Gordon says it is hopeless to raise a Parliamentary eleven, when a team can always be obtained for golf.

How completely have the allurements of the latter game succeeded is shown by the fact that on one Friday in June the computation was made that 350 of our representative legislators were going to golf in the weekend. Indeed Sir Home Gordon assures us that "next to politics nothing is so much discussed in the lobby and smoking rooms of the House as golf."—Bathington.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.

CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR

House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stable and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath room, telephone, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

WM. McSHERRY, JR.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office Opposite Court House.

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McPHERSON & McPHERSON,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office on second floor of Star and Sentinel Building. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

LABOR WORLD.

There are signs of a revival in the lead and slate industries of Wales.

A union labor club was formed at the last meeting of the San Francisco, Cal., laundry workers.

Typographical unions have been formed in the colonies of Barbadoes, British Guiana and Trinidad.

Printers' unions have been started in the sister colonies of Trinidad, Barbadoes and British Guiana.

Organizers in the anthracite field of Pennsylvania are endeavoring to rehabilitate the miners' union.

The retail clerks of San Francisco, Cal., will start an employment bureau for the benefit of members.

No one in Saxony is allowed to shoe horses unless he has passed a public examination and is duly qualified.

In the shipbuilding trades on the Mersey and Tyne there are 20,000 fewer men employed than last year.

An Oklahoma farmer insists that a man can live on nine cents a day, provided he uses the products of his farm.

The strike of chauffeurs against the New York Taxicab Company has been settled, both sides having made concessions.

For strike benefits, \$118,322.70 was paid out by the United Brewery Workmen of America for the two years ending August 31, 1908.

Machinists of San Francisco, Cal., and of Oakland have under consideration a proposition to form a district council of lodges of machinists.

At a meeting of the United Hebrew Trades Union, of New York City, it was decided to affiliate with the Workmen's Circle, the national Hebrew labor federation.

Henry Abrahams, secretary of the Boston C. L. U., recently predicted the five-hour workday in the shoe making business of New England within a very few years.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Richard Croker decided to leave Ireland for a visit to the United States.

President C. W. Eliot, of Harvard, resigned, and his resignation, to take effect May 19, 1909, was accepted.

Howard Gould won the honors for chrysanthemums at the first day of the National Flower Show in Chicago.

Seth Low succeeds James R. Morse in the presidency of the American Asiatic Association, now eleven years old.

Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, says that he has discovered the true sources of the Bramaputra and Indus.

DeLancey Nicoll, attorney, of New York City, said that Howard Gould's income had been cut down \$200,000 and was now only \$400,000.

One of the best known mining men in the country, Walter Fitch, has resigned as superintendent of the Calumet and Hecla properties.

Duchess Alexandra Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein was married in Berlin to Prince August William of Prussia, fourth son of the Emperor.

R. W. Gilder, of the Century, said that the Kaiser article was not withdrawn because of anything in it likely to cause international complications. Kenyon Cox, the painter, is also an accomplished writer. He is a son of General Jacob D. Cox, Secretary of the Interior in President Grant's first Cabinet.

Amid great ceremony the Czar of Bulgaria convened the National Assembly for the first time since claiming regal dignity, and was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

Henry P. Davidson, vice-president of the First National Bank of New York, and Professor A. P. Andrews, members of the National Monetary Commission, have returned from an official trip to Europe.

In China the natives preserve vegetables by coating them with salt and drying them in the sun. Hams are cured by means of an alkaline earth and common salt. Pickled eggs are preserved with a compound of common mud, salt, saltpeter and soy bean sauce.

The Portland (Ore.) police court is to have a stove made from revolvers taken from criminals.

New Parental School.

Plans for a Model Institution for New York Boys.

FROM THE CITY RECORD, NEW YORK

The committee on buildings of the Board of Education has submitted for approval plans for the new Parental School on the road from Flushing to Jamaica, about 1,700 feet south of the North Hempstead turnpike, in the Borough of Queens. The present plans provide only for the administration and school building, three dormitory buildings, power house and farm buildings and additional buildings to be erected from time to time as funds are available for the purpose. The administration building will provide offices for the superintendent or principal and his clerks, together with a waiting or reception room for the general public, accessible directly from the main entrance, thus isolating the public portion of the executive offices from the school, which occupies the balance of the structure.

The first floor, in addition to the executive offices, will provide for four classrooms and an assembly hall, 60x66 feet, with entrances directly from the campus as well as from the schoolrooms. The second floor will provide seven classrooms, teachers' rooms, etc., while the attic has been laid off for storerooms and dormitories for the female help. The basement will provide three manual training shops, a gymnasium 60x66 feet, storerooms, toilets, etc., and space for the ventilating apparatus.

The dormitories or cottages present some rather unusual features, having been designed only after examination of similar institutions in various parts of the country, made upon the declaration of the board in favor of the adoption of the cottage system. The committee on special schools in considering the cost of the structures, as well as that for maintenance, finally recommended the double cottage or dormitory building, and the plans for these provide for a structure 121 feet in length, divided on its centre line by a fireproof wall running through to the roof, thus forming two distinct structures, as far as internal arrangements go, the only connection being through the fire escape which serves both portions.

The building in its entirety will accommodate sixty boys, divided into two equal groups, each in its own portion of the building and under its own master and matron. The boys on entering their cottage from the school, farm work or play pass through a door direct from the playground, which is provided at the rear of each cottage, through a hallway into the basement, where their outdoor clothing will be removed in a large, light dressing room, wherein are provided lockers with seats. If the clothing or shoes be damp they may readily be dried in a room especially designed for the purpose. At the rear of the dressing room there has been placed a lavatory, leading from which are two compartments, one for shower baths and the other for toilets. Each locker has a compartment for shoes, which the boys remove and replace with house slippers or moccasins before they pass into the dining room or the dormitories. This not only reduces the noise which thirty boys must necessarily make but also permits of the cottage being kept scrupulously clean.

One of the important things is a large, light open indoor playground, which figures not only for recreation purposes in the daytime, but also for that portion of the inmates of the cottage consisting of the active, restless boys, who do not care to sit and read during the evening, but would rather have their recreation in play. The first floor is entered both from the playground of the boys and from the campus, the hallway running directly across the buildings, with the dining room, pantry, etc., on one side and the living room, reception room and matron's room on the other.

The dining room is designed especially with reference to the seating of thirty boys, the master and matron and instructor, the pantry adjoining being fitted with china closets, refrigerator, sink, serving table and a balustrade, the under side of which will be fitted as a plate warmer. On the opposite side of the hall the living room, about 28x32 feet in size, will afford ample space for the boys to be gathered about the tables in small groups, reading or playing games, being at the same time directly under the eye of the matron, whose room adjoins and is in direct connection therewith.

The second story is really the key to the building since it must provide a dormitory for exactly thirty beds of the regulation size and with the requisite distance for aisles and passageways. Each boy will be provided with an individual locker, placed as near his bed as possible, in which his clothing, removed at night before retiring, is placed and locked. In order to afford adequate escape in case of fire an additional fireproof stairway, enclosed in a brick shaft, is provided at the rear of the building, connecting with the other dormitory, so as to afford ample escape for each, although the possible total destruction of one portion of the building might take place without in any way endangering the inmates of the other.

Adjacent to and overlooking the dormitory are the master's quarters, consisting of two rooms and a bath, clothing closets, etc., having also an entrance direct from the hallway. One of the important matters is the sewing and locker room located on this floor, in which is provided a locker for a supply of clothing for each boy. The attic has two stairways. On this floor are the servants' rooms and bath, extra storeroom for the boys' clothing, also storeroom for house linen and bedding and the solitary room. Coal is to be delivered at the top of the bunkers in the power house, while the supplies are unloaded here on a covered platform, from which they may be trucked into a light, airy and dry fireproof storeroom. To the right of the entrance is the bakery, with brick oven, proving room and space for bread storage for two or three days supply. To the left is to be a large kitchen, with its cooking ranges, soup kettles and refrigerators, divided into three spaces for meat, vegetables and milk, butter and eggs. It is proposed to deliver food from the central plant through subways.

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SWIMMING BATHS URGED.

Proposal to Have Them in All the New Public Schools.

Swimming has been made part of the education of the children in various cities. In the public schools of Brookline, Mass., a pupil cannot graduate unless he or she has a certificate of ability from the swimming master of the Brookline baths. Not only do the children of this Boston suburb know how to swim but many of them are skilled in the work of saving and resuscitating a drowning person.

There is one class membership in which is regarded as a high honor by all the pupils of the schools and that is the emergency class. To qualify for it the pupil must demonstrate his or her ability to swim certain distances within a specified time. One of the principal tests requires the applicant to swim supporting another person a certain distance within a certain time limit.

England long ago adopted the idea of fostering the accomplishment of swimming in the schools. But they go further than merely teaching the pupil to swim. He is taught how to save life. There are over twenty thousand members of the English life saving association, all of whom have had a thorough course of instruction.

There is a public school life saving championship for which prizes are given each year. Teams of little boys and girls on the day of competition come from all parts of London. The teams are made up of eight members, and the members range in years from 10 up.

They go through regular manoeuvres. With perfect step and time four members step forward and jump into the water and go through the motions of persons in the act of drowning. Then the remaining four members of the team dive into the water after them and tow the others to safety.

If a striking illustration of the good results of such instruction were needed it could be furnished by two incidents which occurred last summer within two weeks of each other. A flatboat used for ferry purposes was slowly making its way across a river in the West with eighteen men. About midway the craft was sunk. Not a single man of the eighteen could swim and so none escaped.

A couple of weeks later a boat with twenty-three girls was making its way across a stream in England. When the boat reached the centre of the stream some one rocked it and all the girls were thrown into the water. They all promptly swam ashore and there was not a single life lost.

The plan of the Brooklyn local school board would make it possible for nearly every child in the greater city to have the chance to bathe and swim. A very important part of this plan would be the opportunity afforded girls to learn to swim. Boys now have a dozen chances to learn to swim where a girl has one.—New York Sun.

The Camel's Eye.

One of the camels—the seven were lying just beyond the circle of firelight—rose complaining. Mustafa's Ahmed slipped away upon his duty. Presently I heard his guttural cawing to get the camel again to rest; but the beast would not down, and must be beaten—the boy meanwhile mousing great curses. I wondered that a being so small should without peril to himself strike a creature like this with his fist, continuing all the time within reach of teeth and hoofs.

"I will tell the khawaja," replied Mustafa, "a most curious and interesting thing about this."

Ahmed had mastered the camel, and now came to his place.

"The khawaja has observed," Mustafa continued, "that a child may beat and command a camel. It is not because the camel is stupid, nor yet because he is timid; it is because of a wise provision whereby God suited him to the weakness of men. The camel's eyes are like magnifying glasses and increase the stature of his master seven times; wherefore he is obedient to this gigantic appearing creature."

In Damascus, too, I heard this superstition.—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.



MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOES.

A stirring story of three months spent on an uninhabited island by the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the bark Anjou (2069 tons), consisting of nearly forty persons, was told by the captain on the arrival of the liner Ernest Simons at Marseilles yesterday.

The Anjou, while on a voyage from Sydney to Falmouth, was wrecked on one of the Auckland group in the Pacific. The captain stated that they left Sydney on January 20, and during a thick fog and rough weather on February 4, the ship struck on a reef. The masts fell and smashed some of the boats, and there was considerable panic on board. Fortunately all escaped in the boats that remained, but many were only partly dressed. After a terrible experience in a heavy gale they reached the shore the following afternoon and landed.

"Half dressed and many injured we looked like a band of phantoms marching to the conquest of an infernal island," said the captain. A big fire was lighted, and sea birds attracted by it were captured and eaten. The party started to explore the island, and three days later discovered shelter, showing that shipwrecked people had been there before. On the following days they killed a number of albatrosses and caught a quantity of shellfish, on which they subsisted. A small sea cow was also captured and eaten. As a chance of making their condition known, several albatrosses which were caught alive were again set free with cards tied round their necks, stating in French and English the position of the shipwrecked people.

Later, in the interior of the island, they found some wild sheep, and established a sort of fold in which to keep the animals for use as necessary. Boots were made of pieces of wood and sheepskin, and the skins were also used for clothing. A signal of distress was hoisted on the highest point of the island to attract the attention of shipping.

"New Robinson Crusoes, we were living an extraordinary life, fishing, hunting, getting our food sometimes in a cave, sometimes on a rock, according to the weather, and sleeping where we could," said the captain. "A great deal of the weather was very bad while we were on the island." On May 7, after they had been on the island over three months, the New Zealand Government steamer Hibernia rescued them.—London News.

HE PENETRATED DARK CHINA.

The Outing Magazine has an interesting account of how Frank N. Meyer, an intrepid scientific explorer for the United States Government, penetrated into remote districts of China to secure new varieties of seeds. The writer says:

Danger from robbers was not the least harassing of the scientist's troubles. The Chinese hate foreigners to learn about their country, and lied in answer to the interpreter's simplest questions. Wrong names would be given for plants. Carters would be bribed to go the wrong way. When Meyer asked questions, his companions, without any reason at all, would answer with the most mendacious and misleading information. This irritation was constant for the three years. Then there was the danger—very real in the mountain country toward Siberia—from wild beasts. Near one hut where the explorer slept some species of panther which the natives described as a tiger, had carried off field laborers bodily and won a terrible reputation as a man-eater. When the white man asked why the village did not club together and kill the marauder, the people took apoplexy from very fear and set Meyer down as "a foreign devil," indeed.

On that same trip to the peach country of the North, Meyer had a still narrower escape. As far as I can judge from his letters carts had been exchanged for wheelbarrows. The roads were vile. It had been raining in deluges, and the six coolies were dragging behind with the baggage while the white man pushed ahead to hunt night quarters. By night he found himself far ahead of his men, and entering a deserted road but he fell sound asleep. Suddenly he was awakened from deep sleep by the sense of human presence, by a sort of intangible premonition of terrible danger. He looked up—two men stooped above him, one with a drawn sword pointed at the sleeper's throat, the other with a raised club. I don't need to tell that it didn't take Mr. Meyer very long to get up, and the flash of his pistol barrel as he swung free for arm space did the rest. The Chinese assailants bounced back so violently they sprawled head over heels across a big roadside boulder. Meyer did not even fire his pistol, for Americans have a world-wide reputation for shooting to hit. By the time the assassins returned with a mob at their heels the coolies and interpreters had come up. Explanations noisily enough to split the welkin appeared the crowd, and all sat down to a smoking of pipes like red Indians.

Do you want to know what the country pays a modern explorer for doing this kind of work? Put it down

in the list of things you are proud of. Meyer was paid \$1200. Then, in a burst of generosity, the country raised his job to \$1400 a year.

BATTLE WITH A BEAR.

A dispatch to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer from Grand Forks, B. C., tells of a display of physical strength witnessed at Toulou Mountain, near Orient, Wash., on the Great Northern Railway, when one Louis Debois, a giant Frenchman, in a life and death combat completely overcame an immense black bear.

According to the report that has reached Grand Forks, Debois and a young Scotchman named Alex Campbell were out cutting cordwood when they came upon a bear's den, and seeing what they supposed was the bear's nose projecting from the winter quarters of Mr. Bruin, the big Frenchman, after some deliberation, struck a savage blow at the supposed bear's nose with his keen axe blade.

As soon as the blow was struck underbrush and snow were flying in all directions, and the two woodsmen then perceived that what they had mistaken for the bear's snout was in reality the bear's foot, which the axe had completely severed. By this time the bear had made a savage attack. Campbell, the smaller of the two men, succeeded in getting out of reach, but the big Frenchman, conceited over his personal strength, preferred a personal encounter with the bear to running.

Debois raised his heavy double-bitted axe to strike the bear, but in the twinkling of an eye the bear had raised his forepaw, which was uninjured, and threw the axe to one side, and the next instant the bear had the big Frenchman in his embrace. The man, an adept at wrestling, succeeded in tripping his antagonist, the bear falling heavily to the ground with Debois on top of him. In this position the Frenchman actually pinned the bear to the ground, holding the bear's legs apart and clutching Bruin firmly by the throat. By this time both man and bear were covered with blood.

At this juncture two other woodsmen came along and wanted to dispatch the bear with their axes, but, under the direction of the big Frenchman, they quietly opened an artery in the bear's neck and let the animal slowly bleed to death in the Frenchman's arms. When the men returned to camp and Louis Debois was thoroughly washed it was ascertained that he had not received a scratch.

Louis Debois, the hero of this encounter, weighs 240 pounds and is six feet eight inches tall and twenty-eight years of age, and hails from the lumber camps on the Ottawa River.

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There are two ways of "keeping school." One is with a desk, a book and a ruler; the other is with a boat, a harpoon and a skin. Mr. Russell Jeaffreson tells of the less known method in his book, "The Faroe Islands." The chief industry of the people is the killing of the bottle-nosed whale. When a boat sights a grind, or school, it makes for the shore and runs up a coat on the mast for a signal.

Presently all the boats from the sea and from the neighboring islands come flocking in, making all haste. The villagers set fire to damp straw, the smoke of which, seen from afar, gives out the news.

When the craft are collected they start for the whales. The first thing to be done is the driving, a work of considerable art. The "keeping of the school" is very difficult, and a matter of great pride among the sailors.

The boats arrange themselves in a great semi-circle to the seaward of the school. Then with shouts and the spashing of oars and stones the terrified animals are driven to the nearest whale bay.

The principal implement used in this process is the skin, a large, rounded stone with a hole bored through it, and fastened to a stout strip of whale skin twenty or more feet in length. This is swung around the head and splashed into the water, causing a great disturbance.

The driving of the school, sometimes consisting of 2000 whales closely packed, is accomplished with skill and without stampede. It is guided to a bay with a shelving bottom and a sloping sandy beach, where the whales in terror strand themselves.

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When the legislator reached his destination he found that almost all the other members were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Jane along."

"She is afraid even to look at the engine,"

After pondering over the message for a while, the legislator sent the following command:

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Zambesi Missions.

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PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Good Lord, save my friends from me!

A little egotism is a great aid to self-respect.

A large chest gives no indication of brain measurement.

Allah, she was a silent woman and I trembled before her.

Life is made up of dull yesterdays and dazzling tomorrows.

Life loves to keep the grouchy man supplied with grievances.

You never see a hatter fitting a patron by waist measurement.

Two is sometimes a tired crowd if they happen to be married.

Love is the only magic that keeps the heart young and the face lovely.

To-morrow may never come, but what's the matter with today, brother?

Why should we fear Death, the kind old night nurse who will one day put us to sleep.

The good of all creeds of all countries is comprehended in the one word, "kindness."

The wise editor does not assert his editorial prerogative, "we," in domestic conversation.

A man who owned a barber shop and also treated corns began at the foot and worked up.

Life is only given to us as an opportunity to show the love of which we are capable.

Love is the only lorgnette through which we may look and behold the loveliness of the world.

The cleverest girl is she who arranges her pompadour over a bump of old fashioned horse sense.

Lots of people manufacture stories out of whole cloth and then enbroil them for good measure.

When a man impudently heads off your hospitality, my sister, it doesn't necessarily indicate that he is too aesthetic to eat or drink. He may be an epicure.—From "Eve's Epigram" in the New York Telegram.

SMOKING AND SPEECH.

Smoking in Moderation Does Not Harm the Voice.

The thanks of thousands of tobacco consumers will go out to Sir Charles Santley for his statements respecting the effects of smoking on the voice. It has always been one of the arguments of those who have tried to dissuade us from the habit of smoking that pipes, cigars and cigarettes injured the voice. But on this subject Sir Charles, who may surely be considered an authority, writes that he found smoking in moderation made his voice clear and that he has never known more than two or three different singers who did not smoke. The only drawback to this statement is that it will tend to increase the number of men who try to sing. Hitherto these have had a notion that they must choose either tobacco or singing and leave the other alone, and they have chosen the former. Now that it has been pronounced possible to combine the two they will come out of their lairs and start in on "Nancy Lee," or "The Wolf." It must be remembered, however, that it is only moderate smoking which has no harmful effect on the voice. There is no doubt at all that to smoke excessively is to injure one's chances of singing well. The voice, as a matter of fact, is one of the best possible tests of moderation in smoking. When we find that our voice is losing that clear bell-like note which so delights our neighbors and is taking on a roopiness suggesting a rather unhealthy fowl then we can be sure that we have smoked too much.—London Globe.

Peril of a New Dance.

"If the young people allow this barn dance craze to grow," remarked a well known local architect, "buildings here will have to be erected much more substantially than heretofore—that is, all buildings such as private homes or clubs where dancing is carried on. There is a jump and a swing about barn dances that will cause swaying of the beams in even the most substantial frame houses."

"With a whole crowd on the floor at once and skipping up and down on the floor right together, with the music you can imagine what might happen. You know how necessary it is sometimes for a company of soldiers to break step when crossing a bridge. If this dance continues popular it may be necessary for some of the dancers to keep out of step with the music. I know of one dance out at the Colonial club last season at which the barn dance numbers had to be stopped, the buildings swayed so noticeably."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Diamonds May Explode.

A curious fact about diamonds is that it is not uncommon for the crystals to explode as soon as they are brought up from the mine. Sometimes they have burst in the pockets or the warm hands of miners, due to the effect of increased temperature. Large stones are more likely to do this than small ones. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way.

To safeguard them some dealers place large diamonds in raw potatoes for safe transport from South Africa.—Indianapolis News.

The Unlidded "I."

The teacher was giving the juvenile class a lesson in punctuation.

"What is that?" she asked of a small pupil, pointing to a period.

"That," answered the little one, "is the lid off an 'I.'"—Chicago News.

CANADA WANTS CLEAN MONEY.

Careless Habits Across the Border Have Bred Disagreeable Conditions.

Canada is now more than ready for clean currency. The dirty bills and defaced coins which are circulating among the people of the country add no credit to the good name of the Dominion. If sanitary considerations do not suggest something better than pride of country should rise to the occasion.

Canada has probably the most disreputable medium of exchange of any nation which pretends to civilization. In this the Government itself is the chief offender and has been during the changing administrations since confederation. Dominion dollar and two-dollar notes are permitted to circulate until they reek with dirt and scarcely conform in size to the newer notes with which they are counted from time to time.

It is where silver is used in great quantity, however, that the debauching of the currency is most noticeable. Plugged half-dollars, flattened dimes, worn quarters and crumpled five-cent pieces are shoved on in the channels of business. The church collection plates and street railway boxes have become receptacles for much of the smallest of it. The plugged half-dollar given in change by one street car conductor to a passenger is refused on another car.

So long as defaced money was accepted freely it caused no inconvenience, no loss or embarrassment. It was simply unsightly. In the larger centres all this is changing. People will not accept defaced money—if they know it. It is a positive handicap to business and a constant jar to the self-respect of the man who tries to pass it along. In the meantime there is laxity at many of the gateways to tourist travel from the south.

This results in the infusion of a great amount of United States currency into Canadian trade channels which may or may not be objectionable according to the point of view, but which also brings along a deluge of defaced United States coin, and this cannot be circulated south of the line.

The design of Canada's silver money is commonplace. It lacks distinctiveness and it is wanting in Canadian sentiment. There is plenty of material upon which to base a design which means more and looks better than the present issue. The beaver, maple leaf and shield of the provinces, the flag and many other things might be made to play a part in a new design.—Toronto World.

His Holiness.

A thunderstorm overtook the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria when out shooting in 1873 with old Emperor William of Germany and Victor Emmanuel. The three monarchs got separated from their party and lost their way. They were drenched to the skin, and, in search of shelter, hailed a peasant driving a covered cart drawn by oxen along the high road. The peasant took up the royal trio and drove on.

"And who may you be, for you are a stranger in these parts?" he asked, after a while, of Emperor William.

"I am the Emperor of Germany," replied his Teutonic majesty.

"Ha, very good," said the peasant, and then, addressing Victor Emmanuel, "and you, my friend?"

"Why, I am the King of Italy," came the prompt reply.

"Ha, ha, very good, indeed! And who are you?" addressing Francis Joseph.

"I am the emperor of Austria," said the latter.

The peasant then scratched his head and said with a knowing wink, "Very good, and who do you suppose I am?" Their majesties replied they would like very much to know.

"Why, I am his holiness the Pope"—Our Dumb Animals.

A Poor Explanation.

Tall Esen Morgan, the noted musical director of the great Ocean Grove religious festivals, said the other day that the "Merry Widow" waltz had been stolen from Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul."

"It is a clear case of plagiarism," said Mr. Morgan, "and Lehar in his defence only incriminates himself more."

"In fact, Lehar's defence rather reminds me of the valet who was accused of drinking his master's wine. To this valet the master said:

"Look here, you! I believe that you have been at this decanter of claret and then filled it up with water."

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, it tastes like it," said the master, and he set down his glass with a wry face.

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet excitedly. "In the first place, sir, I never drink wine. In the second place, when I do drink it I never think of filling the bottle up with water. And in the third place, when I do put water in I always am very careful to add a little brandy so that the wine may not lose its strength."—Washington Star.

Eagle Dropped Prey.

Eagles still hover over the places that make the Cumberland Narrows noted. John H. Horehler, an Englishman, found a pheasant fluttering in his hand at Cumberland and observed a large eagle flying away.

The eagle had dropped the pheasant and made frantic but unsuccessful efforts to recover it, flying into the air and was frightened away by the presence of Mr. Horehler, who found the pheasant fluttering with jagged holes in its neck from the eagle's talons. Baltimore Sun.

New Parental School.

Plans for a Model Institution for New York Boys.

FROM THE CITY RECORD, NEW YORK

The committee on buildings of the Board of Education has submitted for approval plans for the new Parental School on the road from Flushing to Jamaica, about 1,700 feet south of the North Hempstead turnpike, in the Borough of Queens. The present plans provide only for the administration and school building, three dormitory buildings, power house and farm buildings and additional buildings to be erected from time to time as funds are available for the purpose. The administration building will provide offices for the superintendent or principal and his clerks, together with a waiting or reception room for the general public, accessible directly from the main entrance, thus isolating the public portion of the executive offices from the school, which occupies the balance of the structure.

The first floor, in addition to the executive offices, will provide for four classrooms and an assembly hall, 60x66 feet, with entrances directly from the campus as well as from the schoolrooms. The second floor will provide seven classrooms, teachers' rooms, etc., while the attic has been laid off for storerooms and dormitories for the female help. The basement will provide three manual training shops, a gymnasium 60x66 feet, storerooms, toilets, etc., and space for the ventilating apparatus.

The dormitories or cottages present some rather unusual features, having been designed only after examination of similar institutions in various parts of the country, made upon the declaration of the board in favor of the adoption of the cottage system. The committee on special schools in considering the cost of the structures, as well as that for maintenance, finally recommended the double cottage or dormitory building, and the plans for these provide for a structure 121 feet in length, divided on its centre line by a fireproof wall running through to the roof, thus forming two distinct structures, as far as internal arrangements go, the only connection being through the fire escape which serves both portions.

The building in its entirety will accommodate sixty boys, divided into two equal groups, each in its own portion of the building and under its own master and matron. The boys on entering their cottage from the school, farm work or play pass through a door direct from the playground, which is provided at the rear of each cottage, through a hallway into the basement, where their outdoor clothing will be removed in a large, light dressing room, wherein are provided lockers with seats. If the clothing or shoes be damp they may readily be dried in a room especially designed for the purpose. At the rear of the dressing room there has been placed a lavatory, leading from which are two compartments, one for shower baths and the other for toilets. Each locker has a compartment for shoes, which the boys remove and replace with house slippers or moccasins before they pass into the dining room or the dormitories. This not only reduces the noise which thirty boys must necessarily make but also permits of the cottage being kept scrupulously clean.

One of the important things is a large, light open indoor playground, which figures not only for recreation purposes in the daytime, but also for that portion of the inmates of the cottage consisting of the active, restless boys, who do not care to sit and read during the evening, but would rather have their recreation in play. The first floor is entered, both from the playground of the boys and from the campus, the hallway running directly across the buildings, with the dining room, pantry, etc., on one side and the living room, reception room and matron's room on the other.

The dining room is designed especially with reference to the seating of thirty boys, the master and matron and instructor, the pantry adjoining being fitted with china closets, refrigerator, sink, serving table and a bain-marie, the under side of which will be fitted as a plate warmer. On the opposite side of the hall the living room, about 28x32 feet in size, will afford ample space for the boys to be gathered about the tables in small groups, reading or playing games, being at the same time directly under the eye of the matron, whose room adjoins and is in direct connection therewith.

The second story is really the key to the building since it must provide a dormitory for exactly thirty beds of the regulation size and with the requisite distance for aisles and passageways. Each boy will be provided with an individual locker, placed as near his bed as possible, in which his clothing, removed at night before retiring, is placed and locked. In order to afford adequate escape in case of fire an additional fireproof stairway, enclosed in a brick shaft, is provided at the rear of the building, connecting with the other dormitory, so as to afford ample escape for each, al-

though the possible total destruction of one portion of the building might take place without in any way endangering the inmates of the other.

Adjacent to and overlooking the dormitory are the master's quarters, consisting of two rooms and a bath, clothing closets, etc., having also an entrance direct from the hallway. One of the important matters is the sewing and locker room located on this floor, in which is provided a locker for a supply of clothing for each boy.

The attic has two stairways. On this floor are the servants' rooms and bath, extra storeroom for the boys' clothing, also storeroom for house linen and bedding and the solitary room.

Coal is to be delivered at the top of the bunkers in the power house, while the supplies are unloaded here on a covered platform, from which they may be trucked into a light, airy and dry fireproof storeroom. To the right of the entrance is the bakery, with brick oven, proving room and space for bread storage for two or three days supply. To the left is to be a large kitchen, with its cooking ranges, soup kettles and refrigerators, divided into three spaces for meat, vegetables and milk, butter and eggs. It is proposed to deliver food from the central plant through subways.

SWIMMING BATHS URGED.

Proposal to Have Them in All the New Public Schools.

Swimming has been made part of the education of the children in various cities. In the public schools of Brookline, Mass., a pupil cannot graduate unless he or she has a certificate of ability from the swimming master of the Brookline baths. Not only do the children of this Boston suburb know how to swim but many of them are skilled in the work of saving and resuscitating a drowning person.

There is one class membership in which is regarded as a high honor by all the pupils of the schools and that is the emergency class. To qualify for it the pupil must demonstrate his or her ability to swim certain distances within a specified time. One of the principal tests requires the applicant to swim supporting another person a certain distance within a certain time limit.

England long ago adopted the idea of fostering the accomplishment of swimming in the schools. But they go further than merely teaching the pupil to swim. He is taught how to save life. There are over twenty thousand members of the English life saving association, all of whom have had a thorough course of instruction.

There is a public school life saving championship for which prizes are given each year. Teams of little boys and girls on the day of competition come from all parts of London. The teams are made up of eight members, and the members range in years from 10 up.

They go through regular manoeuvres. With perfect step and time four members step forward and jump into the water and go through the motions of persons in the act of drowning. Then the remaining four members of the team dive into the water after them and tow the others to safety.

If a striking illustration of the good results of such instruction were needed it could be furnished by two incidents which occurred last summer within two weeks of each other. A flatboat used for ferry purposes was slowly making its way across a river in the West with eighteen men. About midway the craft was sunk. Not a single man of the eighteen could swim and so none escaped. A couple of weeks later a boat with twenty-three girls was making its way across a stream in England. When the boat reached the centre of the stream some one rocked it and all the girls were thrown into the water. They all promptly swam ashore and there was not a single life lost.

The plan of the Brooklyn local school board would make it possible for nearly every child in the greater city to have the chance to bathe and swim. A very important part of this plan would be the opportunity afforded girls to learn to swim. Boys now have a dozen chances to learn to swim where a girl has one.—New York Sun.

The Camel's Eye.

One of the camels—the seven were lying just beyond the circle of firelight—rose complaining. Mustafa, Ahmed slipped away upon his duty. Presently I heard his guttural cawing to get the camel again to rest; but the beast would not down, and must be beaten—the boy meanwhile mousing great curses. I wondered that a being so small should without peril to himself strike a creature like this with his fist, continuing all the time within reach of teeth and hoofs.

"I will tell the khawaja," replied Mustafa, "a most curious and interesting thing about this."

Ahmed had mastered the camel, and now came to his place.

"The khawaja has observed," Mustafa continued, "that a child may beat and command a camel. It is not because the camel is stupid, nor yet because he is timid; it is because of a wise provision whereby God suited him to the weakness of men. The camel's eyes are like magnifying glasses and increase the stature of his master seven times; therefore he is obedient to this gigantic appearing creature."

In Damascus, too, I heard this superstition.—Norman Duncan in Harper's Magazine.



MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOES.

A stirring story of three months spent on an uninhabited island by the shipwrecked crew and passengers of the bark Anjou (2069 tons), consisting of nearly forty persons, was told by the captain on the arrival of the liner Ernest Simons at Marseilles yesterday.

The Anjou, while on a voyage from Sydney to Falmouth, was wrecked on one of the Auckland group in the Pacific.

The captain stated that they left Sydney on January 20, and during a thick fog and rough weather on February 4, the ship struck on a reef. The masts fell and smashed some of the boats, and there was considerable panic on board. Fortunately all escaped in the boats that remained, but many were only partly dressed. After a terrible experience in a heavy gale they reached the shore the following afternoon and landed.

"Half dressed and many injured we looked like a band of phantoms marching to the conquest of an infernal island," said the captain. A big fire was lighted, and sea birds attracted by it were captured and eaten. The party started to explore the island, and three days later discovered shelter, showing that shipwrecked people had been there before. On the following days they killed a number of albatrosses and caught a quantity of shellfish, on which they subsisted. A small sea cow was also captured and eaten. As a chance of making their condition known, several albatrosses which were caught alive were again set free with cards tied round their necks, stating in French and English the position of the shipwrecked people.

Later, in the interior of the island, they found some wild sheep, and established a sort of fold in which to keep the animals for use as necessary. Boots were made of pieces of wood and sheepskin, and the skins were also used for clothing. A signal of distress was hoisted on the highest point of the island to attract the attention of shipping.

"New Robinson Crusoes, we were living an extraordinary life, fishing, hunting, getting our food sometimes in a cave, sometimes on a rock, according to the weather, and sleeping where we could," said the captain. "A great deal of the weather was very bad while we were on the island." On May 7, after they had been on the island over three months, the New Zealand Government steamer Hymoea rescued them.—London News.

HE PENETRATED DARK CHINA.

The Outing Magazine has an interesting account of how Frank N. Meyer, an intrepid scientific explorer for the United States Government, penetrated into remote districts of China to secure new varieties of seeds. The writer says:

Danger from robbers was not the least harassing of the scientist's troubles. The Chinese hate foreigners to learn about their country, and led in answer to the interpreter's simplest questions. Wrong names would be given for plants. Carters would be bribed to go the wrong way. When Meyer asked questions, his companions, without any reason at all, would answer with the most mendacious and misleading information. This irritation was constant for the three years. Then there was the danger—very real in the mountain country toward Siberia—from wild beasts. Near one hut where the explorer slept some species of panther which the natives described as a tiger, had carried off field laborers bodily and won a terrible reputation as a man-eater. When the white man asked why the village did not club together and kill the marauder, the people took apoplexy from very fear and set Meyer down as "a foreign devil," indeed.

On that same trip to the peach country of the North, Meyer had a still narrower escape. As far as I can judge from his letters carts had been exchanged for wheelbarrows. The roads were vile. It had been raining in deluges, and the six coolies were dragging behind with the baggage while the white man pushed ahead to hunt night quarters. By night he found himself far ahead of his men, and entering a deserted road but he fell sound asleep. Suddenly he was awakened from deep sleep by the sense of human presence, by a sort of intangible premonition of terrible danger. He looked up—two men stooped above him, one with a drawn sword pointed at the sleeper's throat, the other with a raised club. I don't need to tell that it didn't take Mr. Meyer very long to get up, and the flash of his pistol barrel as he swung free for arm space did the rest. The Chinese assailants bounced back so violently they sprawled head over heels across a big roadside boulder. Meyer did not even fire his pistol, for Americans have a world-wide reputation for shooting to hit. By the time the assassins returned with a mob at their heels the coolies and interpreters had come up. Explanations noisy enough to split the welkin appeased the crowd, and all sat down to a smoking of pipes like red Indians.

Do you want to know what the country pays a modern explorer for doing this kind of work? Put it down

in the list of things you are proud of. Meyer was paid \$1200. Then, in a burst of generosity, the country raised his job to \$1400 a year.

BATTLE WITH A BEAR.

A dispatch to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer from Grand Forks, B. C., tells of a display of physical strength witnessed at Toulou Mountain, near Orient, Wash., on the Great Northern Railway, when one Louis Debois, a giant Frenchman, in a life and death combat completely overcame an immense black bear.

According to the report that has reached Grand Forks, Debois and a young Scotchman named Alex Campbell were out cutting cordwood when they came upon a bear's den, and seeing what they supposed was the bear's nose projecting from the winter quarters of Mr. Bruin, the big Frenchman, after some deliberation, struck a savage blow at the supposed bear's nose with his keen axe blade.

As soon as the blow was struck underbrush and snow were flying in all directions, and the two woodsmen then perceived that what they had mistaken for the bear's snout was in reality the bear's foot, which the axe had completely severed. By this time the bear had made a savage attack. Campbell, the smaller of the two men, succeeded in getting out of reach, but the big Frenchman, conceited over his personal strength, preferred a personal encounter with the bear to running.

Debois raised his heavy double-bladed axe to strike the bear, but in the twinkling of an eye the bear had raised his forepaw, which was uninjured, and threw the axe to one side, and the next instant the bear had the big Frenchman in his embrace. The man, an adept at wrestling, succeeded in tripping his antagonist, the bear falling heavily to the ground with Debois on top of him. In this position the Frenchman actually pinned the bear to the ground, holding the bear's legs apart and clutching Bruin firmly by the throat. By this time both man and bear were covered with blood.

At this juncture two other woodsmen came along and wanted to dispatch the bear with their axes, but, under the direction of the big Frenchman, they quietly opened an artery in the bear's neck and let the animal slowly bleed to death in the Frenchman's arms. When the men returned to camp and Louis Debois was thoroughly washed it was ascertained that he had not received a scratch.

Louis Debois, the hero of this encounter, weighs 240 pounds and is six feet eight inches tall and twenty-eight years of age, and hails from the lumber camps on the Ottawa River.

NOT KINDERGARTEN WORK.

There are two ways of "keeping school." One is with a desk, a book and a ruler; the other is with a boat, a harpoon and a soken. Mr. Russell Jeaffreson tells of the less known method in his book, "The Faroe Islands." The chief industry of the people is the killing of the bottle-nosed whale. When a boat sights a grind, or school, it makes for the shore and runs up a coat on the mast for a signal.

Presently all the boats from the sea and from the neighboring islands come flocking in, making all haste. The villagers set fire to damp straw, the smoke of which, seen from afar, gives out the news.

When the craft are collected they start for the whales. The first thing to be done is the driving, a work of considerable art. The "keeping of the school" is very difficult, and a matter of great pride among the sailors.

The boats arrange themselves in a great semi-circle to the seaward of the school. Then with shouts and the spashing of oars and stones the terrified animals are driven to the nearest whale bay.

The principal implement used in this process is the soken, a large, rounded stone with a hole bored through it, and fastened to a stout strip of whale skin twenty or more feet in length. This is swung around the head and splashed into the water, causing a great disturbance.

The driving of the school, sometimes consisting of 2000 whales closely packed, is accomplished with skill and without stampede. It is guided to a bay with a shelving bottom and a sloping sandy beach, where the whales in terror strand themselves.

Horse Tactics.

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When the legislator reached his destination he found that almost all the other members were accompanied by their wives, and he sent an imperative message to his brother to "fetch Jane along."

The brother telegraphed: "She is afraid even to look at the engine."

After pondering over the message for a while, the legislator sent the following command:

"Blindfold Jane and back her onto the train."—Lippincott's.

Zambesi Missions.

A pamphlet recently issued by Andrew Murray gives a brief survey of missions south of the Zambesi. There are thirty-one different missionary organizations at work, ministering to over 10,000,000 people. The student volunteer movement in South Africa has put eighty-four young missionaries in the field since 1896.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Good Lord, save my friends from me!

A little egotism is a great aid to self-respect.

A large chest gives no indication of brain measurement.

Allah, she was a silent woman and I trembled before her.

Life is made up of dull yesterdays and dazzling tomorrows.

Life loves to keep the grouchy man supplied with grievances.

You never see a hatter fitting a patron by waist measurement.

Two is sometimes a tired crowd if they happen to be married.

Love is the only magic that keeps the heart young and the face lovely.

To-morrow may never come, but what's the matter with today, brother?

Why should we fear Death, the kind old night nurse who will one day put us to sleep.

The good of all creeds of all countries is comprehended in the one word, "kindness."

The wise editor does not assert his editorial prerogative, "we," in domestic conversation.

A man who owned a barber shop and also treated corns began at the foot and worked up.

Life is only given to us as an opportunity to show the love of which we are capable.

Love is the only logmette through which we may look and behold the loveliness of the world.

The cleverest girl is she who arranges her pompadour over a bump of old fashioned horse sense.

Lots of people manufacture stories out of whole cloth and then embroider them for good measure.

When a man imploringly heads off your hospitality, my sister, it doesn't necessarily indicate that he is too aesthetic to eat or drink. He may be an epicure.—From "Eye's Epigrams" in the New York Telegram.

SMOKING AND SPEECH.

Smoking in Moderation Does Not Harm the Voice.

The thanks of thousands of tobacco consumers will go out to Sir Charles Santley for his statements respecting the effects of smoking on the voice. It has always been one of the arguments of those who have tried to dissuade us from the habit of smoking that pipes, cigars and cigarettes injured the voice. But on this subject Sir Charles, who may surely be considered an authority, writes that he found smoking in moderation made his voice clear and that he has never known more than two or three different singers who did not smoke. The only drawback to this statement is that it will tend to increase the number of men who try to sing. Hitherto these have had a notion that they must choose either tobacco or singing and leave the other alone, and they have chosen the former. Now that it has been pronounced possible to combine the two they will come out of their lairs and start in on "Nancy Lee," or "The Wolf." It must be remembered, however, that it is only moderate smoking which has no harmful effect on the voice. There is no doubt at all that to smoke excessively is to injure one's chances of singing well. The voice, as a matter of fact, is one of the best possible tests of moderation in smoking. When we find that our voice is losing that clear bell-like note which so delights our neighbors and is taking on a roopiness suggesting a rather unhealthy fowl then we can be sure that we have smoked too much.—London Globe.

Peril of a New Dance.

"If the young people allow this barn dance craze to grow," remarked a well known local architect, "buildings here will have to be erected much more substantially than heretofore—that is, all buildings such as private homes or clubs where dancing is carried on. There is a jump and a swing about barn dances that will cause swaying of the beams in even the most substantial frame houses."

"With a whole crowd on the floor at once and skipping up and down on the floor right together, with the music you can imagine what might happen. You know how necessary it is sometimes for a company of soldiers to break step when crossing a bridge. If this dance continues popular it may be necessary for some of the dancers to keep out of step with the music. I know of one dance out at the Colonial club last season at which the barn dance numbers had to be stopped, the buildings swayed so noticeably."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Diamonds May Explode.

A curious fact about diamonds is that it is not uncommon for the crystals to explode as soon as they are brought up from the mine. Sometimes they have burst in the pockets or the warm hands of miners, due to the effect of increased temperature. Large stones are more likely to do this than small ones. Valuable stones have been destroyed in this way.

To safeguard them some dealers place large diamonds in raw potatoes for safe transport from South Africa.—Indianapolis News.

The Unlidded "I."

The teacher was giving the juvenile class a lesson in punctuation.

"What is that?" she asked of a small pupil, pointing to a period.

"That," answered the little one, "is the lid off an 'I.'"—Chicago News.

CANADA WANTS CLEAN MONEY.

Careless Habits Across the Border Have Bred Disagreeable Conditions.

Canada is now more than ready for clean currency. The dirty bills and defaced coins which are circulating among the people of the country add no credit to the good name of the Dominion. If sanitary considerations do not suggest something better than pride of country should rise to the occasion.

Canada has probably the most disreputable medium of exchange of any nation which pretends to civilization. In this the Government itself is the chief offender and has been during the changing administrations since confederation. Dominion dollar and two-dollar notes are permitted to circulate until they reek with dirt and scarcely conform in size to the newer notes with which they are counted from time to time.

It is where silver is used in greatest quantity, however, that the debauching of the currency is most noticeable. Plugged half-dollars, flattened dimes, worn quarters and crumpled five-cent pieces are shoved on in the channels of business. The church collection plates and street railway boxes have become receptacles for much of the smallest of it. The plugged half-dollar given in change by one street car conductor to a passenger is refused on another car.

So long as defaced money was accepted freely it caused no inconvenience, no loss or embarrassment. It was simply unsightly. In the larger centres all this is changing. People will not accept defaced money—if they know it. It is a positive handicap to business and a constant jar to the self-respect of the man who tries to pass it along. In the meantime there is laxity at many of the gateways to tourist travel from the south.

This results in the infusion of a great amount of United States currency into Canadian trade channels which may or may not be objectionable according to the point of view, but which also brings along a deluge of defaced United States coin, and this cannot be circulated south of the line.

The design of Canada's silver money is commonplace. It lacks distinctiveness and it is wanting in Canadian sentiment. There is plenty of material upon which to base a design which means more and looks better than the present issue. The beaver, maple leaf and shield of the provinces, the flag and many other things might be made to play a part in a new design.—Toronto World.

His Holiness.

A thunderstorm overtook the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria when out shooting in 1873 with old Emperor William of Germany and Victor Emmanuel. The three monarchs got separated from their party and lost their way. They were drenched to the skin, and, in search of shelter, hailed a peasant driving a covered cart drawn by oxen along the high road. The peasant took up the royal trio and drove on.

"And who may you be, for you are a stranger in these parts?" he asked, after a while, of Emperor William.

"I am the Emperor of Germany," replied his Teutonic majesty.

"Ha, very good," said the peasant, and then, addressing Victor Emmanuel, "and you, my friend?"

"Why, I am the King of Italy," came the prompt reply.

"Ha, ha, very good, indeed! And who are you?" addressing Francis Joseph.

"I am the emperor of Austria," said the latter.

The peasant then scratched his head and said with a knowing wink, "Very good, and who do you suppose I am?"

"Their majesties replied they would like very much to know."

"Why, I am his holiness the Pope!"—Our Dumb Animals.

A Poor Explanation.

Tall Esen Morgan, the noted musical director of the great Ocean Grove religious festivals, said the other day that the "Merry Widow" waltz had been stolen from Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul."

"It is a clear case of plagiarism," said Mr. Morgan, "and Lehar in his defence only incriminates himself more."

"In fact, Lehar's defence rather reminds me of the valet who was accused of drinking his master's wine. To this valet the master said:

"Look here, you! I believe that you have been in this decanter of claret and then filled it up with water."

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet in an aggrieved tone.

"Well, it tastes like it," said the master, and he set down his glass with a very face.

"Oh, no, sir," said the valet excitedly. "In the first place, sir, I never drink wine. In the second place, when I do drink it I never think of filling the bottle up with water. And in the third place, when I do put water in I always am very careful to add a little brandy so that the wine may not lose its strength."—Washington Star.

Eagle Dropped Prey.

Eagles still hover over the stacks that make the Cumberland Narrows noted. John H. Horchler, an Englishman, found a pheasant fluttering in his hand at Cumberland and observed a large eagle flying away.

The eagle had dropped the pheasant and made frantic but unsuccessful efforts to recover it, flying into the air, but was frightened away by the presence of Mr. Horchler, who found the pheasant fluttering with jaunted legs in his neck from the eagle's talons. Baltimore Sun.

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Contractor Frank Brenner of Hanover, with a force of ten men went to Lineboro, Md., on Monday where he had contracted to make an excavation 42 feet long, 6 feet wide and 7 feet deep on the farm of Horatio Kneller, intended for the burial of all the stock on the farm with the exception of horses and mules. Dr. Herbert of York, spent Friday at Lineboro, where he superintended the slaughter of the stock of Mr. Kneller, on whose farm the dreaded foot and mouth disease had been discovered. The slaughter made included 24 cows and steers, 51 pigs, 75 chickens, 6 pigeons and a family cat. The State of Maryland will compensate Kneller for his loss and he will receive nearly \$1000. Although chickens and cats are not subject to the disease, they carry it from one animal to another.

Mrs. David Furry, who resides on a farm near Roaring Spring, is in nervous prostration over the outcome of a photograph taken of her a few days ago. The Furrys last week entertained a cousin, who is an amateur photographer, and he took Mrs. Furry's picture as she stood just outside the house. He developed the negative at his home, made the photograph and sent it to Mrs. Furry. When she opened it, she was amazed to find two figures in the picture. Hers stood out boldly, but outlined near her stood the figure of a man—Michael Croft, unmistakably, a character who has been dead for six years. Mrs. Furry firmly believes his ghost was caught by the camera, while her picture was being taken. Croft stands inside the fence, and, apparently is looking at her. Croft left all his possessions to one son when he died six years ago, and ever since the residents of the neighborhood have been reporting mysterious noises on the Croft farm. Nothing will convince them now, since the strange photograph has been exhibited, that there is not something supernatural going on there.

York.—Frank Quickel, 36 years old, was arrested Saturday charged with stealing \$12,000 worth of platinum from the New York Dental Supply Co. He confessed to the crime, and \$5,000 worth of the material was found hidden in a dog pen. The prisoner was an employee of the moulding department of the company and one of its trusted men. About a year ago it was discovered that the platinum was being carried away from the factory, and Chief White was put on the case. S. Bloom of Philadelphia, had received a letter from the York man, offering to sell platinum at \$20 an ounce. Chief White learned of this and he answered Quickel's letters and sent him marked money in return for the platinum.

PONGEE WAIST PATTERNS, Heavy Embroidered and Trimmings, in White Cream and Black for \$1.00. WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover

The United States Government represented by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, on Friday placed the whole State of Maryland under quarantine for an indefinite length of time because of the outbreak of the foot and mouth disease among the cattle of H. M. Kneller, at Lineboro, Carroll county. It means not only that no cattle can be shipped out of Maryland either by boat or rail, but that no hogs, pigs, chickens, straw or hay can be exported and that trade in all these lines except within the State, will practically be dead until the quarantine is lifted.

Two men who attempted to stop Andrew Bergotis, of Pittston, from beating his wife were shot by the infuriated husband. Charles Bergotis of Andrew, was instantly killed, and John Henno, a boarder, is not expected to recover. The woman screamed for help and they went to her assistance. The murderer fled and has not yet been captured.

John P. Carpenter, aged 42 years, of Chester, Pa., was killed at the saw mill of James R. Price, about five miles from Easton, Md. He cut down a tree, which, in falling, caught him under it.

FURS AT SPECIAL PRICES.
Saturday, Dec. 5th, Special Sale of Furs.
NACE, SON & CO.,
11-13 Carlisle St., Hanover.

Death won in a six-mile race to save the life of Frank Petrowskas, a hotel keeper, who was accidentally shot while hunting in Locust Valley. As Petrowskas stooped to pick up an apple, his gun went off, discharging the contents into his left knee. Unable to check the flow of blood, his companion obtained a horse and carriage and drove at breakneck speed to a hospital. As the wounded man was carried in to the surgeon's office he lost consciousness and died two minutes later.

DRESS GOODS.
We show the largest assortment and the newest style dress goods in Hanover. Samples cheerfully sent if color and price is named.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,
33 Balto. St., Hanover.

THIS IS WORTH READING.—Leo F. Zelinski, of 68 Gibson St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying cold sore I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at Ed. T. Auker's drug store. 25c.

DANIEL B. STRALEY,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
New Oxford, Pa.
Acknowledgements, Affidavits and Depositions.
\$1 ISSUE SURETY BONDS.

Public Sale!
Tuesday, December 8th, 1908.
The undersigned, intending to quit farming, will sell at public sale at his residence on the old Seminary Farm, in Berwick township, close to Carlisle pike and about 2 miles East of New Oxford, the following personal property:
6 Head of Horses and Mules, 1 bay mare 7 yrs. old, works wherever hitched except in lead, good driver, 1 black colt 3 years old, good worker and driver, 1 dark brown horse 8 years old, works anywhere except in lead, good driver, 1 pair of mules 6 years old, one a good leader, both good workers, 1 mule 10 years old, works anywhere, good leader; 11 Head of Cattle, consisting of 6 milk cows, 3 fresh in March, 1 in February, 1 now fresh, 3 heifers fresh May 1st, 2 heifers 7 months old; 18 Head of Hogs, 3 brood sows, 1 has pigs, other two to have pigs by time of sale, 6 shoats; Deering binder, land roller, 2 sulkey plows, 1 new spring tooth harrow, 1 double-row corn planter, 1 set good hay carriages 3-inch tread wagon and bed, good as new, 2 plows, 1 hay rake, spring wagon, sled, 1 set of breech-bands, 3 sets of frontgears, 2 bridles, 6 collars, 6 flynets, check lines, plow lines, reins, halters, hoes, rakes, forks, shovels, tripple, double and singletrees, jockey sticks, and many articles not mentioned. Terms: 11 months credit, sums under \$5 cash. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock M. sharp. EDWARD MILLHIMES, J. B. Crist, Auct. R. M. Straley, Clerk.

Just Arrived
A Full Line of
Gerharts'
Lancaster Coffee,
"It Satisfies."
For Sale Only By
D. F. SLENTZ,
Carlisle Street, New Oxford.

THE WHITE DAISY
WASHING MACHINE
SAVE
SOAP
LIGHTEN
LABOR
TRY THE WHITE WAY

SOLD BY D. F. SLENTZ,
CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Gettysburg, Pa. Emmitsburg, Md.
G. W. Weaver & Son. G. W. Weaver & Son.



THE dress goods selling, with us this season, is much above our expectations—necessitating the duplicating of original orders and new purchases constantly.

A large Philadelphia Dress Goods Mill is now cleaning up overstock at much less than the original prices and, knowing us to be large buyers, gave us an opportunity to get a line, of very Desirable Patterns and Styles of New Suitings, at

A Great Reduction from the Original Prices.

THESE GOODS ARE NOW HERE

in the New Shades of Taupe, Wistaria, Bronze, Smoke, Navies, Garnet, Blacks and Fancy Worsteds.

Blacks are very fashionable this season, and we are particularly well stocked, with the most popular weaves, since these late purchases. Among the newest is Satin Soliel—46 inches wide at \$1.00 per yard; a Satin Faced worsted material with a fine line running crosswise forming a cord effect—soft finish which lends itself to any style gown. A New Lot of

Black and Fancy Waist and Dress Silks

just in—Many of the Fancy Plaids in single waist patterns, Every Day Brings Us Something New. The Greatest Cloak and Suit Stock In Southern Pennsylvania.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
Gettysburg, Penna.

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

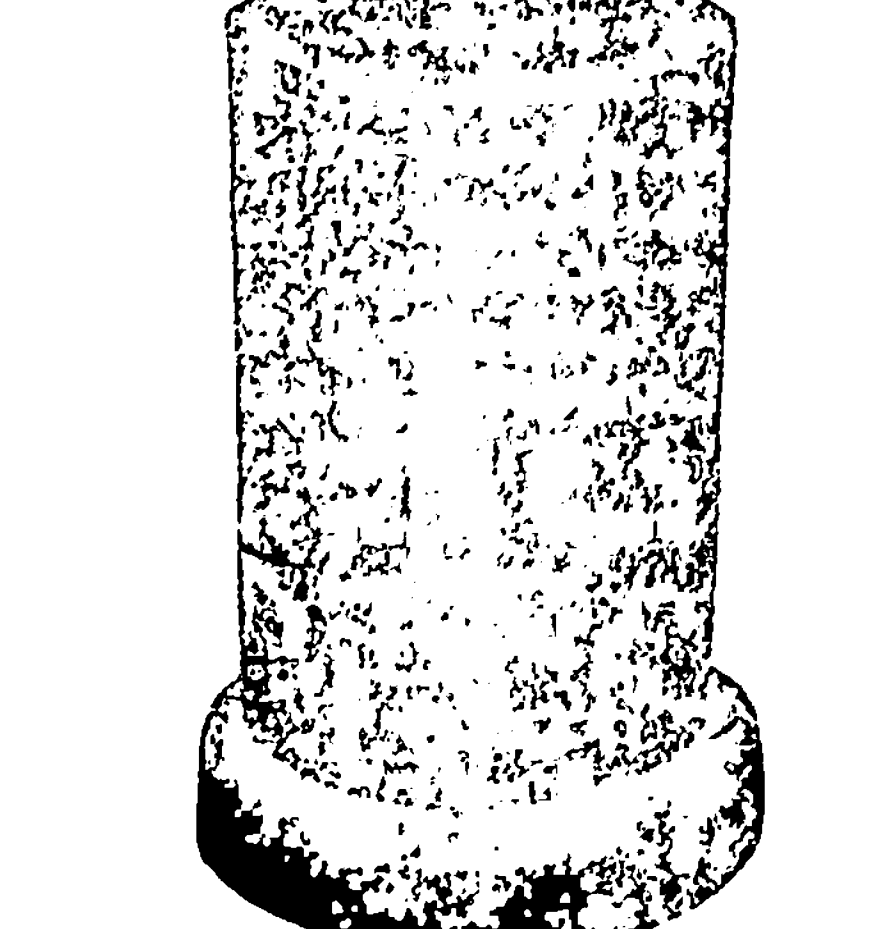
Special Low Prices.

UNDERTAKING
in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.

R. J. FEISER,
Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

SATURDAY SPECIAL.
Sale of Children's Coats. Great Reduction.
G. B. NACE, SON & CO.,
11-13 Carlisle Street, Hanover

Cement Tiling!



The undersigned have opened a Cement Tiling establishment in New Oxford where any and all kinds of cement tiling will be manufactured and kept for sale at all times, or made to order, from 4 to 36 inches in diameter. These tiling are considered superior to any vitrified tiling and are considerable less expensive. For further information and prices call on or address

FELTY BROTHERS,
New Oxford, Penn'a
Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,
Physician and Surgeon,
NEW OXFORD, PA
Calls answered night or day

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,
DENTIST,
OFFICE: Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.
All work neatly done and guaranteed

DR. GEO. H. SEAKS,
Physician and Surgeon,
OFFICE ON PITT STREET, NEAR DEPOT,
NEW OXFORD, PA.
Diseases of Children a Specialty.

DEATRICK BROS.,
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Leo J. Spangler, the York prophet, brother of Mrs. H. H. Diehl residing at the edge of town, says the time is drawing near when the world will come to an end, as he had prophesied years ago. About a year ago the prophet issued a bulletin in which he said a great financial crisis would visit this country and it would be one of the signs that the time for the destruction of the world was not far off. He also predicted that the end of the world would come on a Sunday in December, 1908. Recently Spangler visited New York, where, he says, he warned thousands to prepare for the destruction of the world. "New York," the prophet declares, "because of its wickedness will be one of the first cities to disappear." The prophet stated years ago that before the world came to an end there would be signs in the moon. November 18 the passengers who arrived in New York on the Red Star liner Kroonland said they saw rainbows about the moon. One of the latest prophecies of the York man is that the Bethlehem star that guided the Wise Men will reappear in the heavens. This, he says, will be the sign of the second coming of Christ.

The Pittsburg Gazette Times says of Rev. Dr. J. W. Schwartz, a native of Gettysburg and for many years a resident of the town, the following: "Half a century's faithful service in the ministry, devoted in serving but two charges, is shortly to be honored by the Pittsburg general synod Lutheran church and Armstrong county Lutherans alike, in the celebration to be tendered the Rev. Dr. J. W. Schwartz, pastor of the Worthington Lutheran congregation. Dr. Schwartz was born in Gettysburg, Jan. 3, 1834, and at the age of 17 entered Gettysburg college, graduating in 1856. Three years later he was received into the Lutheran ministry and in 1860 became pastor of the Berwick (Pa.) charge. A call from the Worthington parish was received by him in 1867 and he has been at work there ever since. The love and esteem with which Dr. Schwartz is held by his people have been frequently attested in a practical manner. On one occasion, two years ago, the Hon. E. D. Graff gave him a three months' trip to the Holy Land. At another time, at a public reception tendered at the close of his 40th year as pastor at Worthington, he was presented with a horse, buggy and harness in addition to snugly filled purse by his members. Besides the Worthington parish, Dr. Schwartz is also pastor at St. Mark Lutheran church, northeast of Worthington, where he resides, and despite his advanced age, continues to serve it regularly and with apparently as much vigor as ever."

Contractor Frank Brenner of Hanover, with a force of ten men went to Lineboro, Md., on Monday where he had contracted to make an excavation 42 feet long, 6 feet wide and 7 feet deep on the farm of Horatio Kneller, intended for the burial of all the stock on the farm with the exception of horses and mules. Dr. Herbert of York, spent Friday at Lineboro, where he superintended the slaughter of the stock of Mr. Kneller, on whose farm the dreaded foot and mouth disease had been discovered. The slaughter made included 24 cows and steers, 51 pigs, 75 chickens, 6 pigeons and a family cat. The State of Maryland will compensate Kneller for his loss and he will receive nearly \$1000. Although chickens and cats are not subject to the disease, they carry it from one animal to another.

Mrs. David Furry, who resides on a farm near Roaring Spring, is in nervous prostration over the outcome of a photograph taken of her a few days ago. The Furrys last week entertained a cousin, who is an amateur photographer, and he took Mrs. Furry's picture as she stood just outside the house. He developed the negative at his home, made the photograph and sent it to Mrs. Furry. When she opened it, she was amazed to find two figures in the picture. Hers stood out boldly, but outlined near her stood the figure of a man—Michael Croft, unmistakably, a character who has been dead for six years. Mrs. Furry firmly believes his ghost was caught by the camera, while her picture was being taken. Croft stands inside the fence, and apparently is looking at her. Croft left all his possessions to one son when he died six years ago, and ever since the residents of the neighborhood have been reporting mysterious noises on the Croft farm. Nothing will convince them now, since the strange photograph has been exhibited, that there is not something supernatural going on there.

York.—Frank Quickel, 38 years old, was arrested Saturday charged with stealing \$12,000 worth of platinum from the New York Dental Supply Co. He confessed to the crime, and \$5,000 worth of the material was found hidden in a hog pen. The prisoner was an employee of the moulding department of the company and one of its trusted men. About a year ago it was discovered that the platinum was being carried away from the factory, and Chief White was put on the case. S. Bloom of Philadelphia, had received a letter from the York man, offering to sell platinum at \$20 an ounce. Chief White learned of this and he answered Quickel's letters and sent him marked money in return for the platinum.

PONGEE WAIST PATTERNS, Heavy Embroidered and Trimmings, in White Cream and Black for \$1.00.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

The United States Government represented by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, on Friday placed the whole State of Maryland under quarantine for an indefinite length of time because of the outbreak of the foot and mouth disease among the cattle of H. M. Kneller, at Lineboro, Carroll county. It means not only that no cattle can be shipped out of Maryland either by boat or rail, but that no hogs, pigs, chickens, straw or hay can be exported and that trade in all these lines except within the State, will practically be dead until the quarantine is lifted.

Two men who attempted to stop Andrew Bergotis, of Pittston, from beating his wife were shot by the infuriated husband. Charles Bergotis of Andrew, was instantly killed, and John Henno, a boarder, is not expected to recover. The woman screamed for help and they went to her assistance. The murderer fled and has not yet been captured.

John P. Carpenter, aged 42 years, of Chester, Pa., was killed at the saw mill of James R. Price, about five miles from Easton, Md. He cut down a tree, which, in falling, caught him under it.

FURS AT SPECIAL PRICES. Saturday, Dec. 5th, Special Sale of Furs. NACE, SON & CO., 11-13 Carlisle St., Hanover.

Death won in a six-mile race to save the life of Frank Petrowskas, a hotel keeper, who was accidentally shot while hunting in Locust Valley. As Petrowskas stooped to pick up an apple, his gun went off, discharging the contents into his left knee. Unable to check the flow of blood, his companion obtained a horse and carriage and drove at breakneck speed to a hospital. As the wounded man was carried into the surgeon's office he lost consciousness and died two minutes later.

DRESS GOODS. We show the largest assortment and the newest style dress goods in Hanover. Samples cheerfully sent if color and price is named.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY, 33 Balto. St., Hanover.

THIS IS WORTH READING.—Leo F. Zelinski, of 68 Gibson St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying cold sore I ever had, with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at Ed. T. Auker's drug store. 25c.

DANIEL B. STRALEY, NOTARY PUBLIC, New Oxford, Pa. Acknowledgements, Affidavits and Depositions. \$1 ISSUE SURETY BONDS.

Public Sale!

Tuesday, December 8th, 1908.

The undersigned, intending to quit farming, will sell at public sale at his residence on the old Seminary Farm, in Berwick township, close to Carlisle pike and about 2 miles East of New Oxford, the following personal property: 6 Head of Horses and Mules, 1 bay mare 7 yrs. old, works wherever hitched except in lead, good driver, 1 black colt 3 years old, good worker and driver, 1 dark brown horse 8 years old, works anywhere except in lead, good driver, 1 pair of mules 6 years old, one a good leader, both good workers, 1 mule 10 years old, works anywhere, good leader; 11 Head of Cattle, consisting of 6 milch cows, 3 fresh in March, 1 in February, 1 now fresh, 3 heifers fresh May 1st, 2 heifers 7 months old, 18 Head of Hogs, 3 brood sows, 1 has pigs, other two to have pigs by time of sale, 6 shoats; Deering binder, land roller, 2 sulkey plows, 1 new spring tooth harrow, 1 double-row corn planter, 1 set good hay carriages 3-inch tread wagon and bad, good as new, 2 plows, 1 hay rake, spring wagon, sled, 1 set of breech-bands, 3 sets of front gears, 2 bridles, 6 collars, 6 flynets, check lines, plow lines, reins, halters, hoes, rakes, forks, shovels, tripple, double and singletrees, jockey sticks, and many articles not mentioned. Terms: 11 months credit, sums under \$5 cash. Sale to commence at 12 o'clock M. sharp. EDWARD MILLHIMES, J. B. Crist, Auct. R. M. Straley, Clerk.

Just Arrived

A Full Line of

Gerharts'

Lancaster Coffee,

"It Satisfies."

For Sale Only By

D. F. SLENTZ,

Carlisle Street, New Oxford.



SOLD BY D. F. SLENTZ, CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Gettysburg, Pa.

Emmitsburg, Md.

G. W. Weaver & Son.

G. W. Weaver & Son.



THE dress goods selling, with us this season, is much above our expectations--necessitating the duplicating of original orders and new purchases constantly.

A large Philadelphia Dress Goods Mill is now cleaning up overstock at much less than the original prices and, knowing us to be large buyers, gave us an opportunity to get a line, of very Desirable Patterns and Styles of New Suitings, at

A Great Reduction from the **Original Prices.**

THESE GOODS ARE NOW HERE

in the New Shades of Taupe, Wistaria, Bronze, Smoke, Navies, Garnet, Blacks and Fancy Worsteds.

Blacks are very fashionable this season, and we are particularly well stocked, with the most popular weaves, since these late purchases. Among the newest is Satin Soliel---46 inches wide at \$1.00 per yard; a Satin Faced worsted material with a fine line running crosswise forming a cord effect---soft finish which lends itself to any style gown. A New Lot of

Black and Fancy Waist and Dress Silks

just in--Many of the Fancy Plaids in single waist patterns.

Every Day Brings Us Something New.

The Greatest Cloak and Suit Stock In Southern Pennsylvania.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,
Gettysburg, Penna.

Furniture!

The complete line of goods that fill our large rooms offers you a choice of everything needed to make your home comfortable and attractive. We not only show a big line of Furniture and Home Furnishings, but we are quoting

"Special Low Prices."

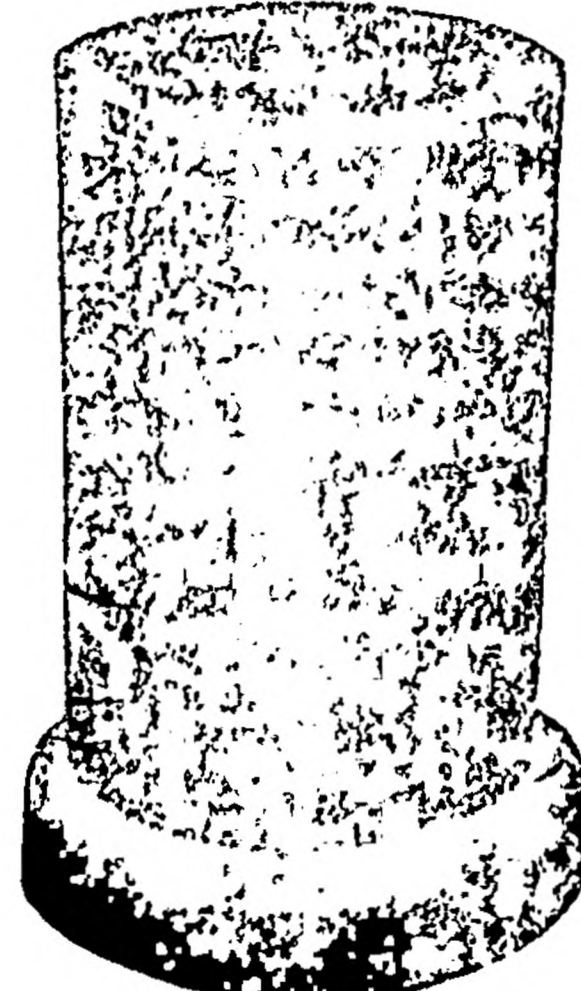
UNDERTAKING in all its branches, a Specialty. United Phone.

R. J. FEISER, Phila. St., New Oxford, Pa.

SATURDAY SPECIAL. Sale of Children's Coats. Great Reduction.

G. B. NACE, SON & CO., 11-13 Carlisle Street, Hanover

Cement Tiling!



The undersigned have opened a Cement Tiling establishment in New Oxford where any and all kinds of cement tiling will be manufactured and kept for sale at all times, or made to order, from 4 to 36 inches in diameter. These tiling are considered superior to any vitrified tiling and are considerable less expensive. For further information and prices call on or address

FELTY BROTHERS, New Oxford, Penn'a

Subscribe for the ITEM. Only \$1

DR. J. L. SHEETZ,

Physician and Surgeon,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Calls answered night or day

DR. WM. R. SNYDER,

DENTIST,

OFFICE: Carlisle Street, New Oxford, Pa.

All work neatly done and guaranteed

DR. GEO. H. SEAKS,

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE ON PITT STREET, NEAR DEPOT, NEW OXFORD, PA.

Diseases of Children a Specialty.

DEATRICK BROS.,

Undertakers and Embalmers,

NEW OXFORD, PA.

Phone calls answered night or day by calling at New Oxford Exchange.

FOR SALE.—One 12 horse power Ames portable Engine and boiler. Good as new and guaranteed. JOHN S. WEAVER.

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

C. K. Yeager, Esq., of Pitt street, lost his old family horse by death on Thursday.

Jewelry at Auker's.

The wagging of tongues is to blame for a good many things that would never happen if they didn't wag.

A poultry thief entered the property of Mrs. John Homan, Gettysburg, and stole 30 Rhode Island Red chickens.

Brush and comb sets at Auker's.

March 5th, 1909, Mr. John Bubb of Mountpleasant township, will have public sale of farm stock and implements.

Seems wrong when people go out hunting for trouble that they can't find satisfaction—but then there's the grand jury!

Fancy toilet perfumes for Christmas, at Auker's.

Mr. Harry Lookenbill, Pitt street, slaughtered two porkers on Thursday that weighed 410½ and 332 pounds, respectively.

This is the time to advertise your Christmas Goods, and there is no better way than by using the columns of the New Oxford Item.

Card cases and pocket books, all styles, at Auker's.

Jonas Altland, has sold his property in East Berlin, to L. K. Baker, for the consideration of \$1350. Mr. Altland expects to move to York next spring.

Chas. L. Criswell of near York Springs, is now at Wills' eye hospital in Philadelphia, undergoing treatment for his right eye which has been seriously affected.

Fancy Christmas stationery at Auker's.

Hon. and Mrs. George H. Trostle of York Springs, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anna Eliza Trostle, to Robert E. Fox of Philadelphia.

A slight fire occurred recently, at the Mansion House, Fairfield, caused by the upsetting of a lamp, which burned part of the Brussels carpet on the parlor floor.

Waterman, Parker and Laughlin Fountain Pens. \$1 to \$3, at Auker's. A nice Christmas present for any one.

Charles Woodward and James McDermott of Orrtanna, were successful hunters, each bringing down a fine deer. These boys were on trees when they shot their deer.

Send THE ITEM to your friend for one year—52 weeks. He will then keep in constant touch with you. The cost is nominal—only one dollar.

The Forty Hours Devotion in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, which commenced with a High Mass of Exposition at 8 o'clock Sunday morning and ended on Tuesday evening were largely attended.

Just got a lot of Little Gents shoes, sizes from 9½ to 13, which are bargains. Try them. Chas. G. Miller, Hanover street.

Frank E. Cremer of Hanover, a member of the Cashtown Hunting Club, shot a four-pronged buck in the South Mountains, near Graffenburg, early on Thanksgiving day morning. The deer weighed 155 pounds.

The following educational meetings will be held in Mt. Pleasant township: At Mt. Superior on Friday evening, Dec. 4th; at Mt. Fairview on Friday evening, January 8, and at Brush Run on Friday evening, February 5.

Reduction in Millinery. Selling out at less than cost. Mrs. H. H. Eckert, Hanover Street.

William Heathcote of Gettysburg, shot and killed a 2½ pound wild turkey gobbler in Huntington township, on Saturday. Two more turkeys were with the one he shot but the law forbids killing more than one a day.

Captain James T. Long, the famous guide of the Gettysburg battlefield, was taken to Harrisburg Tuesday and underwent an operation at the Harrisburg Hospital. The operation was successful and he will probably recover.

If you want to save money on boy's shoes go to Chas. G. Miller, Hanover street, New Oxford.

When Mrs. John Kiggeal, who lives near Fairfield, went to the cellar last Saturday morning to get some pudding for breakfast she discovered that some one had stolen all the pudding, some fried-down beef and other meats.

Sheriff Colestock sold the property of Elsworth and William King, containing 10 acres, with improvements, situate in Huntington township, to Peter C. Smith, for \$100. There were judgments against the property for nearly \$900.

Post-card albums and Christmas post-cards, booklets and calendars, at Auker's.

Mrs. Anna Philpot of Washington, D. C., and grandson, Wm. Fanley of the same city, are visiting relatives and friends in McSherrystown and vicinity. Mrs. Philpot is 95 years of age, and one of the best known residents of Washington. She has for many years been employed in the treasury department, and is a general favorite with many of the highest officials of the federal government, to whom she is familiarly known as "Auntie Philpot."

Mrs. John Eckert of Straban township, fell down the stairs in her home and was only saved from injury by catching on to a box of corn which broke the fall. The box was overturned and its contents strewn over the floor.

Mr. John Shover of West High street, an employee of the Livingston shoe factory, accidentally had a sharp nail penetrate the little finger of his left hand to the bone, on last Thursday. The wound has caused him to suffer much pain.

Friends to the number of about 50 gave Charley T. Hersh, proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, a rousing surprise party on Friday evening in honor of the anniversary of his birthday. The evening was joyously spent and refreshments in abundance served.

Some person or persons unknown gained entrance to the large barn of Samuel L. Witmer, in Hanover, last Tuesday night, and stole therefrom a complete driving outfit—horse, wagon and harness. There is no clue to the thief or thieves.

On Saturday morning, while several men were repairing an engine at Mr. H. A. Brough's, Littlestown, a stream of boiling water escaped from the boiler, just missing Geo. Harbold's face and striking Geo. O. Trostle on the body, badly scalding him.

Mr. Jeremiah Bream and grandson Earl Bream, of Bermudian, were in Harrisburg on Monday. Mr. Bream's wife, who was taken to the hospital at that place about two weeks ago for an operation on her jaw, which had slipped out of place, accompanied them home.

Mr. William Staub of Hanover, son of Mrs. Catharine Staub of South Peters street, who was injured in W. M. round-house explosion at Hanover last summer, went to Baltimore on Saturday to consult a specialist in regard to his sight which was injured in said explosion.

Mrs. Snyder, wife of Dr. J. J. Snyder, who underwent an operation at the German Hospital, Philadelphia, some weeks ago for kidney trouble, continues to improve, and it is expected she will be brought to her home here the latter part of this week or early next week.

Saturday, Dec. 5, S. B. Dennis, agent for Mary Haseler, will sell a large lot of farm stock and implements, in Tyrone township. Tuesday, Dec. 8, Edward Millhimes will sell farm stock and implements at public sale at his residence on the old seminary farm in Berwick township.

Contractor Dobbins and his force of men completed the laying of the trolley track to the Square in Littlestown on Wednesday, and patrons were afforded convenience of the new terminus Thanksgiving day. The workmen are now ballasting the track and grading the street.

A small child of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Bream of Pitt street, who has been suffering from spinal trouble for some months, accidentally fell from the child's coach to the floor a few days ago, cutting its head and face to such an extent that the wounds required several stitches each, to draw together.

John Woodward of Gettysburg, who was arrested by Constable Wilson for stealing flour, was given a hearing Friday. He was held on two charges of larceny, for court. Bail was placed at \$800. Ambrose Dittenhafer was given a hearing before Squire Hill, Friday, and was held for court. Bail was placed at \$1000.

The fifth annual convention of the Adams County C. E. Union will be held in Trinity Lutheran church, Arendtsville, Rev. D. T. Koser pastor, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4 and 5. Mr. A. J. Sharple, Gen'l. Sec'y. of the Penn'a. C. E. Union will be present and make the address on Friday evening. An interesting and profitable program has been prepared.

May Eat Meat at Christmas.

By a special dispensation granted many years ago by the Pope, Catholics are allowed to eat meat on Friday only when Christmas falls on that day. This year for the first time since 1903, the great feast day will be celebrated on Friday, and as a result of the dispensation Catholics may eat turkey with impunity. This privilege applies to members of the church all over the world. While abstinence from meat on Fridays is religiously kept by Catholics as well as by some members of other religious denominations, the dispensation granted applies to Fridays only when Christmas falls on that day.

Bold Robbery.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Moses C. Myers, near Swope's school house, about 1½ miles west of town, was visited by a bold robber or robbers on Saturday evening. Mr. Myers, wife and daughter came to town early in the evening. About 7 o'clock neighbors saw light in the Myers home but thought nothing unusual was going on. About 10 o'clock, when Mr. Myers and wife returned home they found the front door of the house standing ajar and the coal oil lamp burning brightly on the table. Upon entering the house they found that intruders had been there and turned things topsy-turvy. Every room in the building had been ransacked—bureau drawers, desks, etc., were emptied and their contents thrown on the floor, carpets torn up, etc. A gold watch and bracelet belonging to the daughter, and a sum of money were taken. On several occasions sums of money have been taken from the Myers home.

Shot Himself Though Heart.

Ira Stoner, son of Cicero W. Stoner, Esq., of Gettysburg, committed suicide Wednesday afternoon in a boarding house at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., by shooting himself through the heart. Mr. Stoner had been working for some time for the firm of Stainey & Co., of Baltimore whose business is the manufacture of cornstarch and other such preparations. He had been working in Wilkes-Barre for only a few weeks, soliciting for the goods of his firm. On the afternoon in question he had gone with a friend to the at which he was staying and after remaining for a short time this friend left. No one saw Mr. Stoner alive after this. He shut his door when left alone and soon afterwards a shot was heard.

The occupants of the house rushed to the place and found that the door was locked. Police were quickly summoned and forced open the door. They were horrified to find the body of the young man lying lifeless across the bed with the blood streaming from a bullet wound in his side and a revolver lying near by.

Mr. Stoner had shot himself through the heart and death was practically instantaneous. The matter was at once taken in hand by the Wilkes-Barre police and late Wednesday night the relatives at Gettysburg and Baltimore were notified of the tragic end of the young man.

Various motives are ascribed for the rash act. One is that Mr. Stoner was dependent over ill health, and another that he had business troubles. The real reason will probably never be known.

The body was brought to Gettysburg from which place it was taken to East Berlin on Saturday where it was interred in the family plot beside that of his mother and several relatives.

Ira Stoner is survived by his father and step-mother, Mr. and Mrs. Cicero W. Stoner of Gettysburg, his wife and two children of Baltimore, and one brother, Dr. Harvey Stoner, also of Baltimore. He was aged 32 years.

A dispatch to the Philadelphia Ledger says: Ira E. Stoner was led to commit the act by reason of the fact that he was short in his accounts. His employers wrote a letter to Coroner Dodson Friday in which they stated that Stoner owed them money and that he had promised to get a check from his father and make payments by November 25. Failing to get a remittance from his father the firm thinks that he became desperate and decided to end his life.

Unconscious Man on Belt.

Luther Spangler of near Aspers, son of Amos R. Spangler, had a narrow escape from a horrible death Friday noon when he fell on a belt near the large circular saw in his father's saw mill in Tyrone township and was carried on the belt up to the pulley where his head was caught. Spangler was working in the mill and was standing near the belt when he suddenly became ill and faint, falling forward on the belt which is only about 8 inches wide. It held him, however, and carried him at full speed so that none of his fellow employees standing by could remove him from his terrible position, before he was carried to the tightening pulley. His head went under this and was caught between the pulley and the belt. All who saw the affair thought that his neck was broken. They hurriedly lifted him from his position and took him to his home, Dr. Smith of Center Mills, having been summoned, found that, although his injuries were not serious, he had some very ugly cuts and burns. The right side of his face was badly burned from the rapidly moving belt, and had a number of ugly cuts about the head, face and eyes. It was a very narrow escape as the belt is tightly fitted and terrible pressure was brought to bear when his head was caught between it and the pulley. The accident took place midway between the engine and the large circular saw and was a most horrible sight to witness. Mr. Spangler is about 20 years of age. He is married.

Lady Has Painful Mishap.

Miss Annie Hemler, who resides with her brother, Mr. F. X. Hemler, near Storn's store, Mountpleasant township, met with a painful mishap one day last week. Mr. Hemler had gone to the home of his brother, Mr. A. C. Hemler, near Brush Run school house to assist at butchering. During the afternoon Miss Annie, who was at home alone, went to the barn for some purpose, and in stepping from the barn-floor, accidentally dislocated the knee joint of her right leg and she fell to the floor. As she attempted to arise, the dislocation adjusted itself, but in attempting to make a step forward the joint was again dislocated and a second time adjusted itself with a loud report. By this time Miss Hemler began to suffer intense pain in the limb, and for nearly one hour she was obliged to remain at the place in the barn where she fell, suffering intensely, until her brother returned home, and after removing her to the house secured the services of a physician.

Quarry Workmen Injured.

William Site and Harry Ensor, to workmen employed at Stacy & Wilton's quarry, near Bittinger's Station, were digging away a bank of ground about 1 p. m. Friday when the bank fell upon the men, almost covering them. Ensor was only slightly hurt, but Site, we were informed, was badly injured, having sustained a broken collar bone and several ugly cuts and bruises. The men were promptly dug out, after which they were treated by Dr. J. H. Bittinger.

Thrown From Buggy, Seriously Injured.

Mr. William Wehler of Hampton, was quite seriously injured by being thrown from a runaway between 6 and 7 o'clock Saturday evening. The gentleman had been to McSherrystown and the accident happened on the return trip, and what caused the accident is not known. About 7 o'clock the horse which Mr. Wehler was driving, came running up to the hotel in Hampton minus the buggy and driver. Mr. Nace, owner of the hotel with several friends started out in his automobile to look for the man. Just outside of the town they found the runaway and further out toward the stone bridge they discovered Wehler lying upon the pike in an unconscious condition, covered with blood and dirt. He was soon revived and removed to the home of his sister, Mrs. Holtz Myers in Hampton, and Dr. Spatz summoned. The man's injuries consisted of a cut over the top of the head to the skull that required eleven stitches to close, large cut over right eye, cut on the left cheek, besides other cuts and bruises to head, face and body. At last accounts he was improving rapidly. Mr. Wehler, who is about 40 years old, a plasterer by trade, is known here. He is a son of the venerable Peter Wehler of Pine Run, Hamilton township. The runaway was somewhat broken and the harness torn. As above stated it is not known how or what caused the accident.

Fell in Kettle of Scalding Lard.

Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keiser, residing on the old Levi Lawrence property about one mile West of Mt. Rock, Mountpleasant township, met with a terrible burning accident on Monday. The family were butchering and while rendering the lard the child, aged between 5 and 6 years, wandered around and in some manner lost his balance and fell, his outstretched arms sinking into a kettle of boiling lard just removed from the fire to be rendered. The arms, hands and shoulders are burned or scalded in a terrible manner, to such an extent in fact, that Dr. Rice, the attending physician, though he has some hopes of saving the child's life, fears that the flesh has been burned entirely dead and it will be the next thing to impossible to save the limbs. The child's sufferings are most excruciating. He also received severe burns from the hot fluid in his face and on other parts of the body. The same child when about 2 years of age, met with an accident by running an iron poker into his mouth, whereby he almost lost his life and up to this time is scarcely able to articulate, on account of the injuries received at that time.

Dragged by a Mule.

To be dragged by the heels for a mile over fields by a mule, was the horrible experience of George Kinter of Latimore township, on Monday. In the afternoon the gentleman went out and harnessed a pair of mules, with the intention of doing some plowing and was in the act of mounting one of the animals when a hog ran in front of the mule causing it to run away. When the animal sprang forward the young man was thrown backwards and the leg of his trousers caught on the hook in the harness and he dangled helplessly while the mule ran across a stream of water and circled a field several times and then ran back to the barn where neighbors came to the rescue and took the young man to the house and summoned Dr. Cashman who found him badly bruised but no bones broken. The ride over the rough field had literally skinned him from shoulders to hips.

Stolen Team Found.

Hanover, Nov. 27.—A fine bay mare, buggy and harness, stolen from the stable of C. R. McCosh of Hanover on Wednesday night, Nov. 25, was recovered at 6 o'clock Friday morning. Charles Koontz of Pennville, saw the team hitched to a post in front of the home Howard Shafer, in Pennville, at 1 a. m. Friday, and becoming suspicious, he, together with his mother, who live near the Shafer home, kept watch on the team until 5 a. m. Mr. Koontz then went out and blanketed the horse, after which he and Howard Shafer notified Officer Duttern, who went to Pennville and secured the team. There is no clue as yet to the thief, who, it is supposed, after driving the mare almost to death and despairing of getting away with the team, brought it as far as Pennville, where it was abandoned.

The disappearance of the McCosh team, following so closely upon the theft of the team of S. L. Witmer from his stable on Tuesday night, caused much discussion, and it was generally agreed that a band of horse thieves were at work in this vicinity.

Up to this time, no clue has been obtained regarding the Witmer team.

Driving Accident.

A driving accident occurred at Mt. Joy Church Sunday morning immediately after church. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Scott and daughter Maggie, were in Mr. Scott's buggy when the horse took fright at an automobile. The animal ran over an embankment, turning the buggy upside down and throwing the occupants out, but all escaped with slight bruises. The top of the buggy was broken and other minor damage done. The horse did not attempt to run away after the buggy overturned.

Subscriptions taken for all Magazines, either single or in clubs. At Auker's.

Death Doings.

John Zhea died suddenly at 12:20 Wednesday afternoon at his home in Gettysburg, from a complication of diseases, aged 66 years. He had been ill for several months but got out of bed Wednesday and suddenly dropped back lifeless. He is survived by four children John L. Zhea and Mrs. William Little of Gettysburg, Mrs. Katie Eckenrode and Mrs. William Height of Altoona.

Samuel A. Smith died at his home in Irishtown on Friday after a lingering illness from a complication of diseases, aged 78 years, 2 months and 19 days. Mr. Smith's health has been failing for some years, for the past year being in a very feeble condition and for the past fourteen weeks had been confined to his bed. Deceased resided in Mountpleasant township and followed farming, until 1883 when he was elected Prothonotor and removed to Gettysburg. In 1888, at the expiration of his term in office, he removed to Irishtown, where he conducted a general merchandise business up to a few years ago. Mr. Smith was thrice married, his first wife was Miss Lucy, daughter of the late Joseph L. Hemler. To this union two children were born, one of which, Joseph of this place, survives. The second wife was Miss Louisa, daughter of the late Henry Hemler. To this union five children were born—two of whom, Mrs. Lucy Clunk of Irishtown, and Mrs. Emma Kerney of Folston, Md., survive. The third wife, who was Miss Amelia Kuhn, daughter of the late Henry Kuhn, who survive him with the following children—Mrs. Anna Staub of McSherrystown, Mrs. Louisa Smith and Miss Minnie at home, and Samuel of near Irishtown. Five brothers and one sister also survive—David and F. X. of Mountpleasant township, Thaddeus of McSherrystown, Joseph of Mt. Savage, Md., John of Dayton, Ohio, and Mrs. Anna Colton of Baltimore. The funeral was held Monday morning, interment being made in the Coneyago Cemetery after a High Mass of Requiem in the Sacred Heart Church.

William Henry Biddle died at his home in Hanover, at 9:20 a. m. Saturday, after an illness of more than a year from tuberculosis, aged 38 years, 11 months and 13 days. Deceased was a son of John W. Biddle of Coneyago township, and was married about eighteen years ago to Miss Clara E. Myers, daughter of Amos Myers of Hanover, who survives him with two sons and three daughters, all at home. He is also survived by his parents, two brothers and three sisters.

The remains of John Seabright, who died Friday, Nov. 27, of cancer, at Kansas City, Mo., arrived at Abbotstown on Monday from where they were removed to the home of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Yohe, Berwick township, near Abbotstown. Mr. Seabright, who was formerly from near Abbotstown, was aged about 73 years and was unmarried. He is survived by two sisters—Mrs. George and Mrs. Mary Stralough, of Berwick township, and one brother, George Seabright, near York Springs. The funeral was held Wednesday, Dec. 2, interment in Lutheran cemetery, Abbotstown, Rev. Forscht officiating.

Charles Crouse, a prominent resident of Littlestown, died at his home in that place at 6 o'clock Sunday morning from a complication of diseases, aged 75 years. Mr. Crouse contracted a cold several weeks ago and complications set in. Several physicians and a trained nurse were in attendance during his illness but all efforts to save his life were unavailing. Deceased was born in Taneytown, but lived in Littlestown the greater part of his life, having been in business there for over 40 years. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Mrs. Edward Cox of Hampstead, Calvin and Dr. H. S. Crouse of Littlestown, Misses Emma and Ida at home, and Edgar A. Crouse of Gettysburg.

Andrew Schick died at 5 o'clock Sunday evening at his home in Gettysburg after a prolonged illness from kidney trouble, aged 84 years. Mr. Schick died in the house in which he and Mrs. Schick had lived since their marriage, 60 years ago last October. He was a life long resident of Gettysburg and was a cabinet maker by trade. He is survived by his wife, one brother, J. L. Schick, of Gettysburg, and one son, Herman Schick, of Wilmington, Delaware.

A particularly distressing phase of the death of Mr. Schick is the accident which befell Mrs. Schick, his aged wife, early Sunday morning when she fell down a flight of stairs at her home, sustaining a fracture of the bones of her right wrist, bruises to her shoulder and cuts on her head, which confined her to her bed.

Fire at Charmain.

What proved to be a disastrous fire occurred Thanksgiving morning about 2 o'clock, at Charmain. A livery stable with many vehicles was destroyed. Clarence Martin, who operated the livery, noticed flames issuing from the stable. He hurried to the scene and aroused the residents of the immediate vicinity who went to his assistance in fighting the flames. The fire, which started in the carriage shed, ate its way to the stable adjoining. By good fortune, the horses, six in number, were all safely gotten from the burning buildings. With the buildings, 20 carriages, harness, feed, hay, etc., were totally destroyed. The loss is about \$3,000 partly covered by insurance.

Hymenial.

At a Nuptial Mass in St. Mary's church, McSherrystown, at 7 a. m. last Wednesday, Frank Topper, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Topper of Hanover, and Miss Myra Gertrude Keefe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Keefe of McSherrystown, were united in marriage by the pastor, Rev. L. Aug. Reulter.

Samuel Jacobs of Harrisburg, and Miss Stella May Zartman of Hanover, were married Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 14, by the Rev. Robert Clare, at the parsonage in York.

Harry B. Jacoby of Union township, and Miss Catharine Anna Goehenaur of Mountpleasant township, were united in marriage last Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock at Christ Reformed church parsonage, by Rev. F. S. Lindaman.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Arthur W. Wagner of Harrisburg, Miss Fannie Beard of Gettysburg, W. H. Eckert and family of Hunterstown, and Mrs. Ellen L. Wagner of Arendtsville, spent Thanksgiving day at the home of the Misses Wagner at the edge of town. Also Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Stallsmith.

Mr. and Mrs. Spense Strasbaugh of Mummastown, are spending a week among friends at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Stough of Qualityville, spent several days during the past week with Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Bosserman near York Springs. While out hunting Friday afternoon, Mr. Stough killed a snake of the viper family that measured nearly three feet in length.

Mrs. Harry Noel and son Raymond of McSherrystown, visited at the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. J. Smith, West High street, over Sunday.

John W. Sheetz, a student at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and a fellow student, Mr. Stevenson of Virginia, spent several days at the home of the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Sheetz.

Mrs. S. D. Lewis of Camden, N. J., returned home Saturday morning after a weeks' visit to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kelm, this place.

Miss Helen Ruth, a student at Bucknell University, Lewisport, Pa., returned to that institution Monday after a brief vacation spent with her mother, Mrs. M. D. Feiser, Philadelphia street, and other friends in town. She was accompanied by Miss Anna Carey, also a student of the same institution.

Mrs. B. F. Gise of Five Points, is spending some time at the home of her brother, E. E. Yentis, at Salisbury, Md.

Wounded by Stray Bullet.

Clarence, 18 year old son of George Buckley, Hanover, was shot in the right thigh, close to the groin, Saturday afternoon. Young Buckley is an apprentice at the shops of the Mummert, Wolfe & Fox Co. and had just left the shops to assist a lad in handling lumber, when he was hit by a stray rifle bullet, fired by one of several boys, shooting at each other near the plant. The injured boy was taken to the office of Dr. Wentz where the bullet was probed for but not located. The wound is not a dangerous one.

"Ambitious young men and ladies—learn Telegraphy; for, since the new 8-hour law became effective there is a shortage of many thousand telegraphers. Positions pay from \$50 to \$70 per month to beginners. The National Telegraph Institute of Philadelphia, Pa. and five other cities is operated under supervision of U. S. officials and all students are placed when qualified. Write them for particulars."

A CHEAP PIANO.

Is a worthless piece of furniture and a few years use. It destroys a love for music and educates and fosters a rag musical public. The Weaver Piano is for all that is noble and dignified in piano music. Don't buy a cheap piano if you can afford to buy a Weaver.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO. Manufacturers, York, Pa.

Ingersoll watches at Auker's, from \$1 to \$3, guaranteed for one year, a nice present for the boy.

Reduction in Millinery. Selling out at less than cost. Mrs. H. H. Eckert, Hanover Street.

FOR RENT.—Four acres of land with improvements 1 mile from New Oxford. For particulars address Mrs. I. L. Loxton, R. F. D. 3, New Oxford.

FOR RENT.—The Gobrecht property in Philadelphia street, occupied by M. Colestock. Apply to R. M. Straley, New Oxford.

Dressmaking.

Anytime after the 1st day of August, 1908, I will be at the home of Mrs. Catharine Hartman, to do any and all kinds of dressmaking promptly and at reasonable prices. Give me a call. Miss MARTHA MCKEN, Philadelphia Street, New Oxford.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 1.00
No. 2 "....." 90
Raked "....." 80
Rye....." 65
Corn....." 75
Oats....." 45
Clover seed, per lb....." 10
Timothy seed....." 1.00
Rye Straw....." 6.00
Timothy hay....." 7.00

New Oxford Item.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1908.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

C. K. Yeager, Esq., of Pitt street, lost his old family horse by death on Thursday.

Jewelry at Auker's.

The wagging of tongues is to blame for a good many things that would never happen if they didn't wag.

A poultry thief entered the property of Mrs. John Homan, Gettysburg, and stole 30 Rhode Island Red chickens.

Brush and comb sets at Auker's.

March 5th, 1909, Mr. John Bubb of Mountpleasant township, will have public sale of farm stock and implements.

Seems wrong when people go out hunting for trouble that they can't find satisfaction—but then there's the grand jury!

Fancy toilet perfumes for Christmas, at Auker's.

Mr. Harry Lookenbill, Pitt street, slaughtered two porkers on Thursday that weighed 410½ and 332 pounds, respectively.

This is the time to advertise your Christmas Goods, and there is no better way than by using the columns of the NEW OXFORD ITEM.

Card cases and pocket books, all styles, at Auker's.

Jonas Altland, has sold his property in East Berlin, to L. K. Baker, for the consideration of \$1350. Mr. Altland expects to move to York next spring.

Chas. L. Criswell of near York Springs, is now at Wills' eye hospital in Philadelphia, undergoing treatment for his right eye which has been seriously affected.

Fancy Christmas stationery at Auker's.

Hon. and Mrs. George H. Trostle of York Springs, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Anna Eliza Trostle, to Robert E. Fox of Philadelphia.

A slight fire occurred recently, at the Mansion House, Fairfield, caused by the upsetting of a lamp, which burned part of the Brussels carpet on the parlor floor.

Waterman, Parker and Laughlin Fountain Pens. \$1 to \$3, at Auker's. A nice Christmas present for any one.

Charles Woodward and James McDermott of Orrtanna, were successful hunters, each bringing down a fine deer. These boys were on trees when they shot their deer.

Send THIS ITEM to your friend for one year—52 weeks. He will then keep in constant touch with you! The cost is nominal—only one dollar.

The Forty Hours Devotion in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, which commenced with a High Mass of Exposition at 8 o'clock Sunday morning and ended on Tuesday evening were largely attended.

Just got a lot of Little Gents shoes, sizes from 9½ to 13, which are bargains. Try them. Chas. G. Miller, Hanover street.

Frank E. Cremer of Hanover, a member of the Cashtown Hunting Club, shot a four-pronged buck in the South Mountains, near Graffenburg, early on Thanksgiving day morning. The deer weighed 155 pounds.

The following educational meetings will be held in Mt. Pleasant township: At Mt. Superior on Friday evening, Dec. 4th; at Mt. Fairview on Friday evening, January 8, and at Brush Run on Friday evening, February 5.

Reduction in Millinery. Selling out at less than cost. Mrs. H. H. ECKERT, Hanover Street.

William Heathcote of Gettysburg, shot and killed a 21½ pound wild turkey gobbler in Huntington township, on Saturday. Two more turkeys were with the one he shot but the law forbids killing more than one a day.

Captain James T. Long, the famous guide of the Gettysburg battlefield, was taken to Harrisburg Tuesday and underwent an operation at the Harrisburg Hospital. The operation was successful and he will probably recover.

If you want to save money on boy's shoes go to Chas. G. Miller, Hanover street, New Oxford.

When Mrs. John Kiggel, who lives near Fairfield, went to the cellar last Saturday morning to get some pudding for breakfast she discovered that some one had stolen all the pudding, some fried-down beef and other meats.

Sheriff Colestock sold the property of Elsworth and William King, containing 10 acres, with improvements, situate in Huntington township, to Peter C. Smith, for \$100. There were judgments against the property for nearly \$800.

Post-card albums and Christmas post-cards, booklets and calendars, at Auker's.

Mrs. Anna Philpot of Washington, D. C., and grandson, Wm. Fanley of the same city, are visiting relatives and friends in McSherrystown and vicinity. Mrs. Philpot is 95 years of age, and one of the best known residents of Washington. She has for many years been employed in the treasury department, and is a general favorite with many of the highest officials of the federal government, to whom she is familiarly known as "Auntie Philpot."

Mrs. John Eckert of Straban township, fell down the stairs in her home and was only saved from injury by catching on to a box of corn which broke the fall. The box was overturned and its contents strewn over the floor.

Mr. John Shover of West High street, an employee of the Livingston shoe factory, accidentally had a sharp nail penetrate the little finger of his left hand to the bone, on last Thursday. The wound has caused him to suffer much pain.

Friends to the number of about 50 gave Charley T. Hersh, proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, a rousing surprise party on Friday evening in honor of the anniversary of his birthday. The evening was joyously spent and refreshments in abundance served.

Some person or persons unknown gained entrance to the large barn of Samuel L. Witmer, in Hanover, last Tuesday night, and stole therefrom a complete driving outfit—horse, wagon and harness. There is no clue to the thief or thieves.

On Saturday morning, while several men were repairing an engine at Mr. H. A. Brough's, Littlestown, a stream of boiling water escaped from the boiler, just missing Geo. Harbold's face and striking Geo. O. Trostle on the body, badly scalding him.

Mr. Jeremiah Bream and grandson Earl Bream, of Bermudian, were in Harrisburg on Monday. Mr. Bream's wife, who was taken to the hospital at that place about two weeks ago for an operation on her jaw, which had slipped out of place, accompanied them home.

Mr. William Staub of Hanover, son of Mrs. Catharine Staub of South Peters street, who was injured in W. M. round-house explosion at Hanover last summer, went to Baltimore on Saturday to consult a specialist in regard to his sight which was injured in said explosion.

Mrs. Snyder, wife of Dr. J. J. Snyder, who underwent an operation at the German Hospital, Philadelphia, some weeks ago for kidney trouble, continues to improve, and it is expected she will be brought to her home here the latter part of this week or early next week.

Saturday, Dec. 5, S. B. Dennis, agent for Mary Haseler, will sell a large lot of farm stock and implements, in Tyrone township. Tuesday, Dec. 8, Edward Millhimes will sell farm stock and implements at public sale at his residence on the old seminary farm in Berwick township.

Contractor Dobbling and his force of men completed the laying of the trolley track to the Square in Littlestown on Wednesday, and patrons were afforded convenience of the new terminus Thanksgiving day. The workmen are now ballasting the track and grading the street.

A small child of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Bream of Pitt street, who has been suffering from spinal trouble for some months, accidentally fell from the child's coach to the floor a few days ago, cutting its head and face to such an extent that the wounds required several stitches each, to draw together.

John Woodward of Gettysburg, who was arrested by Constable Wilson for stealing flour, was given a hearing Friday. He was held on two charges of larceny, for court. Bail was placed at \$800. Ambrose Dittenhafer was given a hearing before Squire Hill, Friday, and was held for court. Bail was placed at \$1000.

The fifth annual convention of the Adams County C. E. Union will be held in Trinity Lutheran church, Arendtsville, Rev. D. T. Koser pastor, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4 and 5. Mr. A. J. Shartle, Gen'l. Sec'y. of the Penn'a. C. E. Union will be present and make the address on Friday evening. An interesting and profitable program has been prepared.

May Eat Meat at Christmas.

By a special dispensation granted many years ago by the Pope, Catholics are allowed to eat meat on Friday only when Christmas falls on that day. This year for the first time since 1903, the great feast day will be celebrated on Friday, and as a result of the dispensation Catholics may eat turkey with impunity. This privilege applies to members of the church all over the world. While abstinence from meat on Fridays is religiously kept by Catholics as well as by some members of other religious denominations, the dispensation granted applies to Fridays only when Christmas falls on that day.

Bold Robbery.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Moses C. Myers, near Swope's school house, about 1½ miles west of town, was visited by a bold robber or robbers on Saturday evening. Mr. Myers, wife and daughter came to town early in the evening. About 7 o'clock neighbors saw light in the Myers home but thought nothing unusual was going on. About 10 o'clock, when Mr. Myers and wife returned home they found the front door of the house standing ajar and the coal oil lamp burning brightly on the table. Upon entering the house they found that intruders had been there and turned things topsy-turvy. Every room in the building had been ransacked—bureau drawers, desks, etc., were emptied and their contents thrown on the floor, carpets torn up, etc. A gold watch and bracelet belonging to the daughter, and a sum of money were taken. On several occasions sums of money have been taken from the Myers home.

Shot Himself Though Heart.

Ira Stoner, son of Cicero W. Stoner, Esq., of Gettysburg, committed suicide Wednesday afternoon in a boarding house at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., by shooting himself through the heart. Mr. Stoner had been working for some time for the firm of Stainey & Co., of Baltimore whose business is the manufacture of cornstarch and other such preparations. He had been working in Wilkes-Barre for only a few weeks, soliciting for the goods of his firm. On the afternoon in question he had gone with a friend to the at which he was staying and after remaining for a short time this friend left. No one saw Mr. Stoner alive after this. He shut his door when left alone and soon afterwards a shot was heard.

The occupants of the house rushed to the place and found that the door was locked. Police were quickly summoned and forced open the door. They were horrified to find the body of the young man lying lifeless across the bed with the blood streaming from a bullet wound in his side and a revolver lying near by.

Mr. Stoner had shot himself through the heart and death was practically instantaneous. The matter was at once taken in hand by the Wilkes-Barre police and late Wednesday night the relatives at Gettysburg and Baltimore were notified of the tragic end of the young man.

Various motives are ascribed for the rash act. One is that Mr. Stoner was dependent over ill health, and another that he had business troubles. The real reason will probably never be known.

The body was brought to Gettysburg from which place it was taken to East Berlin on Saturday where it was interred in the family plot beside that of his mother and several relatives.

Ira Stoner is survived by his father and step-mother, Mr. and Mrs. Cicero W. Stoner of Gettysburg, his wife and two children of Baltimore, and one brother, Dr. Harvey Stoner, also of Baltimore. He was aged 32 years.

A dispatch to the Philadelphia Ledger says: Ira E. Stoner was led to commit the act by reason of the fact that he was short in his accounts. His employers wrote a letter to Coroner Dolson Friday in which they stated that Stoner owed them money and that he had promised to get a check from his father and make payments by November 25. Failing to get a remittance from his father the firm thinks that he became desperate and decided to end his life.

Unconscious Man on Belt.

Lutliff Spangler of near Aspers, son of Amos R. Spangler, had a narrow escape from a horrible death Friday noon when he fell on a belt near the large circular saw in his father's saw mill in Tyrone township and was carried on the belt up to the pulley where his head was caught.

Spangler was working in the mill and was standing near the belt when he suddenly became ill and fainted, falling forward on the belt which is only about 8 inches wide. It held him, however, and carried him at full speed so that none of his fellow employees standing by could remove him from his terrible position, before he was carried to the tightening pulley. His head went under this and was caught between the pulley and the belt. All who saw the affair thought that his neck was broken. They hurriedly lifted him from his position and took him to his home, Dr. Smith of Center Mills, having been summoned, found that, although his injuries were not serious, he had some very ugly cuts and burns. The right side of his face was badly burned from the rapidly moving belt, and had a number of ugly cuts about the head, face and eyes. It was a very narrow escape as the belt is tightly fitted and terrible pressure was brought to bear when his head was caught between it and the pulley. The accident took place midway between the engine and the large circular saw and was a most horrible sight to witness. Mr. Spangler is about 20 years of age. He is married.

Lady Has Painful Mishap.

Miss Annie Hemler, who resides with her brother, Mr. F. X. Hemler, near Storm's store, Mountpleasant township, met with a painful mishap one day last week. Mr. Hemler had gone to the home of his brother, Mr. A. C. Hemler, near Brush Run school house to assist at butchering. During the afternoon Miss Annie, who was at home alone, went to the barn for some purpose, and in stepping from the barn-floor, accidentally dislocated the knee joint of her right leg and she fell to the floor. As she attempted to arise, the dislocation adjusted itself, but in attempting to make a step forward the joint was again dislocated and a second time adjusted itself with a loud report. By this time Miss Hemler began to suffer intense pain in the limb, and for nearly one hour she was obliged to remain at the place in the barn where she fell, suffering intensely, until her brother returned home, and after removing her to the house secured the services of a physician.

Quarry Workmen Injured.

William Site and Harry Ensor, to workmen employed at Stacy & Wilton's quarry, near Bittinger's Station, were digging away a bank of ground about 1 p. m. Friday when the bank fell upon the men, almost covering them. Ensor was only slightly hurt, but Site, we were informed, was badly injured, having sustained a broken collar bone and several ugly cuts and bruises. The men were promptly dug out, after which they were treated by Dr. J. H. Bittinger.

Thrown From Buggy, Seriously Injured.

Mr. William Wehler of Hampton, was quite seriously injured by being thrown from a runaway between 6 and 7 o'clock Saturday evening. The gentleman had been to McSherrystown and the accident happened on the return trip, and what caused the accident is not known. About 7 o'clock the horse which Mr. Wehler was driving, came running up to the hotel in Hampton minus the buggy and driver. Mr. Nace, owner of the hotel with several friends started out in his automobile to look for the man. Just outside of the town they found the runaway and further out toward the stone bridge they discovered Wehler lying upon the pike in an unconscious condition, covered with blood and dirt. He was soon revived and removed to the home of his sister, Mrs. Holtz Myers in Hampton, and Dr. Spetz summoned. The man's injuries consisted of a cut over the top of the head to the skull that required eleven stitches to close, large cut over right eye, cut on the left cheek, besides other cuts and bruises to head, face and body. At last accounts he was improving rapidly. Mr. Wehler, who is about 40 years old, a plasterer by trade, is known here. He is a son of the venerable Peter Wehler of Pine Run, Hamilton township. The runaway was somewhat broken and the harness torn. As above stated it is not known how or what caused the accident.

Fell in Kettle of Scalding Lard.

Richard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keiser, residing on the old Levi Lawrence property about one mile West of Mt. Rock, Mountpleasant township, met with a terrible burning accident on Monday. The family were butchering and while rendering the lard the child, aged between 5 and 6 years, wandered around and in some manner lost his balance and fell, his outstretched arms sinking into a kettle of boiling lard just removed from the fire to be rendered. The arms, hands and shoulders are burned or scalded in a terrible manner, to such an extent in fact, that Dr. Rice, the attending physician, though he has some hopes of saving the child's life, fears that the flesh has been burned entirely dead and it will be the next thing to impossible to save the limbs. The child's sufferings are most excruciating. He also received severe burns from the hot fluid in his face and on other parts of the body. The same child when about 2 years of age, met with an accident by running an iron poker into his mouth, whereby he almost lost his life and up to this time is scarcely able to articulate, on account of the injuries received at that time.

Dragged by a Mule.

To be dragged by the heels for a mile over fields by a mule, was the horrible experience of George Kinter of Latimore township, on Monday. In the afternoon the gentleman went out and harnessed a pair of mules, with the intention of doing some plowing and was in the act of mounting one of the animals when a hog ran in front of the mule causing it to run away. When the animal sprang forward the young man was thrown backwards and the leg of his trousers caught on the hook in the harness and he dangled helplessly while the mule ran across a stream of water and circled a field several times and then ran back to the barn where neighbors came to the rescue and took the young man to the house and summoned Dr. Cashman who found him badly bruised but no bones broken. The ride over the rough field had literally skinned him from shoulders to hips.

Stolen Team Found.

Hanover, Nov. 27.—A fine bay mare, buggy and harness, stolen from the stable of C. R. McCosh of Hanover on Wednesday night, Nov. 25, was recovered at 6 o'clock Friday morning. Charles Koontz of Pennville, saw the team hitched to a post in front of the home Howard Shafer, in Pennville, at 1 a. m. Friday, and becoming suspicious, he, together with his mother, who live near the Shafer home, kept watch on the team until 5 a. m. Mr. Koontz then went out and blanketed the horse, after which he and Howard Shafer notified Officer Dutera, who went to Pennville and secured the team. There is no clue as yet to the thief, who it is supposed, after driving the mare almost to death and despairing of getting away with the team, brought it as far as Pennville, where it was abandoned.

The disappearance of the McCosh team, following so closely upon the theft of the team of S. L. Witmer from his stable on Tuesday night, caused much discussion, and it was generally agreed that a band of horse thieves were at work in this vicinity.

Up to this time, no clue has been obtained regarding the Witmer team.

Driving Accident.

A driving accident occurred at Mt. Joy Church Sunday morning immediately after church. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Scott and daughter Maggie, were in Mr. Scott's buggy when the horse took fright at an automobile. The animal ran over an embankment, turning the buggy upside down and throwing the occupants out, but all escaped with slight bruises. The top of the buggy was broken and other minor damage done. The horse did not attempt to run away after the buggy overturned.

Subscriptions taken for all Magazines, either single or in clubs. At Auker's.

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The remains of John Seabright, who died Friday, Nov. 27, of cancer, at Kansas City, Mo., arrived at Abbotsstown on Monday from where they were removed to the home of his sister, Mrs. Geo. Yohe, Berwick township, near Abbotsstown. Mr. Seabright, who was formerly from near Abbotsstown, was aged about 73 years and was unmarried. He is survived by two sisters—Mrs. George and Mrs. Mary Strasbaugh, of Berwick township, and one brother, George Seabright, near York Springs. The funeral was held Wednesday, Dec. 2, interment in Lutheran cemetery, Abbotsstown, Rev. Forselt officiating.

Charles Crouse, a prominent resident of Littlestown, died at his home in that place at 6 o'clock Sunday morning from a complication of diseases, aged 75 years. Mr. Crouse contracted a cold several weeks ago and complications set in. Several physicians and a trained nurse were in attendance during his illness but all efforts to save his life were unavailing. Deceased was born in Taneytown, but lived in Littlestown the greater part of his life, having been in business there for over 40 years. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Mrs. Edward Cox of Hampstead, Calvin and Dr. H. S. Crouse of Littlestown, Misses Emma and Ida at home, and Edgar A. Crouse of Gettysburg.

Andrew Schick died at 5 o'clock Sunday evening at his home in Gettysburg after a prolonged illness from kidney trouble, aged 84 years. Mr. Schick died in the house in which he and Mrs. Schick had lived since their marriage, 60 years ago last October. He was a life long resident of Gettysburg and was a cabinet maker by trade. He is survived by his wife, one brother, J. L. Schick, of Gettysburg, and one son, Herman Schick, of Wilmington, Delaware.

A particularly distressing phase of the death of Mr. Schick is the accident which befell Mrs. Schick, his aged wife, early Sunday morning when she fell down a flight of stairs at her home, sustaining a fracture of the bones of her right wrist, bruises to her shoulder and cuts on her head, which confined her to her bed.

Fire at Charmain.

What proved to be a disastrous fire occurred Thanksgiving morning about 2 o'clock, at Charmain. A livery stable with many vehicles was destroyed. Clarence Martin, who operated the livery, noticed flames issuing from the stable. He hurried to the scene and aroused the residents of the immediate vicinity who went to his assistance in fighting the flames. The fire, which started in the carriage shed, ate its way to the stable adjoining. By good fortune, the horses, six in number, were all safely gotten from the burning buildings. With the buildings, 20 carriages, harness, feed, hay, etc., were totally destroyed. The loss is about \$3,000 partly covered by insurance.

Hymenial.

At a Nuptial Mass in St. Mary's church, McSherrystown, at 7 a. m. last Wednesday, Frank Topper, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Topper of Hanover, and Miss Myra Gertrude Keeler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Keeler of McSherrystown, were united in marriage by the pastor, Rev. L. Aug. Reudter.

Samuel Jacobs of Harrisburg, and Miss Stella May Zartman of Hanover, were married Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 14, by the Rev. Robert Clare, at the parsonage in York.

Harry B. Jacoby of Union township, and Miss Catharine Anna Goehman of Mountpleasant township, were united in marriage last Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock at Christ Reformed church parsonage, by Rev. F. S. Lindaman.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Arthur W. Wagner of Harrisburg, Miss Fannie Beard of Gettysburg, W. H. Eckert and family of Hunterstown, and Mrs. Ellen L. Wagner of Arendtsville, spent Thanksgiving day at the home of the Misses Wagner at the edge of town. Also Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Stallsmith.

Mr. and Mrs. Spense Strasbaugh of Mummaburg, are spending a week among friends at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Stough of Qualityville, spent several days during the past week with Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Boserman near York Springs. While out hunting Friday afternoon, Mr. Stough killed a snake of the viper family that measured nearly three feet in length.

Mrs. Harry Noel and son Raymond of McSherrystown, visited at the home of her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. J. Smith, West High street, over Sunday.

John W. Sheetz, a student at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and a fellow student, Mr. Stevenson of Virginia, spent several days at the home of the former's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Sheetz.

Mrs. S. D. Lewis of Camden, N. J., returned home Saturday morning after a week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Kuhn, this place.

Miss Helen Ruth, a student at Bucknell University, Lewisport, Pa., returned to that institution Monday after a brief vacation spent with her mother, Mrs. M. D. Feiser, Philadelphia street, and other friends in town. She was accompanied by Miss Anna Carey, also a student of the same institution.

Mrs. B. F. Giese of Five Points, is spending some time at the home of her brother, E. E. Yeatts, at Salisbury, Md.

Wounded by Stray Bullet.

Clarence, 18 year old son of George Buckley, Hanover, was shot in the right thigh, close to the groin, Saturday afternoon. Young Buckley is an apprentice at the shops of the Mummert, Wolfe & Co. on Co. and had just left the shop to assist a lad in handling lumber, when he was hit by a stray rifle bullet, from one of several boys, shooting at a barn near the plant. The injured boy was taken to the office of Dr. Wentz, where the bullet was probed for but not located. The wound is not a dangerous one.

"Ambitious young men and ladies should learn Telegraphy; for, since the new 8-hour law became effective there is a shortage of many thousands of telegraphers. Positions pay from \$50 to \$70 per month to beginners. The National Telegraph Institute of Philadelphia, Pa. and five other cities is operated under supervision of R. R. officials and all students are placed when qualified. Write them for particulars."

A CHEAP PIANO

Is a worthless piece of furniture and a few years use. It destroys a love for music and educates and fosters a ragtime musical public. The Weaver Piano is for all that is noble and dignified in music. Don't buy a cheap piano if you can afford to buy a Weaver.

WEAVER ORGAN & PIANO CO., Manufacturers, York, Pa.

Ingersoll watches at Auker's, from \$1 to \$3, guaranteed for one year, a nice present for the boy.

Reduction in Millinery. Selling out at less than cost. Mrs. H. H. ECKERT, Hanover Street.

FOR RENT.—Four acres of land with improvements ½ mile from New Oxford. For particulars address Pius I. LONER, R. F. D. 3, New Oxford.

FOR RENT.—The Gobrecht property in Philadelphia street, occupied by M. Colestock. Apply to R. M. Straley, New Oxford.

Dressmaking.

Anytime after the 1st day of August, 1908, I will be at the home of Mrs. Catharine Hartman, to do any and all kinds of dressmaking promptly and at reasonable prices. Give me a call. Miss MARTHA MUEHLEN, Philadelphia Street, New Oxford.

THE MARKETS.

New Oxford.—By Z. H. Cashman
Choice Wheat.....\$ 80
No. 2 "....." 75
Raked "....." 60
Rye....." 65 @ 70
Corn....." 75 @ 80
Oats....." 45 @ 50
Clover seed, per lb.....10 @ 15
Timothy seed.....1 00 @ 1 50
Rye Straw.....6 00 @ 7 00
Timothy hay.....7 00 @ 8 00

Every thing my heart would say
Valiant roses shall declare,
Shall my lips, less bold than they,
Dread her frown, and do not dare.
They shall breathe on her breast,
They shall whisper soft and low,
Who loves truly, he loves best,
Who's afraid to tell you so.

Everything my heart would say,
These brave roses know full well,
And they mean, in their sweet way,
More than any words could tell.
They shall be her loveliest guest;
They shall whisper soft and low,
Who loves truly, he loves best,
Who's afraid to tell you so.

—William Winter, in New York Tribune.

The Siege of No. 16.

The big suburban car, No. 16, was running at a high rate of speed. The girl looked up anxiously. The sturdy motorman was bending a little forward, his eyes keenly watching the track.

The girl had been much provoked at the motorman. He had spoken in an inexcusable manner to her at the station. He had come up to her and pulled off his cap and said: "I beg your pardon but is there any special reason—any reason of an important character—why you want to go to Earlcliff?"

She had been quite annoyed at his affront. She hesitated about replying. She meant to turn away from him without a word.

"I considered my reasons sufficiently imperative," she replied. She said this in a tone that was meant to be chilly.

He looked at her fluently and shook his head.

"I suppose you are going to the wedding," he said. "That's sufficiently imperative, no doubt."

The girl had drawn back and apparently was absorbed in an illustrated weekly. The man's voice was low but penetrating. She could hear the station master's muffled tones, but his words were indistinct. By his gestures she fancied he was warning the motorman. But presently the latter turned away and stepped into his vestibule. Then he opened the door between the vestibule and the body of the car, and nodding at the girl with a quick smile cried "All aboard," and started No. 16.

Anna Harman had just returned from Europe. In New York she had remained only long enough to see her mother comfortably settled at a friend's home, where she could recover from the effects of a stormy voyage. Then Anna had come on alone to attend the wedding of her school friend, Elaine Earle. And here it was two o'clock in the afternoon with seventeen miles to go and the wedding set for four o'clock. There had been a delayed train and a wait at the town of two hours, a period that Anna had improved by going to a hotel with her steamer trunk and putting on her wedding outfit and her big white hat.

Presently the stream that ran through the valley abruptly turned, and the road curved sharply to the right. At this curve the speed of the car was greatly reduced and the girl noticed that a man suddenly came from behind a telephone signal booth and swung himself aboard the car.

The new passenger entered the car very quietly, stopping a little as he advanced. As he passed along he gave her a sharp glance. Then he went up the aisle.

The girl noticed his face as he passed. She watched him with a look in which curiosity was blended with anxiety. When he was close to the open door of the motorman's vestibule he paused and quickly looked around.

But above the sheet that now trembled in her hand she saw the dark man produce a gleaming knife.

Instantly Anna's shrill scream rang through the car. It startled the crouching man, and it caused the motorman to shut off the power and whirl himself about with the controller in his hand, seemingly with a single movement. So close was the crouching man that the controller struck him sharply in the face. And the next instant the motorman's clenched left hand sent him sprawling.

The motorman came down the aisle and paused near the girl.

"Thanks for the vociferation," he said, "it beats all the college yells I ever heard. I couldn't have stopped work more promptly if it had been the five-thirty whistle."

His bantering tone jarred on the girl's sensibilities.

"Don't you know that the man meant to kill you?" she asked.

"It looks very much as if he meant to hurt me," the motorman replied. "There's no doubt about the knife. Ah, there, he's down!"

"I wish you would take one of the front seats," he said. "I have a reason for asking this. It will be explained later."

He stooped quickly and took her handbag and paper and started up the aisle.

Suddenly something rattled on the car roof. Almost instantly there was the crash of glass. A window in the vestibule was broken. A half dozen missiles thudded against the wooden sides of the car. There was a hoarse shout ahead. A number of men suddenly darted from behind the bushes.

The motorman had checked No. 16. Now he was running it backwards.

"Do you hear me?" said the motorman in a quick, sharp way. "Get up in the angle of the front seat, away from the window, and look out for flying glass. I'm running the car back from the ambush to the clearer field. Don't worry."

He looked back toward the rear of the car. A sudden shout arose.

"Just what I might have expected," he said, "they've blockaded the track both front and rear. Never mind."

he quickly added, "the field is more open here. There'll be less skulking and no ammunition." He brought the car to a standstill.

The next moment he was on the ground.

"Beppo," he called, and his voice was loud and clear.

A stout man came forward a little ways from the pursuing group.

The motorman talked to this man in Italian. He talked rapidly and forcibly. The other man answered briefly. The motorman spoke in threatening tones. The reply of the man called Beppo had a surly sound. The other man turned and addressed his followers. There was a hoarse shout of disapproval.

Then the motorman suddenly drew a revolver from an inner pocket and holding it up where all could see it tapped it significantly with his forehead.

"That's an obstinate gang," he told Anna. "But I've given them something to think about. They won't bother us for a while. At the same time, it is quite evident that car No. 16 is besieged and that we can't get away. You don't mind so very much do you?"

"I intend to make the best of it," Anna replied. "How long do you think we must remain here?"

"That's hard telling," he answered. "Those fellows want revenge, and they will be very reluctant to give up any chance for receiving it. They don't believe me when I told them the conductor wasn't aboard. They seem to have lost all confidence in me." His tone suddenly changed. "I wanted to get you there in ample time for the wedding."

The girl suddenly smiled. "Let me improve this armistice," she said, "by covering up that disagreeable cut."

He flushed a little.

"I think that would be very pleasant," he said. "Thank you." And he knelt by the seat.

The girl produced a square of court plaster and a tiny pair of scissors from her shopping bag, and deftly and carefully covered the injured spot.

"He jests at scars," the motorman laughingly quoted, "who never felt a sympathetic hand apply first aid to the injured. There, I'm ready now for Beppo and all his bandit crew."

The girl frowned a little. This was a very presumptuous young man. Just then a stone crashed against the nearest window, sending the glass over the seat in a shower, and Anna cried out and suddenly clutched the motorman's arm. The motorman drew himself away and leaped from the vestibule door and the girl heard the sharp crack of the revolver. Then his voice arose in a fierce denunciation.

Presently he came back, smiling. "It was a cub of a boy," he said. "He crawled up behind the bushes. But I gave him a fine scare as he raced away."

The girl was still a little pale.

"And how long must we stay here?" she asked again.

"That depends," he answered. "Those fellows can't be counted on to raise the siege, and we can't get away until help comes to us. Now I have an idea that Jim Harrington—Jim is master of ceremonies up there at Earlcliff—will begin to get a little anxious about the delay—they can't go ahead without you, I suppose—and he will climb the lookout perch with a good glass, and he'll see us, stranded down here in the valley, and then he'll call the boys together—they're quite a husky lot—and they'll get out a car and come after us."

A voice was hailing the car. The motorman hurried out. A sharp and quick conversation followed. The man suddenly called to the girl. She stepped into the vestibule.

"Miss Harman," he said, "this fool of a Beppo has threatened to rush the car. He has put some of his fellows behind us at the barricade yonder, and when he gives the word they will rush from front and rear. Don't be frightened. I'm telling you this because I want you to understand what I am going to do." He threw his coat and hat into the vestibule. "I am going to capture Beppo and bring him here and hold him as a hostage. I'll be on him before he knows what I'm up to." She suddenly put her hand on his shoulder.

"I—I'm afraid for you," she stammered.

He flushed and reached up and pressed her hand.

And just then a hoarse whistle was heard up the gorge.

The motorman quickly reached for his coat.

"That's the relief train," he said. "The siege is raised."

The besiegers wildly scattered as the relief car came up and a score of young men leaped from it and pulled away the obstructions. One young man ran forward.

"All right, Clint?" he cried.

"All right, Jim."

"Is Miss Harman there?"

Then he whipped off his hat at sight of Anna.

"Don't wait, Jim," said the motorman. "Get your car back as quickly as you can. I'll follow close behind. We mustn't keep them waiting."

"All right, Clint. Will you come with us, Miss Harman—we brought some of the girls in the car—or will you stay with the special?"

"I'll stay," said Anna.

They were on the way through the gorge before Anna spoke again.

"I want to tell you that your behaviour was fine," she said to the motorman. She was standing in the vestibule, quite in defiance of the rules. "You didn't once let me feel frightened for myself."

"You mustn't praise me for protecting the company's property," he said. "I'm the superintendent of the road."

She gave a little gasp at this. Then she laughed.

"Do you know," she said, "that I've really enjoyed being late for this wedding, although I'm maid of honor."

"And I've enjoyed it, too," he said with a swift glance at her charming face. "Although—"

"Although what?"

"Although, I'm the best man!"

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The French Congo has a pigeon postal service.

The population of Canada is now about 6,500,000.

Southern California yields 2000 tons of salt per year.

The average height of the Laplander is less than five feet.

Sixty languages are in every day use in Freetown, Sierra Leone.

A 7000-foot pier is under construction at Minster-on-the-Sea, England.

Every shilling turned out by the English mint shows a profit of nearly three pence.

An acre of cotton land in Egypt yields four times as much as one in this country.

Out of every million letters that pass through the post office it is calculated that only one goes astray.

The skin of muskrats is largely made use of in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of fur coats.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

Louisiana has 7,000,000 acres of marsh lands which, if properly treated, are capable of great fertility.

A hen attains her best laying capacity in her third year. She will lay in an average lifetime from 300 to 500 eggs.

The blood of the rhinoceros is very highly esteemed by Burmese and Chinese as a medicine for all kinds of ailments.

In Cochín and Travancore, India, the reputable native women wear nothing above the waist except noserings and earrings.

The sheath skirt is not new in Burmah, where the women wear a garment split to the waist, "now concealing, now revealing."

Among the birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 200 years. The falcon has been known to live over 102 years.

The value of all kinds of fish landed in England and Wales in one year is over \$35,000,000, and the number of men and boys employed over 40,000.

Zinc coffins are largely used in Vienna, but the more expensive ones are made of copper, and cost as much as \$2500, while a bronze and copper coffin recently made for a Russian Archduke cost over \$5000.

The ivory nut, which is so much used by button manufacturers, is the fruit of a species of palm which grows in Central and South America. It forms a valuable crop, particularly in Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru.

Clocks That Strike Thirteen.

Often in the country, the great clock upon the front of an old-fashioned farm will strike, at 1 in the afternoon, thirteen.

"The idea is supposed to have originated in this way," said a farmer. "There was a man going over his lands after lunch, and, though it was nearly half-past 1, he found all his harvesters lying smoking under a tree."

"Men, why are you not at work?" he said.

"Why, it ain't 1 yet, is it, boss?" said the men. "We was waitin' for the clock to strike. If it has struck, we didn't hear it."

"That excuse has been worked on me before," said the farmer. "It won't be worked on me again, though."

"And he sent for the clockmaker and had his big clock arranged so that it would strike, at the time for the men to return to work, thirteen times, instead of once."

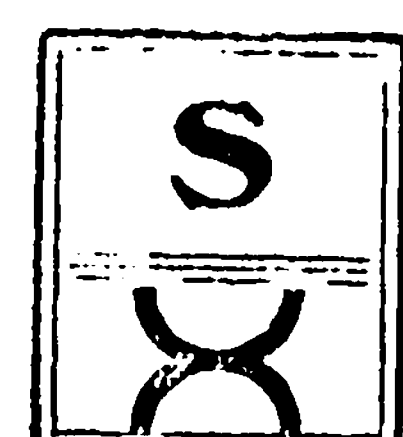
"They never miss the twelve strokes that bid them lay off," he said. "Now they'll never miss the thirteen that bid them lay on again."

"It was such a good idea that farmers pretty generally adopted it."—Los Angeles Times.

Bicycles are not out of date in Holland, which imports over \$1,500,000 worth a year.

Pastimes of Madmen

By Helen E. Meyer.

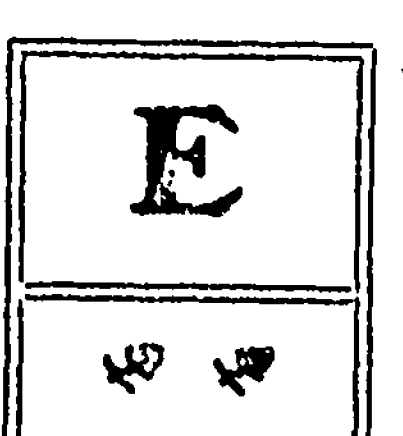


OME of the inventions of the insane are of scientific value. A patient at Villejuif invented a "panification machine" by combining a bottle, a plank, and small metallic tubes, to which he had fitted faucets. Having set up his machine, he procured loaves of bread the size of a man's head. The bread was good—so good that it was decided to make the machine known. One day when it was in action the doctor suggested taking a photograph of it. The inventor watched him as if petrified for a moment; then he fell upon the machine wrenched it apart, and trampled it underfoot. The invention—an exceedingly useful one—was lost, because no one had seen him make it, and no one dares speak of it to him. To allude to it is to bring on a furious attack. Most lunatics, no matter how contented they may be, generally cherish a furtive longing to escape. They collect wax from the polished floors, take the impressions of locks, and make keys from empty sardine boxes, spoon handles, or anything to be found. Dr. Marie's museum includes a collection of knives of strange and unheard-of shapes. Some of them have blades made from pieces of glass or slate and set in handles of corset steels. Objects harmless in themselves become dangerous weapons through the ingenuity of madmen.

Insane sculptors are as common as insane painters. The insane sculptor hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic animals, ferocious little horned and grinning devils. An ex-mechanic carves all his soup bones. That his old trade is still in his memory is shown by the little screws that he makes out of the smaller pieces of bone. He works all day at his senseless and ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who believes he is the incarnation of the soul of Beelzebub, passes his time carving toy men out of wood. Each pair of his creations are joined together, now at the necks, now at the shoulders.—Harper's Weekly.

A Proclivity and Compunctions

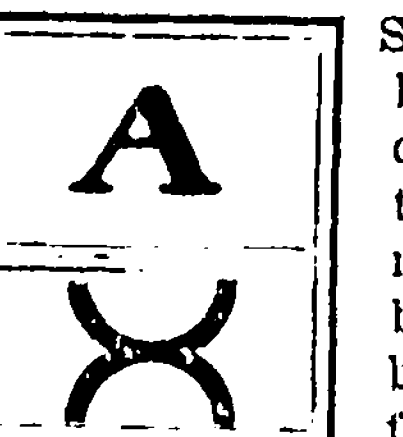
By E. S. Martin.



ENTHUSIASTIC professors expound to us that we consume food in enormous excess of our reasonable needs, and perhaps we do; but we find eating a pleasant exercise and stick to it, according to our various capacities, as long as we can get food that suits us and our digestions hold out. As for drink, the habit of using beverages that are more or less stimulating in their qualities is at least as old as history, and doubtless very much older. Coeval with it have been perception of its hazards and warnings against its continuance. Hardly any major proclivity has such a bad name, or is battered by such a fusillade of arguments and awful examples. That rum does any one any good must seem doubtful even to its best friends. When you have said that it is pleasant, and that, though it is immensely destructive to some savages and to crowds of civilized individuals, a considerable proportion of the most valuable people on the earth seem to be able to play with it without serious damage to themselves, you have said almost all that it is safe to aver. So great a cloud of compunctions swarm over that proclivity that you marvel that there is any life left in it. They do keep down some of its vigor, so that it is less destructive than it used to be, and probably they hope in time to kill it altogether. One could wish that they might, and that it might stay dead for a generation or two, till we could find out whether the world was better or worse without it. But it is not being killed. The army of compunctions it maintains is evidence of its enormous vitality. To all seeming, so long as the earth continues to spin, there are likely to be cakes on it, and also ale, but with great improvement probably by the human race in the wise use of both.—Harper's Magazine.

The Flea, The Rat And The Plague

By William Inglis.



S to the place and manner of origin of the plague germ, or bacillus pestis, nothing definite is yet known. The manner of its travel and communication to man has been clearly traced. The bacillus lives and breeds in the blood of the rat. That rat is the victim of fleas which live upon his blood, and as they feed draw into themselves the plague bacilli which swim by thousands in his vital fluid. Thus infected, and thereby as dangerous as so many little dynamite bombs, the fleas pass with the rats into the habitations of human beings which the rats infest, and there, from convenient floors or chairs or beds, leap upon human victims.

The plague-bitten flea does not poison man with his bite, as the stegomyia mosquito poisons by injecting the bacillus of yellow fever directly into the blood. The flea, it is true, bites human beings as he bites other prey. He sucks blood until he is replete, and then squirts blood from his alimentary canal upon his prey. Therein lies the peril. Plague bacilli are in this discharge, and if it be left undisturbed on the skin of the victim the bacilli will penetrate the skin and tissues, enter the circulation, and thus infect the person upon whom the flea has fed.

It is this curious manner of infection by dejecta that makes the bubonic plague peculiarly dangerous to people who do not bathe frequently. In Japan and in the United States the spread of the disease among human beings even in rat-infested cities is slow, while in India and China, and certain parts of Europe, where people bathe seldom, if ever, the plague runs like wildfire. It is almost impossible for a person who bathes twice a day to become infected with bubonic plague.—Harper's Weekly.

The Cup That Cheers

By Yik Fong.

I F tea is freshly made with fresh water that has come to a full boil and if not for immediate use poured off the tea leaves in, say, five or six minutes into another teapot—and use a "cozey" to keep the tea hot—such hot tea will cool you off better than any iced drink. Of course, we Americans favor cold drinks in hot weather, and iced tea with a dash of lemon juice is without doubt the most satisfying and refreshing of summer drinks. No typhoid germs are possible, for the infusion has been boiled.

In the Orient the Chinaman and the native of Japan drink their tea hot. Hot water is poured on the leaves in very small teacups, and is sipped more or less all day long, being continually replenished with fresh tea when the brew becomes too strong. Even Europeans after tiffin, tired out with sight-seeing, find marvelous recuperation in sipping their tea thus made.

There is no other way to make tea than to make it absolutely fresh. As one hundred and fifty cups can be made from one pound of tea, it is an immensely profitable drink to sell at five cents a cup or glass, and to charge fifteen to twenty cents for a small pot of tea is to restrict the use of a beverage that in hot weather should be obtainable everywhere, even in saloons, without permission of any extreme temperance advocate.

The Nice Old Gentleman Is Justly Suspicious of Johnny.

The nice old gentleman stood on the back porch with his hands in his pockets, watching the little boy, who was industriously raking up the back yard, piling the litter into a bushel basket and from time to time staggering out into the alley with it. Another little boy came to the fence and looked on for a minute or two and then proposed a game of marbles, but the worker only shook his head and went on raking, whereupon the tempter departed. The nice old gentleman chuckled.

"Here's a place that you've overlooked, Johnny," he called, and as the little boy approached the porch he smiled at him approvingly.

"That's the way I like to see you doing," he said. "It makes me proud of our relationship. Nothing like hard work, is there, Johnny?"

The little boy straightened up and panted. "No, sir," he replied, but with no enthusiasm in his tone.

"Don't you like it?" asked the old gentleman.

"Not very well," admitted the little boy.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the old gentleman. "Very glad to hear it, indeed. Anybody will do the thing he likes to do, but it takes character sterling moral fibre to peg away at something that's distasteful."

The little boy sat down on the porch step and looked at his hands.

"Blisters?" inquired the old gentleman. "Too bad! Never mind the blisters, though. They'll be a little sore for a while, but your hands will get hardened in time and then you will be able to rake all day long and then not raise one. So you don't like it? Johnny, you've got the right kind of stuff in you. To look at you, anybody would think it was meat and drink to you. You go at it as if your whole heart and soul were in it. You don't like it, but you dislike disorder still more. You want to have things looking tidy. You know that your father has to go to town and work in his office and hasn't much time for the yard and that your dear mother is kept busy in the house and your grandfather is too infirm to do anything of that kind, so you pitch right in like the good little boy you are. Suppose you go and bring the basket up while you are resting, Johnny, dear. That's the man!"

"Yes," the nice old gentleman continued, "I seem to divine your thoughts intuitively. So you go and get the rake and the basket and go to work like a little miler. That's the kind of boy that's worth while. I never saw such application in all my born days. I shouldn't wonder if you had the whole thing done by the time father gets home. Won't he be surprised and pleased when he sees what his own dear little Johnny has done?"

"He said he'd give me a quarter, if I got it all done by the time he got home," said the little boy.

"He did?" asked the nice old gentleman. "Well, do you know, I half suspected something of that sort. I hope, though, that you would have done it anyway. You don't need the prospect of a reward to do your duty, do you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little boy.

"How very strange!" said the nice old gentleman. "I'm surprised. Who ever heard of such a thing as that?" "Won't you rake a little while, grandfather?" asked the little boy.

"Johnny," said the nice old gentleman, reproachfully, "don't you know that I've got a bone in my leg?"—Chicago News.

Durability of Steel. English technical journals quote with approval recently announced conclusions of Mr. John H. Heck concerning the durability of mild steel in actual service in machinery, ships and so forth. This is a question which is not settled by the preliminary tests of strength. Mr. Heck shows that nearly all the failures of steel occur very early in its history. If a plate, or bar, of mild steel lasts for a year in service, it may be trusted to last for many years. The most injurious thing is continual bending backward and forward, as in what is called the "panting" of a boiler end. As London Engineering puts it, steel has a somewhat "tumultuous youth," but "in middle age it is trustworthy and in old age beyond reproach." In regard to corrosion, there is difference of opinion, some holding that steel corrodes more readily than iron.—Youth's Companion.

Former Queen Lili.

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What's in a Name?

"Goodness, mammy, what a funny name for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him 'Prescription'?"

"Ah, simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech hahd wuk gittin' him filled."

—From Judge.

Every thing my heart would say
Valiant roses shall declare,
Shall my lips, less bold than they,
Bread their crown, and do not dare.
They shall pebble on her breast
They shall whisper soft and low,
The loves truly, he loves best,
Who's afraid to tell you so.

—William Winter, in New York Tribune.

The Siege of No. 16.

The big suburban car, No. 16, was running at a high rate of speed. The girl looked up anxiously. The sturdy motorman was bending a little forward, his eyes keenly watching the track.

The girl had been much provoked at the motorman. He had spoken in an inexcusable manner to her at the station. He had come up to her and pulled off his cap and said: "I beg your pardon but is there any special reason—any reason of an important character—why you want to go to Earlcliff?"

She had been quite annoyed at his offrontry. She hesitated about replying. She meant to turn away from him without a word.

"I considered my reasons sufficiently imperative," she replied. She said this in a tone that was meant to be chilly.

He looked at her finery and shook his head.

"I suppose you are going to the wedding," he said. "That's sufficiently imperative, no doubt."

The girl had drawn back and apparently was absorbed in an illustrated weekly. The man's voice was low but penetrating. She could hear the station master's muffled tones, but his words were indistinct. By his gestures she fancied he was warning the motorman. But presently the latter turned away and stepped into his vestibule. Then he opened the door between the vestibule and the body of the car, and nodding at the girl with a quick smile cried "All aboard," and started No. 16.

Anna Harman had just returned from Europe. In New York she had remained only long enough to see her mother comfortably settled at a friend's home, where she could recover from the effects of a stormy voyage. Then Anna had come on alone to attend the wedding of her school friend, Elaine Earle. And here it was two o'clock in the afternoon with seventeen miles to go and the wedding set for four o'clock. There had been a delayed train and a wait at the town of two hours, a period that Anna had improved by going to a hotel with her steamer trunk and putting on her wedding outfit and her big white hat.

Presently the stream that ran through the valley abruptly turned, and the road curved sharply to the right. At this curve the speed of the car was greatly reduced and the girl noticed that a man suddenly came from behind a telephone signal booth and swung himself aboard the car.

The new passenger entered the car very quietly, stopping a little as he advanced. As he passed along he gave her a sharp glance. Then he went up the aisle.

The girl noticed his face as he passed. She watched him with a look in which curiosity was blended with anxiety. When he was close to the open door of the motorman's vestibule he paused and quickly looked around.

But above the sheet that now trembled in her hand she saw the dark man produce a gleaming knife.

Instantly Anna's shrill scream rang through the car. It startled the crouching man, and it caused the motorman to shut off the power and whirl himself about with the controller in his hand, seemingly with a single movement. So close was the crouching man that the controller struck him sharply in the face. And the next instant the motorman's clenched left hand sent him sprawling.

The motorman came down the aisle and paused near the girl.

"Thanks for the vociferation," he said, "it beats all the college yells I ever heard. I couldn't have stopped work more promptly if it had been the five-thirty whistle."

His bantering tone jarred on the girl's sensibilities.

"Don't you know that the man meant to kill you?" she asked.

"It looks very much as if he meant to hurt me," the motorman replied. "There's no doubt about the knife. Ah, there, he's down!"

"I wish you would take one of the front seats," he said. "I have a reason for asking this. It will be explained later."

He stooped quickly and took her handbag and paper and started up the aisle.

Suddenly something rattled on the car roof. Almost instantly there was the crash of glass. A window in the vestibule was broken. A half dozen missiles thudded against the wooden sides of the car. There was a hoarse shout ahead. A number of men suddenly darted from behind the bushes.

The motorman had checked No. 16. Now he was running it backwards.

"Do you hear me?" said the motorman in a quick, sharp way. "Get up in the angle of the front seat, away from the window, and look out for flying glass. I'm running the car back from the ambush to the clearer field. Don't worry."

He looked back toward the rear of the car. A sudden shout arose.

"Just what I might have expected," he said, "they've blockaded the track both front and rear. Never mind,"

Everything my heart would say
These brave roses know full well,
And they mean, in their sweet way,
More than any words could tell.
They shall pebble on her breast
They shall whisper soft and low,
The loves truly, he loves best,
Who's afraid to tell you so.

—William Winter, in New York Tribune.

he quickly added, "the field is more open here. There'll be less skulking and no ammunition." He brought the car to a standstill.

The next moment he was on the ground.

"Beppo," he called, and his voice was loud and clear.

A stout man came forward a little ways from the pursuing group.

The motorman talked to this man in Italian. He talked rapidly and forcibly. The other man answered briefly. The motorman spoke in threatening tones. The reply of the man called Beppo had a surly sound. The other man turned and addressed his followers. There was a hoarse shout of disapproval.

Then the motorman suddenly drew a revolver from an inner pocket and holding it up where all could see it tapped it significantly with his forehead.

"That's an obstinate gang," he told Anna. "But I've given them something to think about. They won't bother us for a while. At the same time, it is quite evident that car No. 16 is besieged and that we can't get away. You don't mind so very much do you?"

"I intend to make the best of it," Anna replied. "How long do you think we must remain here?"

"That's hard telling," he answered. "Those fellows want revenge, and they will be very reluctant to give up any chance for revenging it. They don't believe me when I told them the conductor wasn't aboard. They seem to have lost all confidence in me." His tone suddenly changed. "I wanted to get you there in ample time for the wedding."

The girl suddenly smiled.

"Let me improve this armistice," she said, "by covering up that disagreeable cut."

He flushed a little.

"I think that would be very pleasant," he said. "Thank you." And he knelt by the seat.

The girl produced a square of court plaster and a tiny pair of scissors from her shopping bag, and deftly and carefully covered the injured spot.

"He jests at scars," the motorman laughingly quoted, "who never felt a sympathetic hand apply first aid to the injured. There, I'm ready now for Beppo and all his bandit crew."

The girl frowned a little. This was a very presumptuous young man. Just then a stone crashed against the nearest window, sending the glass over the seat in a shower, and Anna cried out and suddenly clutched the motorman's arm. The motorman drew himself away and leaped from the vestibule door and the girl heard the sharp crack of the revolver. Then his voice arose in a fierce denunciation.

Presently he came back, smiling.

"It was a cub of a boy," he said. "He crawled up behind the bushes. But I gave him a fine scare as he raced away."

The girl was still a little pale.

"And how long must we stay here?" she asked again.

"That depends," he answered. "Those fellows can't be counted on to raise the siege, and we can't get away until help comes to us. Now I have an idea that Jim Harrington—Jim is master of ceremonies up there at Earlcliff—will begin to get a little anxious about the delay—they can't go ahead without you, I suppose—and he will climb the lookout perch with a good class, and he'll see us, and then he'll call the boys together—they're quite a husky lot—and they'll get out a car and come after us."

A voice was hailing the car. The motorman hurried out. A sharp and quick conversation followed. The man suddenly called to the girl. She stepped into the vestibule.

"Miss Harman," he said, "this fool of a Beppo has threatened to rush the car. He has put some of his fellows behind us at the barricade yonder, and when he gives the word they will rush from front and rear. Don't be frightened. I'm telling you this because I want you to understand what I am going to do." He threw his coat and hat into the vestibule. "I am going to capture Beppo and bring him here and hold him as a hostage. I'll be on him before he knows what I'm up to."

She suddenly put her hand on his shoulder.

"I'm afraid for you," she stammered.

He flushed and reached up and pressed her hand.

And just then a hoarse whistle was heard up the gorge.

The motorman quickly reached for his coat.

"That's the relief train," he said. "The siege is raised."

The besiegers wildly scattered as the relief car came up and a score of young men leaped from it and pulled away from the obstructions. One young man ran forward.

"All right, Clint?" he cried.

"All right, Jim."

"Is Miss Harman there?"

Then he whipped off his hat at sight of Anna.

"Don't wait, Jim," said the motorman. "Get your car back as quickly as you can. I'll follow close behind. We mustn't keep them waiting."

"All right, Clint. Will you come with us, Miss Harman—we brought some of the girls in the car—or will you stay with the special?"

"I'll stay," said Anna.

They were on the way through the gorge before Anna spoke again.

"I want to tell you that your behaviour was fine," she said to the motorman. She was standing in the vestibule, quite in defiance of the rules. "You didn't once let me feel frightened for myself."

"You mustn't praise me for protecting the company's property," he said. "I'm the superintendent of the road."

She gave a little gasp at this. Then she laughed.

"Do you know," she said, "that I've really enjoyed being late for this wedding, although I'm maid of honor."

"And I've enjoyed it, too," he said with a swift glance at her charming face. "Although—"

"Although what?"

"Although, I'm the best man!"

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The French Congo has a pigeon postal service.

The population of Canada is now about 6,500,000.

Southern California yields 2000 tons of salt per year.

The average height of the Laplander is less than five feet.

Sixty languages are in every day use in Freetown, Sierra Leone.

A 7000-foot pier is under construction at Minster-on-the-Sea, England.

Every shilling turned out by the English mint shows a profit of nearly three pence.

An acre of cotton land in Egypt yields four times as much as one in this country.

Out of every million letters that pass through the post office it is calculated that only one goes astray.

The skin of muskrats is largely made use of in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of fur coats.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

Louisiana has 7,000,000 acres of marsh lands which, if properly treated, are capable of great fertility.

A hen attains her best laying capacity in her third year. She will lay an average lifetime from 300 to 500 eggs.

The blood of the rhinoceros is very highly esteemed by Burmese and Chinese as a medicine for all kinds of ailments.

In Cochín and Travancore, India, the reputable native women wear nothing above the waist except noserings and earrings.

The sheath skirt is not new in Burmah, where the women wear a garment split to the waist, "now concealing, now revealing."

Among the birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. The falcon has been known to live over 102 years.

The value of all kinds of fish landed in England and Wales in one year is over \$35,000,000, and the number of men and boys employed over 40,000.

Zinc coffins are largely used in Vienna, but the more expensive ones are made of copper, and cost as much as \$2500, while a bronze and copper coffin recently made for a Russian Archduke cost over \$5000.

The Ivory nut, which is so much used by button manufacturers, is the fruit of a species of palm which grows in Central and South America. It forms a valuable crop, particularly in Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru.

Clocks That Strike Thirteen.

Often in the country, the great clock upon the front of an old-fashioned farm will strike, at 1 in the afternoon, thirteen.

"The idea is supposed to have originated in this way," said a farmer. "There was a man going over his lands after lunch, and, though it was nearly half-past 1, he found all his harvesters lying smoking under a tree."

"Men, why are you not at work?" he said.

"Why, it ain't 1 yet, is it, boss?" said the men. "We was waitin' for the clock to strike. If it has struck, we didn't hear it."

"That excuse has been worked on me before," said the farmer. "It won't be worked on me again, though."

"And he sent for the clockmaker and had his big clock arranged so that it would strike, at the time for the men to return to work, thirteen times, instead of once."

"They never miss the twelve strokes that bid them lay off," he said. "Now they'll never miss the thirteen that bid them lay on again."

"It was such a good idea that farmers pretty generally adopted it."—Los Angeles Times.

Bicycles are not out of date in Holland, which imports over \$1,500,000 worth a year.

Pastimes of Madmen

By Helen E. Meyer.

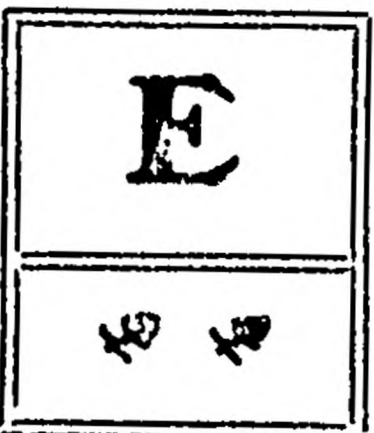


OME of the inventions of the insane are of scientific value. A patient at Villejuif invented a "panification machine" by combining a bottle, a plank, and small metallic tubes, to which he had fitted faucets. Having set up his machine, he procured loaves of bread the size of a man's head. The bread was good—so good that it was decided to make the machine known. One day when it was in action the doctor suggested taking a photograph of it. The inventor watched him as if petrified for a moment; then he fell upon the machine, wrenched it apart, and trampled it underfoot. The invention—an exceedingly useful one—was lost, because no one had seen him make it, and no one dares speak of it to him. To allude to it is to bring on a furious attack. Most lunatics, no matter how contented they may be, generally cherish a furtive longing to escape. They collect wax from the polished floors, take the impressions of locks, and make keys from empty sardine boxes, spoon handles, or anything to be found. Dr. Marie's museum includes a collection of knives of strange and unheard-of shapes. Some of them have blades made from pieces of glass or slate and set in handles of corset steels. Objects harmless in themselves become dangerous weapons through the ingenuity of madmen.

Insane sculptors are as common as insane painters. The insane sculptor hews out coarse statuettes, fantastic animals, ferocious little horned and grinning devils. An ex-mechanic carves all his soap bones. That his old trade is still in his memory is shown by the little screws that he makes out of the smaller pieces of bone. He works all day at his senseless and ridiculous task. Another lunatic, who believes he is the incarnation of the soul of Beelzebub, passes his time carving toy men out of wood. Each pair of his creations are joined together, now at the necks, now at the shoulders.—Harper's Weekly.

A Proclivity and Compunctions

By E. S. Martin.



ENTHUSIASTIC professors expound to us that we consume food in enormous excess of our reasonable needs, and perhaps we do; but we find eating a pleasant exercise and stick to it, according to our various capacities, as long as we can get food that suits us and our digestions hold out. As for drink, the habit of using beverages that are more or less stimulating in their qualities is at least as old as history, and doubtless very much older. Coeval with it have been perception of its hazards and warnings against its continuance. Hardly any major proclivity has such a bad name, or is battered by such a fusillade of arguments and awful examples. That rum does any one any good must seem doubtful even to its best friends. When you have said that it is pleasant, and that, though it is immensely destructive to some savages and to crowds of civilized individuals, a considerable proportion of the most valuable people on the earth seem to be able to play with it without serious damage to themselves, you have said almost all that it is safe to aver. So great a cloud of compunctions swarm over that proclivity that you marvel that there is any life left in it. They do keep down some of its vigor, so that it is less destructive than it used to be, and probably they hope in time to kill it altogether. One could wish that they might, and that it might stay dead for a generation or two, till we could find out whether the world was better or worse without it. But it is not being killed. The army of compunctions it maintains is evidence of its enormous vitality. To all seeming, so long as the earth continues to spin, there are likely to be cakes on it, and also ale, but with great improvement probably by the human race in the wise use of both.—Harper's Magazine.

The Flea, The Rat And The Plague

By William Inglis.



S to the place and manner of origin of the plague germ, or bacillus pestis, nothing definite is yet known. The manner of its travel and communication to man has been clearly traced. The bacillus lives and breeds in the blood of the rat. That rat is the victim of fleas which live upon his blood, and as they feed draw into themselves the plague bacilli which swim by thousands in his vital fluid. Thus infected, and thereby as dangerous as so many little dynamite bombs, the fleas pass with the rats into the habitations of human beings which the rats infest, and there, from convenient floors or chairs or beds, leap upon human victims.

The plague-bitten flea does not poison man with his bite, as the stegomyia mosquito poisons by injecting the bacillus of yellow fever directly into the blood. The flea, it is true, bites human beings as he bites other prey. He sucks blood until he is replete, and then squirts blood from his alimentary canal upon his prey. Therein lies the peril. Plague bacilli are in this discharge, and if it be left undisturbed on the skin of the victim the bacilli will penetrate the skin and tissues, enter the circulation, and thus infect the person upon whom the flea has fed.

It is this curious manner of infection by dejecta that makes the bubonic plague peculiarly dangerous to people who do not bathe frequently. In Japan and in the United States the spread of the disease among human beings even in rat-infested cities is slow, while in India and China, and certain parts of Europe, where people bathe seldom, if ever, the plague runs like wildfire. It is almost impossible for a person who bathes twice a day to become infected with bubonic plague.—Harper's Weekly.

The Cup That Cheers

By Yik Fong.

TEA is freshly made with fresh water that has come to a full boil and if not for immediate use poured off the tea leaves in, say, five or six minutes into another teapot—and use a "cosy" to keep the tea hot—such hot tea will cool you off better than any iced drink. Of course, we Americans favor cold drinks in hot weather, and iced tea with a dash of lemon juice is without doubt the most satisfying and refreshing of summer drinks. No typhoid germs are possible, for the infusion has been boiled.

In the Orient the Chinaman and the native of Japan drink their tea hot. Hot water is poured on the leaves in very small teacups, and is sipped more or less all day long, being continually replenished with fresh tea when the brew becomes too strong. Even Europeans after tiffin, tired out with sight-seeing, find marvelous recuperation in sipping their tea thus made.

There is no other way to make tea than to make it absolutely fresh. As one hundred and fifty cups can be made from one pound of tea, it is an immensely profitable drink to sell at five cents a cup or glass, and to charge fifteen to twenty cents for a small pot of tea is to restrict the use of a beverage that in hot weather should be obtainable everywhere, even in saloons, without permission of any extreme temperance advocate.

NOT FOR LOVE.

The Nice Old Gentleman Is Justly Suspicious of Johnny.

The nice old gentleman stood on the back porch with his hands in his pockets, watching the little boy, who was industriously raking up the back yard, piling the litter into a bushel basket and from time to time staggering out into the alley with it. Another little boy came to the fence and looked on for a minute or two and then proposed a game of marbles, but the worker only shook his head and went on raking, whereupon the tempter departed. The nice old gentleman chuckled.

"Here's a place that you've overlooked, Johnny," he called, and as the little boy approached the porch he smiled at him approvingly.

"That's the way I like to see you doing," he said. "It makes me proud of our relationship. Nothing like hard work, is there, Johnny?"

The little boy straightened up and panted. "No, sir," he replied, but with no enthusiasm in his tone.

"Don't you like it?" asked the old gentleman.

"Not very well," admitted the little boy.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the old gentleman. "Very glad to hear it, indeed. Anybody will do the thing he likes to do, but it takes character sterling moral fibre to peg away at something that's distasteful."

The little boy sat down on the porch step and looked at his hands.

"Blisters?" inquired the old gentleman. "Too bad! Never mind the blisters, though. They'll be a little sore for a while, but your hands will get hardened in time and then you will be able to rake all day long and then not raise one. So you don't like it? Johnny, you've got the right kind of stuff in you. To look at you, anybody would think it was meat and drink to you. You go at it as if your whole heart and soul were in it. You don't like it, but you dislike disorder still more. You want to have things looking tidy. You know that your father has to go to town and work in his office and hasn't much time for the yard and that your dear mother is kept busy in the house and your grandfather is too infirm to do anything of that kind, so you pitch right in like the good little boy you are. Suppose you go and bring the basket up while you are resting, Johnny, dear. That's the man!"

"Yes," the nice old gentleman continued, "I seem to divine your thoughts intuitively. So you go and get the rake and the basket and go to work like a little natter. That's the kind of boy that's worth while. I never saw such application in all my born days. I shouldn't wonder if you had the whole thing done by the time father gets home. Won't he be surprised and pleased when he sees what his own dear little Johnny has done?"

"He said he'd give me a quarter, if I got it all done by the time he got home," said the little boy.

"He did?" asked the nice old gentleman. "Well, do you know, I half suspected something of that sort. I hope, though, that you would have done it anyway. You don't need the prospect of a reward to do your duty, do you, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," replied the little boy. "How very strange!" said the nice old gentleman. "I'm surprised. Who ever heard of such a thing as that?"

"Won't you rake a little while, granger?" asked the little boy.

"Johnny," said the nice old gentleman, reproachfully, "don't you know that I've got a bone in my leg?"—Chicago News.

Durability of Steel.

English technical journals quote with approval recently announced conclusions of Mr. John H. Heck concerning the durability of mild steel in actual service in machinery, ships and so forth. This is a question which is not settled by the preliminary tests of strength. Mr. Heck shows that nearly all the failures of steel occur very early in its history. If a plate, or bar, of mild steel lasts for a year in service, it may be trusted to last for many years. The most injurious thing is continual bending backward and forward, as in what is called the "panting" of a boiler end. As London Engineering puts it, steel has a somewhat "tumultuous youth," but "in middle age it is trustworthy and in old age beyond reproach." In regard to corrosion, there is difference of opinion, some holding that steel corrodes more readily than iron.—Youth's Companion.

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"Goodness, mammy, what a funny name for a child! How in the world did you happen to call him 'Prescription'?"

"Ah, simply calls him dat becuz Ah has sech habd wuk gittin' him filled."—From Judge.

—

The Carlisle chain works were damaged by fire originating in a furnace to the extent of about three thousand dollars.

While on his way to Lancaster to spend Thanksgiving Frank Wower, aged 38, of Refton, died suddenly on a street car.

Owing to an outbreak of measles at the Carlisle Indian School, the officials have quarantined the institution.

Lloyd Miller, a prominent young athlete of New Cumberland, was instantly killed by an express train near his home.

While trying to jump upon a Lehigh Valley train, Saturday evening, Joseph M. Galuth, aged 14 years, of Shenandoah, was run down and had both legs and arms cut off.

MEDICINE THAT IS MEDICINE.—"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters: a medicine that is medicine for the stomach and liver troubles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50c at Ed. T. Auker's drug store.

From an infected steer which arrived Nov. 5 among a carload of cattle to the farm of H. M. Kneller, at Lineboro, Md., from Buffalo, 22 head of cattle have contracted the foot and mouth disease. As a result cattle dealers throughout Maryland are much concerned over the possible spread of the disease which has created havoc among cattle in Pennsylvania and New York.

FOOTBALL NEWS

If you are an enthusiastic follower of the great American football game, read the exclusive articles of the great football experts in "The Philadelphia Press," Walter Camp, the Yale coach; Mike Murphy, Pennsylvania's trainer; W. W. Roper, head coach of Princeton, and Glen S. Warner, of the Carlisle Indians, are now writing for "The Philadelphia Press." These men are experts and express their ideas and views of the games very interestingly. "The Philadelphia Press" this season is covering all the games more completely and accurately than ever before and it is recognized as the known authority for all kinds of sporting news. The cartoons in "The Press," depicting the current sports are worth while.

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.



Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908,

The undersigned will receive one carload of Ohio and Kentucky Horses—workers and drivers—for sale or exchange. Call and see them.

Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern markets. H. W. PARK, Hanover, Pa.

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, Pa., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP, MIDDINGS, POTATOES, COARSE AND FINE SALT, &c. &c., also

The Best Brands of Flour.

We have retained the service of Mr. Cashman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.



G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,

—SPECIALIST IN—

Lenses For The Eyes, WILL BE IN GETTYSBURG, 1st Nat. Bank Bldg., Nov. 30th to Dec. 5th.

NOTICE!

Having purchased the butchering business conducted by B. F. Gise in New Oxford, I would inform his many friends as well as the public at large, that I will continue the business at the old stand and have on hand in season all the different kinds of Choice Meats, including Fresh and Smoked Meats.

Your Patronage Solicited. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Very Respectfully,

10-31 CHARLES JACOBS.

The New Store

Gives You a Special

Invitation to come and inspect our line of

RUBBERS,

For Men, Women and Children.

Also Arctics and Boots.

Coat Sweaters that Fit Perfectly and are very serviceable for cold weather.

Chas. G. Miller.

Smith Store Room,

Hanover Street, New Oxford,

LOOKING FOR FALL AND WINTER FOOTWEAR.

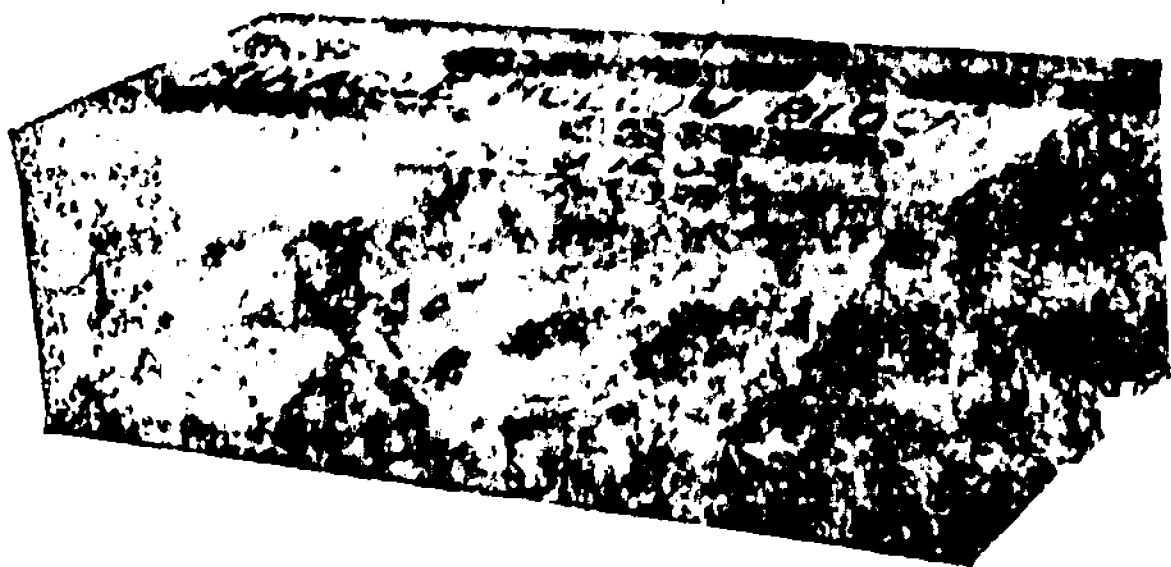
Looking for Value—value in getting exactly what you want, exactly what pleases you most. Our great stock and big variety makes that certain—any price you want to pay. Men's working or dress shoes at \$1.25 a pair and upwards; Women's likewise. A full and complete line of Misses and Children's School Shoes at low prices.

CONRAD'S.

Center Square, West Side, Hanover, Pa.

BE UP-TO-DATE.

Build Your House of Concrete.



It is the Greatest Material, and the Miracle Double Staggered Air Space Concrete Building Block is the best form of concrete construction.

It makes your building Frost and Moisture Proof.

It makes it Warm in Winter and Cool in Summer.

It makes the finest building at least cost.

Come have a talk with us, and be convinced that Concrete is the best building material of the present age.

Geo. D. Sheely,

NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Salt, Potatoes and the Best Brands of Flour. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered free to any part of borough.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of LUMBER & COAL of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Dutera, Jr.,
New Oxford, Pa.

ARE YOU

in need of a

Cook Stove,

Range,

Oil Stove,

or any other kind of a stove? If so drop in to see us, we have them in all styles and at right prices. Also a full line of

Tinware, Enameled and Agate Ware.

Repairing Promptly done. Roofing and Spouting a Specialty.

HAYES B. FAIR,

Carlisle Street, New Oxford.

Always Proud of it. Always Glad to Tell it. Want others to know it.

That's the Truth about people who buy **BANNER FLOUR**

When people have the best there is, they don't hesitate to say what they have, and you'll always find when you ask why they have good bread they don't simply say, "we use flour," oh no, the BANNER

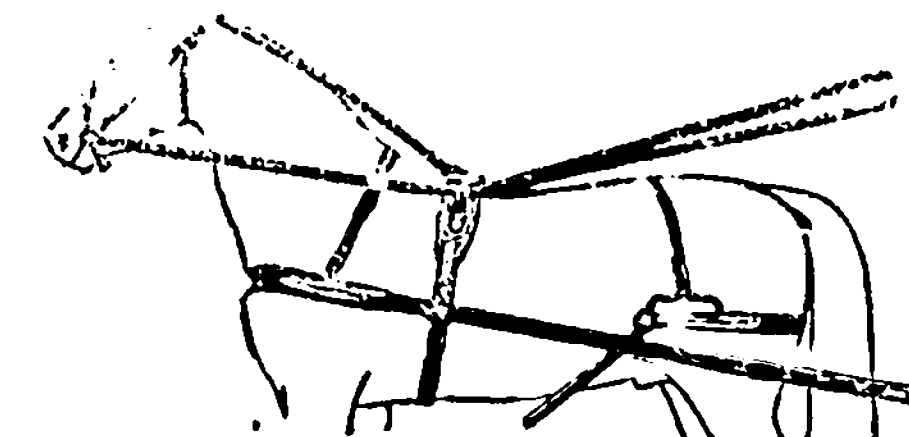
..IS THE BEST..

and they want you to know they had the good sense to buy THE BEST.

J. R. HARTMAN.

New Oxford Flouring Mills,

Horses & Mules.



Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908, Will receive 80 head of yearling and 2-year-old mules. And will receive 2 car loads of sucking, yearling and 2-year old mules every week from now on. Also have horses and broke mules on hand all times. H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

MADAME DEAN'S

FRENCH PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN RELIEF FOR SUPPRESSED MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved.

Sample Free. Insist on getting the genuine, accept no substitute. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.

Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker

Red Letter Fur Sale.

439 Pieces of STANDARD WORTH.

.. SALE ENDS NOVEMBER 30 ..

We will have on exhibition and for sale at our store four different manufacturers' lines of Furs, consisting of Fur Coats, Ladies' Separate Furs, Ladies' Fur and Muff Sets, Misses' Fur and Muff Sets, Children's Fur and Muff Sets, at the following prices:

FUR SCARFS.

12 Scarfs at 79c;	3 Scarfs at \$ 1 25	8 Scarfs at 6 50	3 Scarfs at 6 75
4 Scarfs at \$ 2 00	4 Scarfs at 2 25	4 Scarfs at 7 00	1 Scarf at 7 25
3 Scarfs at 2 75	4 Scarfs at 3 00	1 Scarf at 7 50	8 Scarfs at 8 00
1 Scarf at 3 25	5 Scarfs at 3 50	1 Scarf at 8 50	1 Scarf at 9 50
1 Scarf at 3 75	3 Scarfs at 4 00	1 Scarf at 10 00	3 Scarfs at 10 50
2 Scarfs at 4 25	7 Scarfs at 4 50	3 Scarfs at 11 00	1 Scarf at 12 50
10 Scarfs at 5 00	2 Scarfs at 4 75	1 Scarf at 13 00	1 Scarf at 13 50
23 Scarfs at 5 50	1 Scarf at 5 75	2 Scarfs at 16 00	2 Scarfs at 16 50
3 Scarfs at 6 00	2 Scarfs at 6 25	2 Scarfs at 25 00	

LADIES' FUR SETS.

2 Sets at \$ 3 50	1 Set at \$ 3 75	1 Set at 13 50	2 Sets at 14 50
1 Set at 5 50	4 Sets at 6 50	2 Sets at 16 00	2 Sets at 16 50
1 Set at 6 75	1 Set at 7 25	1 Set at 18 50	1 Set at 22 50
1 Set at 7 50	3 Sets at 8 50	1 Set at 23 00	1 Set at 24 00
1 Set at 9 50	18 Sets at 10 00	1 Set at 27 50	2 Sets at 37 50
4 Sets at 10 50	1 Set at 12 50	2 Sets at 40 00	2 Sets at 47 50
		2 Sets at 50 00	

Children's and Misses' Sets.

2 Sets at \$1 00	9 Sets at \$1 25	3 Sets at 3 50	5 Sets at 4 00
9 Sets at 1 50	1 Set at 1 75	3 Sets at 4 50	1 Set at 4 75
1 Set at 2 25	5 Sets at 2 75	6 Sets at 5 50	5 Sets at 6 50
1 Set at 3 00	3 Sets at 3 25	1 Set at 8 00	1 Set at 8 50

MUFFS.

3 Muffs at \$ 1 75	1 Muff at \$ 2 50	4 Muffs at 6 50	16 Muffs at 5 50
2 Muffs at 2 75	2 Muffs at 3 00	2 Muffs at 7 00	1 Muff at 7 25
1 Muff at 3 25	1 Muff at 3 75	3 Muffs at 7 50	12 Muffs at 8 00
2 Muffs at 4 50	6 Muffs at 5 00	1 Muff at 15 50	2 Muffs at 12 50

MUFFS.

Also 30 Ladies' and Misses' Tailor-Made Coat Suits, At Bargain Prices.

ALL goods not sold by the 1st of December must be bought out-right by our firm or returned at once. This is the largest assortment, and best opportunity for buyers ever shown in Hanover. First come, first choice.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Baltimore Street,

Hanover,

Penn'a.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

The undersigned residents of New Oxford Borough, Oxford and Hamilton townships, hereby give notice to all persons not to trespass upon their premises for the purpose of hunting game in any way. Persons so offending will be prosecuted to full extent of the law. O. A. KUFF, J. H. STUCK.

G. R. THOMPSON,

Practical Auctioneer.

Desires to inform all who intend having public sale that he open for engagements at all times. Several years experience; satisfaction guaranteed. P. O. Address—GRANITE HILL, Pa. 10-5.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

Alton Hoover, of Atlantic, near Meadville, fired three bullets at his wife, two taking effect in her head. She will die. Hoover is a partner with his father in the general mercantile business, and was married two years ago to a Miss Fay. Recently Hoover has not been entirely temperate. Mrs. Hoover went to her parent's Monday and when she returned Friday evening Hoover refused to recognize her. She then went to the home of friend across the street from the store. A little later he called her out and a moment later shot her.

MARKED FOR DEATH.—"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at Ed. T. Auker's drug store 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain.

AN EMINENT MAN.

("During the past few weeks many Eminent Men have become merely Notorious," says President Schurman, of Cornell.)

He was an Eminent Man
In a circle of eminent dubs,
With an eminent face and an eminent place
In a dozen eminent clubs,
And Sunday morning the whole world knew
The sermon preached at his eminent pew.

He held an Eminent Job—
Position of "great respect,"
And his every act, 'twas an eminent fact,
Was eminently correct:
For who would expect an unscrupulous plan
To emanate from an Eminent Man?

So, in his eminent way,
He started an eminent deal,
And he graced the same with his eminent name,
(For Eminent Men don't steal),

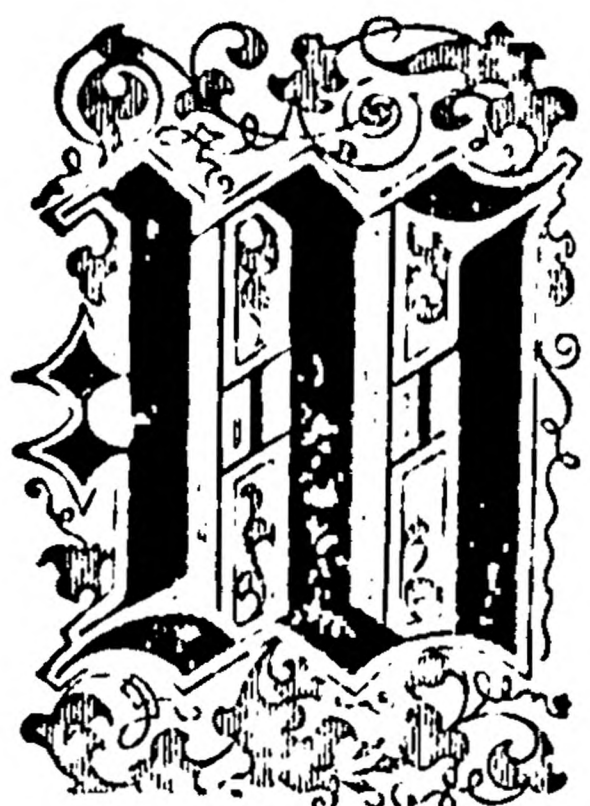
As he blessed the world with his eminent smile,
And lived in a princely pre-eminent style.

But a light on his Eminent Life
Revealed to the scoffers thrifty
That many a quick in his eminent work
Was eminently "silly."
Could his eminence be dropping the swag
In his eminently respectable bag?

So a jury of Eminent Men,
They sat on his eminent case,
In order to spare their eminent frere
From an imminent disgrace;
"For honor," they said, "should be now
and then
Shown among Thieves and Eminent Men."

So he still is an Eminent Man,
Whose shadow covers the globe,
While the meek revere the occasional smear

That clings to his eminent robe—
"For what is fame?" said a Saint to me,
"But an Eminent Notoriety!"
—Wallace Irwin, in Life.



When the Air-Line Jammed

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

THE little building in which Charles Hamilton, the diver, kept his outfit, stood on the extreme end of Morton's wharf. In the dock beside it were moored his wrecking-scow and steam-launch. Whenever Hamilton was not away plying his trade, he could generally be found in this shanty on the pier end, making repairs on his diving apparatus or "swapping yarns" with some long-shore friend.

Inside the house was a curious assortment of articles used in his profession. A long spike upheld the great brass helmet with its wire-guarded lights and dented crown. Close at hand hung the thick diving-suit of canvas and rubber. A pair of lead-soled shoes stood on the floor, and a weighted belt was suspended from the wall above them. Everything spoke of the strange life under water.

I was fortunate enough to find Hamilton alone one August afternoon. We talked of various matters concerning his work, touching finally upon its dangers. Thereupon he told me the following story:

"On the 25th of May, the fourth season after I began to dive," said he, "I received a telegram from Boston, asking me to come in a hurry. The fifteen-hundred-ton British East India-man, Queen of Sheba, inward bound with a cargo of tea and spices, instead of tying up safely at her consignee's wharf, had found a most unwelcome haven at the bottom of Massachusetts Bay, about ten miles from the city. While under full sail she had struck upon a ledge, and shortly after had foundered in twenty fathoms, giving captain and crew barely time to take to the boats.

"It was a mild, beautiful morning, the 27th of May, with the ocean as smooth as a polished floor, when I put on my diving dress and slipped over the gunwale of my boat on the way to bottom. I soon stood beside the vessel. She lay upon her bilge, her deck slanting at an angle of about thirty degrees. Before going on board I walked about her. Except for a big ragged hole in the planking under the starboard bow, she seemed in perfect condition. It was a pity that so fine a ship should have come to such an end.

"But there was plenty of work before me aboard. I pulled myself over the Sheba's rail, and dropped upon her deck. My first duty was to make a careful examination of her cabin. The principal object of my quest was a chamol bag containing two hundred British sovereigns, the private property of the captain. He had offered me a commission of ten per cent. above my regular pay, if I could recover this gold for him.

"Passing along between the rail and the cabin, I soon reached the stern. Then I climbed up the sloping deck to the entrance of the companionway, and looked down.

"It was absolutely dark, a most uninviting place to enter. But it was my duty to go down, and I had been in just as unattractive holes before. So I pressed the button of my electric lantern, and shot a wavering ray of light down the gloomy stairs. Then I descended. At the bottom an open door on the right led into the cabin. I sent an inquiring gleam ahead, and stepped inside.

"Above water you naturally look for the furniture of a room in its proper place on the floor. But in a sunken vessel you will find tables, chairs and other buoyant articles hard up against the ceiling. As I have said before, the Sheba lay upon her bilge, and her decks and floors had a slope of about thirty degrees. Hence everything movable had floated into the upper corner of the cabin, near the entrance. As I stepped within I was obliged to stoop low and thrust aside with my bar the miscellaneous flotsam that blocked

my way. My motions created currents in the water, and set the chairs and tables bobbing, disturbing the equilibrium that had not been broken since the ship settled.

"I made a careful examination of the different staterooms, sending one object after another floating out to join the collection in the main cabin. From under a berth in the first room I entered, I dislodged a flat cask about a yard long, and twenty-five inches across the heads. It shot quickly out into the cabin, rolled across the ceiling, and joined the mass near the entrance. I paid no special attention to it at the time, but went on prodding and poking everywhere, seeking for valuables.

"At last I reached the captain's room. Here was the principal object of my search, the bag of sovereigns. I stepped inside, turning my lantern this way and that. In the corner to the right of the door two chairs and a small stand floated in the water close to the ceiling. Beneath them was the captain's mahogany desk, screwed to the floor. I got rid of the stand and chairs by thrusting them out into the cabin. Then I could approach the desk more freely. Its top lay open, just as it had been left in the hurry of departure. I pulled open two or three drawers; the papers within were a mere mush of pulp.

"The captain had told me that the gold was in a small secret drawer in the left side of the desk, near its top. It took me some time to find the spring that opened this compartment. After considerable experimental probing, I finally discovered it. I pressed hard, but it refused to work; apparently it had been rusted by the action of the water. After several minutes of fruitless effort, I was on the point of smashing the mahogany to pieces with my bar, when suddenly, in response to a final jab of my thumb, a little drawer shot out.

"Inside was the chamol bag. I picked it up eagerly, and even through my diving-mitten could finger the hard, round edges of the sovereigns. I felt good. That morning's work would be worth while. There were, I knew, two hundred pieces of gold in the bag, and by the captain's offer twenty of them would belong to me.

"As I stood congratulating myself on my good fortune, I was all at once conscious of an unpleasant feeling in my head. What could be the matter? It seemed as if my supply of air were running short. I was surprised at this, for my assistants above were experts, and knowing the difficulty I must encounter at such a depth, they would naturally be careful to send down an ample amount of oxygen.

"I waited a moment. No, I was not mistaken. There was surely some trouble. A dull pain shot intermittently through the back of my head; my temples were beginning to throb; there was a pressure upon my chest. This could not last. Either I must be able to breathe more freely, or I should be obliged to abandon my task.

"Finally my head became so bad that I felt it unsafe to remain longer in the cabin, and turned to retrace my steps to the companionway. The chamol bag I had carefully placed in a rubber pouch suspended from my neck.

"I had not taken three steps from the stateroom door when I was faced by a chevron-de-frise of table and chair legs. Everything that I had dislodged had sought the highest part of the room, which, as I have said, from the way the floor sloped, chanced to be near the entrance to the companionway. If my worst enemy had deliberately set himself to barricade the doors and block my egress, he could not have done it more ingeniously or effectually.

"Sweeping my bar about, I succeeded in separating the mass before me into its component parts; but as soon as the force of my thrust was spent, the articles drifted back to their original places. At last I hit upon the expedient of pushing them one by one into the staterooms. This cleared the main cabin, and I could see that I was making progress.

"All this time my head had been growing worse. I felt as if I were slowly suffocating. I must get out of that hole at once. Soon the last chair was pushed back into the captain's room; then I saw what the trouble was.

"Right in the upper part of the companionway door hung the cask I have previously mentioned. It filled the space exactly, leaving no room on either side. Between its edge and the top of the door-frame my air-hose had become caught. The buoyancy of the barrel held it tightly against the lintel, and between the two my hose was jammed so tightly that the volume of air sent down to me was seriously diminished.

"It did not take me long to understand the situation. To-day the air-hose is so strong and stiff that it would be almost impossible to squeeze it hard enough to check appreciably the flow of air. But in those days the operator's outfit was not so carefully made.

"I raised my bar and struck the cask, thinking to push it through the door; but my blow only served to wedge it more firmly into the frame. What was I to do? The foul air inside my helmet was already affecting me. Unless I could get relief, it would not be many minutes before I must succumb to suffocation.

"Leaning my bar against the wall, I reached up with both hands and tried to pull the barrel down; but it was wedged so tightly that I could not move it. My position was desperate indeed. It was apparently impossible for me to remove the obstacle; and so long as it remained where it was, I certainly could not get out without severing the air-hose, a thing that would mean sure death.

"My only hope lay in my bar. Grasping it again, I rained a shower of blows upon the cask, hoping either to push it through into the companionway or to break it up. But neither project seemed likely to succeed. Its diameter was too great to allow it to pass through the door; and its staves and heads were apparently so thoroughly swollen by the water that it seemed impossible to make any impression on them. Yet I must break that barrel in pieces, or else my life would pay the forfeit.

"I abandoned my attack upon the staves, and began as quickly and strongly as I could to beat a tattoo upon the lower head, punching at it desperately with all my strength. It was a terrible experience—that fight for life down in the gloomy cabin, a hundred and twenty feet below water-level.

"Suddenly, for some reason I have never been able to explain, my lantern went out, leaving me in almost pitchy darkness. There was merely the faintest glimmer below the cask in the direction of the companionway. This capped the climax of my misfortune. My courage was fast failing. I dealt blow after blow upon the head, but it resisted stubbornly.

"At last, as I struck, I felt something give way. The steel point had broken through the wood. Then one of the parts bent in and collapsed entirely. Here was my opportunity. Again I showered blows upon the remaining pieces. Weakened by the loss of the supporting section, the others yielded quickly, and soon the whole head was gone.

"I now attacked the staves. But little strength was left me, and it seemed hardly possible that I could succeed before unconsciousness came on. But I struck as hard as I could. Finally it did not seem to me that I could deal another blow. Still I mustered my powers for a last effort, and sent my bar against the staves. Then the whole barrel collapsed into a mass of loose pieces, and the way to escape lay open.

"There came an instant rush of fresh air into my helmet. The change was almost too much for me. I became faint for a moment, and was obliged to lean against the door-casing. Soon I recovered sufficient strength to make my way slowly up-stairs and out upon the deck. Once there, I gave the signal to be hoisted up. It took an hour in the open air before I was sufficiently recovered to descend and resume work.

"That night I gave the sovereigns safely into the hands of the captain, and received the twenty he had promised me. But a hundred times that number would not tempt me to pass again through my experience in that gloomy cabin, twenty fathoms under water."—Youth's Companion.

More by Mail.

A traveling man received the following telegram from his wife: "Twins arrived to-night. More by mail." He went at once to the nearest office, and sent the following reply: "I leave for home to-night. If more come by mail, send to Dead-Letter Office."

Japs Locate in Texas.

A Japanese syndicate has bought a tract of land in the San Antonio region of Texas, upon which 300 Japanese families will locate for the purpose of cultivating tea and silk—it having been demonstrated that the tea plant and the mulberry tree flourish better in Texas than in Japan.



HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

OYSTERS ON TOAST.

For oysters on toast wipe sufficient oysters to closely cover the buttered and toasted bread, lay them on the slices, season with salt, pepper and a bit of butter and put into a very hot oven until the edges of the oysters curl. Have prepared a rich cream sauce, pour over the dish, and serve very hot.

TURKEY OMELET.

Separate the yolks from the whites of six eggs and to the yolks add six tablespoonfuls of cold water; beat this, season with salt and pepper. Then whip the whites to a stiff froth and fold into the yolks; beat for five minutes, then beat in one-half cupful of turkey meat minced as finely as possible and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of flour. Have the omelet pan moderately hot, put in two tablespoonfuls of butter, then turn in the egg mixture and cook until a light brown, and without turning set in the oven to dry.

POTATOES AND CHEESE.

Cut some boiled potatoes into slices and prepare a sauce of one cupful of milk thickened with one tablespoonful of flour and with two tablespoonfuls of butter added, and mix with one cupful of grated cheese, a little cayenne, two teaspoonfuls of mustard. Line a dish with croutons, arrange around them a close row of the potato slices, and cover with the sauce; repeat in alternate layers, covering the whole with sauce; sprinkle lightly with grated cheese and very brown croutons, and bake in the oven for about twenty minutes.

SNOW EGGS.

Put a quart of milk in a saucepan on the fire, adding to it two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the grated rind of a lemon or orange. Let the milk come to the boiling point. While it is heating separate the yolks and whites of six newly-laid eggs. Reserve the yolks for the sauce, whip the whites to a flaky froth and fold them into four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Take a large spoonful of the whipped whites, about the size of an egg, and drop it into the boiling milk. Cover the surface of the milk with spoonfuls of the whipped whites and let them cook very gently for four minutes. Then turn each one and cook it the same time on the other side. Take them up carefully, keeping each "snow egg" intact. When these are cooked add more spoonfuls and repeat the process until all the whipped whites are used. Each "snow egg" should be drained a little as it is lifted from the hot milk. They look pretty piled in a small pyramid in the centre of a crystal platter. For the sauce, the yolk of the eggs with the remaining milk and a little extra sugar, if desired. Cook the sauce just enough to thicken it, but not long enough to curdle it. Let the snow eggs and sauce become thoroughly cold, and pour the sauce over them just before serving.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Alcohol will remove varnish from fabric.

If soda is used in the dishwasher no soap will be needed.

Buttered and salted popcorn is often used as a substitute for salted almonds.

To prevent brass articles from tarnishing apply a thin varnish of gum shellac and alcohol.

To make glass, crockery or china less susceptible to changes of temperature, boil them in salt water.

To smooth flatirons while using, rub them over brown paper which has been covered with soap and then over dry salt.

Bear in mind that silver or steel knives and forks should be put away cold to prevent their rusting or tarnishing.

To clean marks from wall paper rub them gently with a piece of dry bread on which powdered French chalk has been sprinkled.

Soak old potatoes, after being pared, in cold water for a couple of hours and they will be greatly improved, besides being made whiter.

Paraffin can be used the second time to cover jelly and jam if it is washed clean and boiled before being turned over the fruit again, says the Chicago News.

Sprinkle dry salt over soot that has fallen on the carpet and sweep up along the grain of the carpet. Repeat this process several times and all trace of the soot will disappear.

If you suspect your coffee is being adulterated, throw a handful of beans in cold water. The real coffee beans will sink, while the spurious ones will float or remain suspended for some time.

EAGLE HOTEL.

Center Square, New Oxford, Pa.
CHARLEY HERSH, - PROPRIETOR.

House newly refitted and refurnished in first-class order throughout. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Bar stocked with choice wines, liquors and cigars. Extensive stabling and attentive hostlers. Charges moderate. House heated throughout by steam.

For the Best of Accommodations Stop at

The Hotel Oxford

Pitt St., midway between W. M. Depot and Center Square, New Oxford.

F. L. FLESHMAN, PROP.

Traveling Men's Headquarters. Charges moderate. Choice wines, liquors and cigars. House refurnished throughout. All modern conveniences—steam heat, bath rooms, telephones, etc. Tables supplied with the best of the market affords. Ample stabling.

S. S. NEELY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office in Star and Sentinel Building, second floor, Baltimore street, over cash store Oct. 8, '02. '02.

Wm. McSherry, Jr.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him. Office opposite Court House.

John B. McPherson.

Donald P. McPherson

McPHERSON & McPHERSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

GETTYSBURG, PA.

Office on second floor of "Star and Sentinel" Bldg. Will attend promptly to all legal business submitted to them.

NEWSPAPER LAW.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from post-office to which they are directed they are responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If the subscriber moves to another place without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former directions, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that the refusing to take periodicals from postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of international fraud.

6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice to the publishers, at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue it, otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it, the subscriber will be held responsible, until an express notice with payment or arrearages, is sent to the publisher.

7. The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest any one for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time, unpaid, and then order the postmaster to mark it, "refuse," and has a card sent notifying the publishers, lays himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft, etc.

The Pittsburg Guide is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. Send your subscription by postal money order or registered letter, addressed to the Pittsburg Guide, 145 Fulton street.

Indian Debt Paying.

The Indians are honest, but their rent money is not always enough to pay their debts; so the debts continue. Mr. Miller declares that they now owe him \$22,000. One owed him \$200 on a certain settling day. He owed another man \$200. He was receiving from the agent \$300, \$100 of which he had immediate need for. He tucked away his own \$100 and then paid the other man.

"Look here," said Mr. Miller; "where's my \$200?"

"Me no like other feller," he said. "Bad man. Pay him. He go away. You stay here; me pay you some other time."—World's Work.

SPORTSMANLIKE.

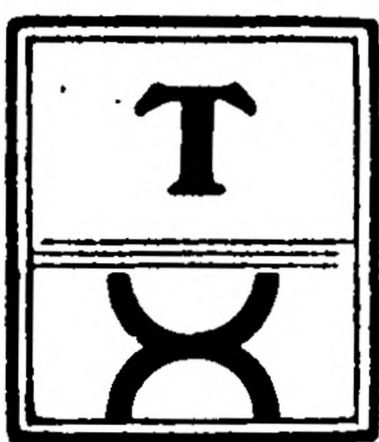
English Motorist—Is life held so cheaply in America?

American Motorist—Really, I don't know. No true sportsman ever stops to ask if a thing is cheap or not in America.—Puck.

"The Little Runt"

President Castro's Rise to Power and His Sinister Significance.

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.



HERE is the story of Castro's crushing defeat near Valencia, when, alone, wounded, he waited only the summons from President Andrade to give himself up. This does not resemble a unanimous country back of him. But around Andrade there was a quarrel. Matos and one Mendoza left the capital with 20,000 men and brought back Castro as president. No one was more surprised than Castro himself.

He had certainly never dreamed of such a thing, when, at the order of another, with sixty men he raised the standard of revolt in the Andes and began a march of hundreds of miles. He may have hoped to become a general and thus join Venezuela's great majority; but to be president, never. He was not even the village leader, but rather, the village dancer. His father was of the Indian class. The boy learned the sports of the Llanos, and is yet an excellent horseman.

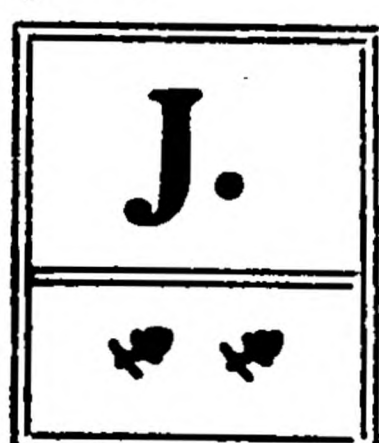
He worked in the village store, and there, it is said, waited on his future wife. According to the story, she was the servant in the home of a village merchant. The merchant's wife, after a formal assurance of the young man's intentions, gave him leave to pursue his courtship in her kitchen. Marriage followed. Mrs. Castro is known as a lovable woman—kind, plain, thoroughly respectable. But the Curacao tales, describing her husband as the most cynical of libertines, do not leave her much room for happiness.

The State of Tachira, in the Andes, is the very region for turbulence, and Castro in those early days had his full share. There was a revolution, and he found himself exiled. Another time it is said, he killed a policeman and again sought refuge, either in Colombia or Curacao. He served once as a congressman. Several years before his own revolution he took a liking for history and read widely about Napoleon. It was just enough learning to be a dangerous thing.

The danger came when he rose to his position. This means that he rose to its in the fullest, most sinister sense of the word. The president of Venezuela has always been the owner of Venezuela. No one can understand conditions there until this is understood. The absolute owner may also be a common criminal, with all the criminal's instinct, whether murderous, avaricious, lecherous or merely spectacular. Let the reader try to imagine this one thing, if he can, for otherwise he will never accept the truth about Venezuela. It is too incredible.—World's Work.

Electricity and Clouds

By A. H. Laidlaw.



P. GIBSON of Salisbury, N. C., has some singular ideas in regard to electricity and clouds. What he calls the glazed appearance of one of the peaks of a thunder-cloud is simply the reflection of sunlight from frozen vapor. The light slants from the peaks to his eyes, so that certain peaks show what he calls a glazed appearance and other peaks do not, because light is reflected at a different angle.

After a few remarks he calls the glazed peak a flattened out peak without assigning a cause. A peak of a cumulus cloud might be flattened by a high wind, which would always be likely to flatten more than one peak. It is not likely to be flattened by atmospheric weight, as that is about five pounds less on every square inch of such a peak than it is on the earth. Nor is it likely to be flattened by the weight of frozen vapor, because that is lighter than the unfrozen vapor. What Mr. Gibson calls "the squeezing of the nodules of vapor" might be done by an external positive current of electricity, since ice, frost and snow are all negatives; but that effect would not be limited to one peak. Neither would lightning start from those negative surfaces.

There is no doubt that a fall of rain makes the air a better conductor of electricity, but after the discharge of electricity there is a heavier rain than before. It is also true that lightning is frequently delivered from one part of a cloud. It is the same with hail.

The reference to Franklin's experiment with the kite was unfortunate, as modern meteorologists know that the results which Franklin obtained under a thunder cloud can be obtained under a clear sky. The same electrical action which created the cloud electrified the kite. Electric currents are everlastingly active in the atmosphere overhead. A thunder cloud is encircled by a sea of accumulated electricity, which is the matrix of the storm. Men traveling high in mountain regions are occasionally so controlled by the electric behavior of the clouds above them that they are compelled to lie down until the climax has passed.

Clouds are classified as minerals, being formed and dissipated under similar chemical and electrical laws.

Much-Needed Reforms in the Life-Insurance Business

By Louis Windmuller.



FURTHER disastrous shrinkages may be expected unless managers of life insurance companies take some such timely measure as the following to restore confidence and to attract new business.

1. Sell stocks and securities the values of which fluctuate, investing proceeds in first mortgages on improved city realty for two-thirds of its marketable value. Savings of the thrifty should not be exposed to the risk of speculation.

2. Dispose of superfluous buildings acquired in all parts of the world to advertise business, and invest likewise. Policy-holders care for absolute safety more than for marble halls.

3. Cut down salaries and other expenses. The measures taken by the Equitable do not go far enough; retrenchment should be instituted by every other company which does not want to become the target of criticism.

Owners of mutual policies are entitled to a yearly statement of the details and results of the business in which they are interested, just as much as holders of stock in banks, railroads, and industrials. Managers who find a disclosure of these details distasteful should quit the business.—Forum.

Enlightened.

The vicar of a church in the Notting Hill district on leaving his house close to the church saw a little girl friend of his talking to a stranger. "What was the man saying to you, Madge?" he asked as he came up to her. "Oh," said she, "he just wanted to know if Dr. M— wasn't the preacher at this church." "And what did you tell him?" asked the clergyman. The little girl drew herself up with an air of great pride. "I told him," she answered with dignity, "that you was the present incumbent."—Tatler.

Indiana Preacher Earning His Salary.

The Rev. William Weakley, a brother of Reuben Weakley, of this city, is the pastor of the eight churches in Brown county. He holds services at each church every three weeks, and is kept busy jumping from one church to another. His combined salary from the eight churches amounts to about \$400 a year.—Columbus Correspondence, Indianapolis News.

Some of the officers of the British navy now carry motor cars to sea with them, for use in foreign ports.

LEPERS' LOT IMPROVES.

Panama, Colombia and Hawaii to Build Lazarettos For These Wretches.

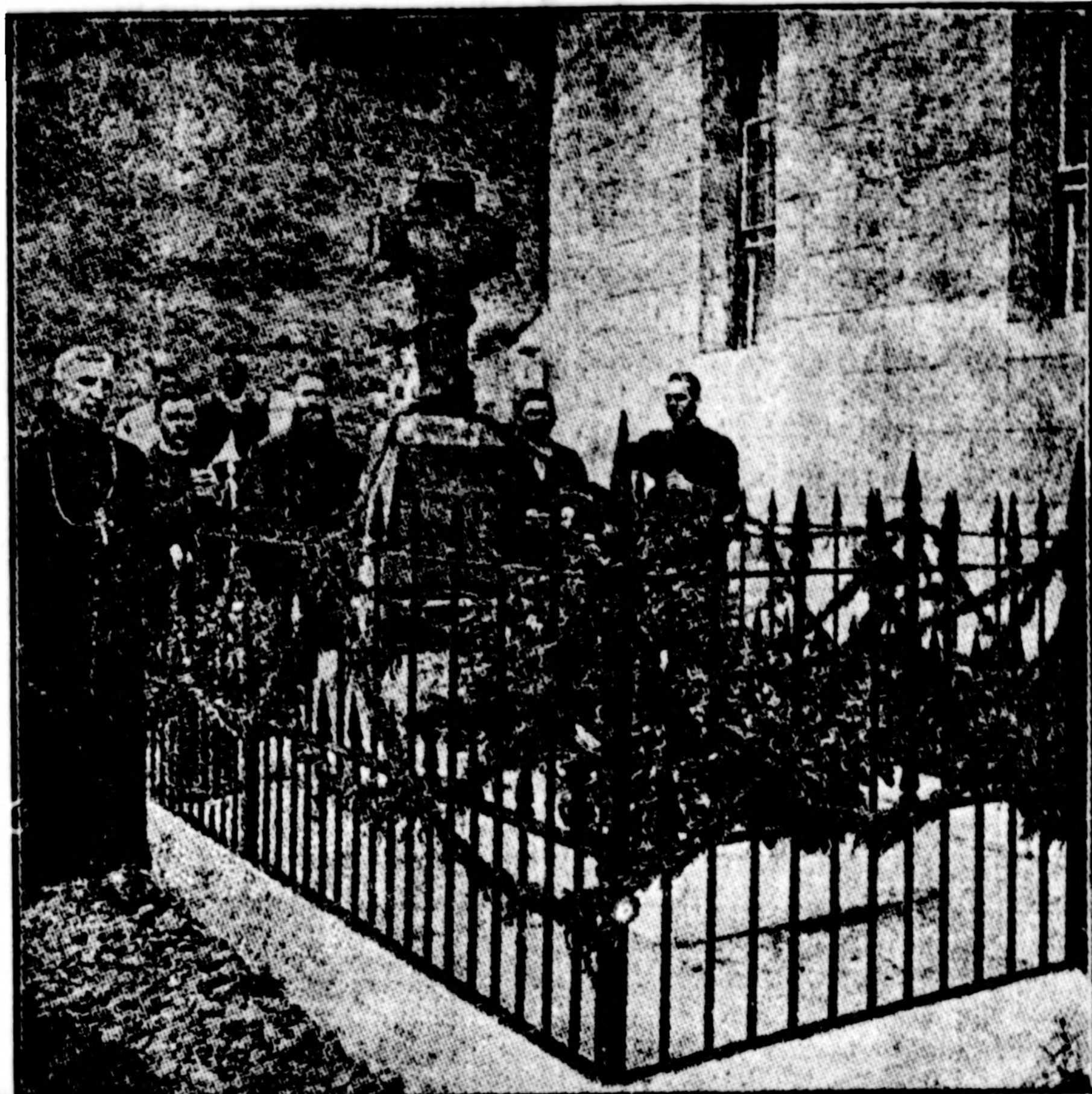
THE excellent influence of American sanitary methods newly introduced into the Panama Canal zone is already apparent in the resolution of the republics of Panama and Colombia to take better care of their lepers than has been the custom down there.

A recent report from Dr. Claude O. Pierce, assistant surgeon of the hospital service, says that in the city of Panama there are twenty-two known cases of leprosy. The only thing in the least resembling a lazaretto about Panama is a collection of most dilapidated huts on the outskirts of the city, where lepers may go if they choose. They are supported in a half-hearted miserable fashion by unorganized charity. There never has been any attempt to force their isolation in

public. One is already being operated in the Department of Antioquia at an expense, so far, of more than 3,000,000 pesos.

Surgeon-General Wyman of the United States Marine Hospital Service has selected an area approximately a mile square as the leper settlement on the island of Molokai as the site of the hospital for lepers authorized at the last session of Congress. This hospital is declared by the act to be for the treatment of such lepers as may be legally committed to it by the Territory of Hawaii, and for the scientific study of the disease. If this purpose is carried out, there will be, for the first time in the forty years' history of segregation in the Hawaiian Islands, continuity of study of the disease from a scientific standpoint.

The life in the settlement is that of the ordinary Hawaiian community. The lepers live in cottages provided for them by the Board of Health, which has charge of the settlement. They are provided with rations of pol, fish, meat and tea.—New York Tribune.



GRAVE OF FATHER DAMIEN.
The Famous "Leprosy Priest" of the Leprosy Settlement at Molokai.

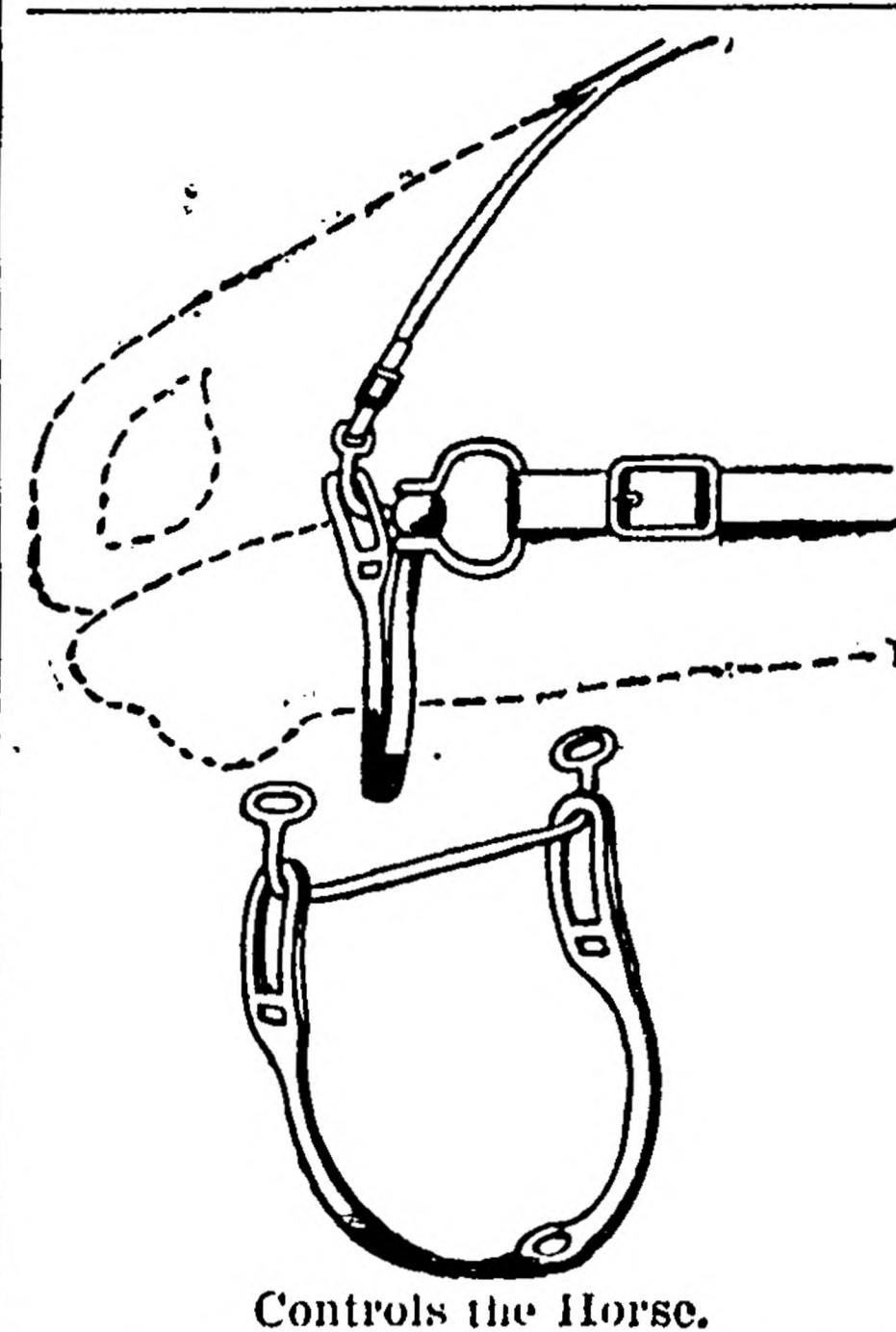
these huts and cases can be found all over the city.

At one point along the line of the railroad a Chinaman in the last stages of the terrible disease has set up his miserable hut in a corner of the cemetery, where he is living out the dregs of his existence in a most pitiable fashion. His shack consists of a lean-to against a tree—a thatched roof supported by four posts in the ground. The walls are of discarded bits of sheet iron obtained from structures built by French canal workers, which have since tumbled down. It has no floor and is bare of furniture. The Chinaman cooks the food which is brought to him over the open fire, and sleeps on a pile of dirty matting. A few feet away is a picket fence surrounding a grave, while all about him are tombstones. Part of his food allowance comes in tin cans, and the empty cans are spread about his corner of the yard of death.

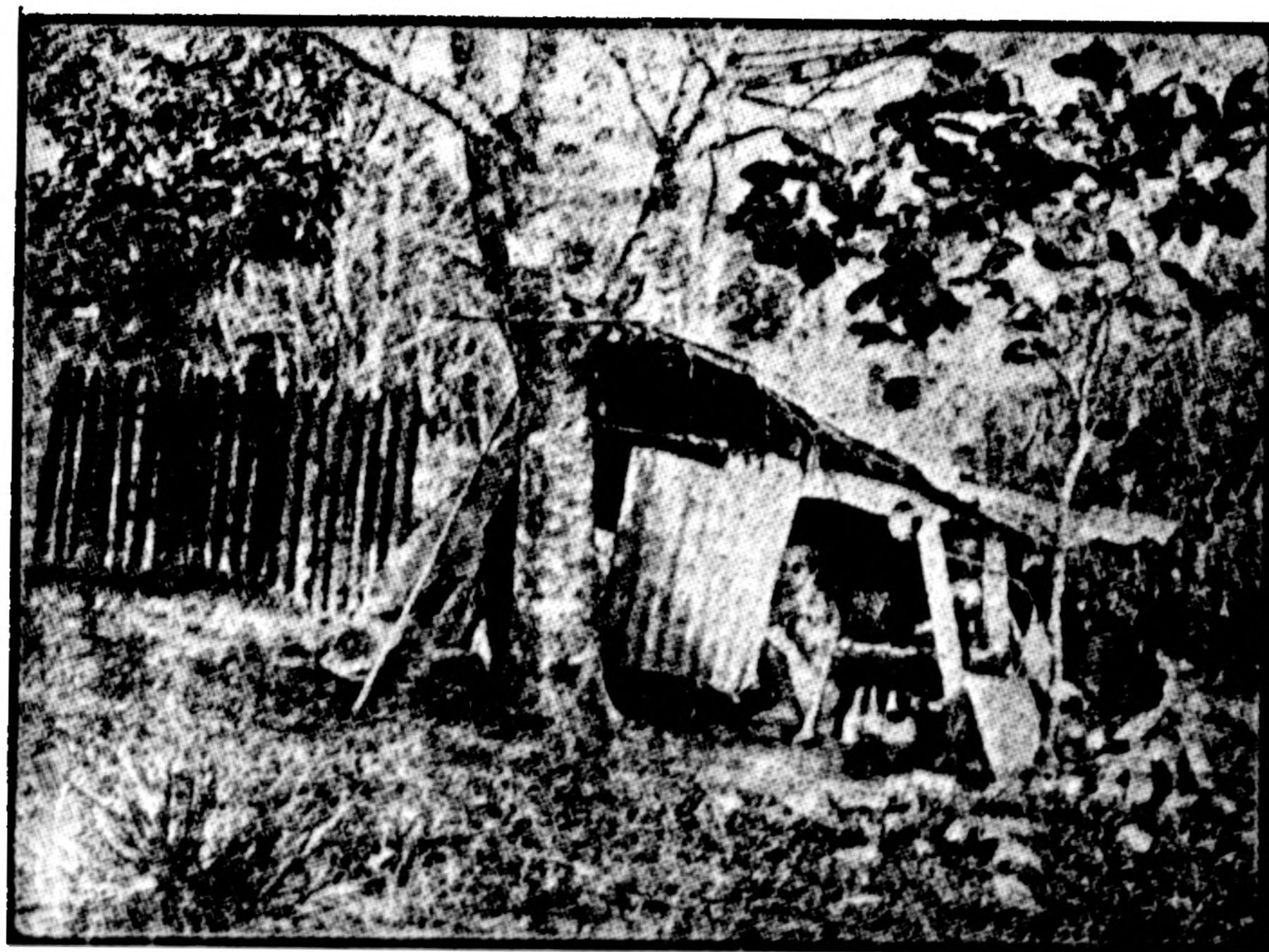
But the Republic of Panama has recently instructed the National Board of Health to lay out and establish a lazaretto capable of isolating all of the lepers in the Republic. It is to be divided into two parts, one for men and one for women, at a considerable distance apart. The act provides for

DRIVING BIT.

It will be of interest to a large number of people to learn that a Seattle



inventor has devised a driving bit which places the horse under the complete control of the driver, and, if un-



HUT OF A CHINESE LEPROS IN PANAMA.

the examination of suspected lepers and enforces their confinement at the lazaretto if the doctors find that they are suffering from the disease. A physician is to visit each patient at least four times a month, and an undergraduate physician is to maintain a residence at the lazaretto.

Colombia also realizes the grave danger which is in store for the country if leprosy is not checked, and the United States Minister at Bogota has forwarded the Marine Hospital Service a copy of a new law establishing lazarettos in each department of the Re-

publicly used, there would be no more runaway horses. This driving-bit contains the ordinary jointed mouthpiece, with reins rings attached, the rings and mouthpiece being pivoted together to a curved snaffle bar. The snaffle bars meet at the centre under the lower jaw of the horse, and are hinged by a rivet, the overlapping ends of the snaffle bars being recessed to form a smooth joint. An overjaw check guard, consisting of a curved chin bar, connects to the snaffle bars. An overdraw check bit passes through slots in the upper end of the check guard,

Huge Turtle Shells.

The huge turtles that existed during the youth of the world appear to have inhabited the foothills of the Himalaya mountains. The shells and bones of these extinct creatures, which occasionally wash out of the ravines where they have been buried for ages prove that they were more than twice as large as any specimen of the tortoise family which now exists.

STOPS BELCHING.

Cures Bad Breath—Positive and Instant Cure Free—No Drugs—Cures by Absorption.

A sweet breath is priceless. Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers will cure bad breath and bad taste instantly. Belching and bad taste indicate offensive breath, which is due to stomach trouble.

Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers purify the stomach and stop belching, by absorbing foul gases that arise from undigested food, and by supplying the digestive organs with natural solvents for food.

They relieve sea or car sickness and nausea of any kind.

They quickly cure headache, correct the ill effect of excessive eating or drinking. They will destroy a tobacco, whisky or onion breath instantly.

They stop fermentation in the stomach, acute indigestion, cramps, colic, gas in the stomach and intestines, distended abdomen, heartburn, bad complexion, dizzy spells or any other affliction arising from a diseased stomach.

We know Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers will do this, and we want you to know it. This offer may not appear again.

3246 (GOOD FOR 25c.) 143

Send this coupon with your name and address and your druggist's name and location in stamps or silver, and we will supply you a sample free if you have never used Mull's Anti-Belch Wafers, and will also send you a certificate good for 25c. toward the purchase of more Belch Wafers. You will find them invaluable for stomach trouble; cures by absorption. Address MULL'S GRAPE TONIC CO., 328 3d Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

Give Full Address and Write Plainly.

All druggists, 50c. per box, or by mail upon receipt of price. Stamps accepted. Do You Belch?

Antelopes Choose The Open.

The antelope lives always in open country, unlike members of the deer family, which invariably prefer a thick dense forest. They cannot be driven into timber cover or thickets of brush, but will literally turn about and run over a pursuer, if necessary rather than be forced into cover. If they are ever obliged to pass by or through such places for food and water, they take a great deal of time to do so, as if they were determined to see everything that could be seen en route.—March Century.

The Golden Crested Wren.

The Golden crested wren is the smallest not only of British but of all European birds. Its average weight is only about eight grains troy. The length of the feathers is about three and a half inches and the stretch of the wings about five inches, but when the feathers are taken off the length of the body does not exceed one inch.

HOSPITALS CROWDED

MAJORITY OF PATIENTS WOMEN

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Saves Many From this Sad and Costly Experience.



It is a sad but certain fact that every year brings an increase in the number of operations performed upon women in our hospitals. More than three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-

white beds are women and girls who are awaiting or recovering from operations made necessary by neglect.

Every one of these patients had plenty of warning in that bearing down feeling, pain at the left or right of the abdomen, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, pelvic catarrh, dizziness, flatulency, displacements or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the female organs, and if not heeded the trouble may make headway until the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation, and a lifetime of impaired usefulness at best, while in many cases the results are fatal.

Miss Luella Adams, of Seattle, Wash., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"About two years ago I was a great sufferer from a severe female trouble, pains and headaches. The doctor prescribed for me and finally told me that I had a tumor and must undergo an operation if I wanted to get well. I felt that this was my death warrant, but I spent hundreds of dollars for medical help, but the tumor kept growing. Fortunately I corresponded with an aunt in the New England States, and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as it was said to cure tumors. I did so and immediately began to improve in health, and I was entirely cured, the tumor disappearing entirely, without an operation. I wish every suffering woman would try this great preparation."

Just as surely as Miss Adams was cured of the troubles enumerated in her letter, just so surely will Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cure other women who suffer from female troubles, inflammation, kidney troubles, nervous excitability or nervous prostration.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write her for free advice. She is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years has been advising sick women free of charge. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The Carlisle chain works were damaged by fire originating in a furnace to the extent of about three thousand dollars.

While on his way to Lancaster to spend Thanksgiving Frank Worrer, aged 38, of Refton, died suddenly on a street car.

Owing to an outbreak of measles at the Carlisle Indian School, the officials have quarantined the institution.

Lloyd Miller, a prominent young athlete of New Cumberland, was instantly killed by an express train near his home.

While trying to jump upon a Lehigh Valley train, Saturday evening, Joseph M. Galuth, aged 14 years, of Shenandoah, was run down and had both legs and arms cut off.

MEDICINE THAT IS MEDICINE.—"I have suffered a good deal with malaria and stomach complaints, but I have now found a remedy that keeps me well, and that keeps me well, and that remedy is Electric Bitters; a medicine that is medicine for the stomach and liver troubles, and for run down conditions," says W. C. Kiestler, of Halliday, Ark. Electric Bitters purify and enrich the blood, tone up the nerves, and impart vigor and energy to the weak. Your money will be refunded if it fails to help you. 50c at Ed. T. Auker's drug store.

From an infected steer which arrived Nov. 5 among a carload of cattle to the farm of H. M. Kneller, at Lineboro, Md., from Buffalo, 22 head of cattle have contracted the foot and mouth disease. As a result cattle dealers throughout Maryland are much concerned over the possible spread of the disease which has created havoc among cattle in Pennsylvania and New York.

FOOTBALL NEWS

If you are an enthusiastic follower of the great American football game, read the exclusive articles of the great football experts in "The Philadelphia Press." Walter Camp, the Yale coach; Mike Murphy, Pennsylvania's trainer; W. W. Roper, head coach of Princeton, and Glen S. Warner, of the Carlisle Indians, are now writing for "The Philadelphia Press." These men are experts and express their ideas and views of the games very interestingly. "The Philadelphia Press" this season is covering all the games more completely and accurately than ever before and it is recognized as the known authority for all kinds of sporting news. The cartoons in "The Press," depicting the current sports are worth while.

OHIO & KENTUCKY HORSES.



Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908,

The undersigned will receive one carload of Ohio and Kentucky Horses—workers and drivers—for sale or exchange Call and see them.

Will also buy all kinds of Fat Horses and Mules suitable for the Southern markets.

H. W. PARR, Hanover, Pa.

Grain & Produce!

Having purchased the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER STREET, NEW OXFORD, Pa., for many years conducted by Mr. Z. H. Cashman, we desire to inform the public that the business will be conducted on the same principle as heretofore, and will buy and sell all kinds of

Country Produce.

WHEAT, RYE, OATS, CORN, HAY, STRAW, BRAN, CHOP, MIDDINGS, POTATOES, COARSE AND FINE SALT, &c. &c., also

The Best Brands of Flour.

We have retained the service of Mr. Carshman who will have charge of the business. Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to deal with us.

Hanover Produce Co.



G. E. Jacobs, Ref. D.,

—SPECIALIST IN—

Lenses For The Eyes, WILL BE IN GETTYSBURG, 1st Nat. Bank Bldg., Nov. 30th to Dec. 5th.

NOTICE!

Having purchased the butchering business conducted by B. F. Gise in New Oxford, I would inform his many friends as well as the public at large, that I will continue the business at the old stand and have on hand in season all the different kinds of Choice Meats, including Fresh and Smoked Meats.

Your Patronage Solicited. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Very Respectfully,
10-31 CHARLES JACOBS.

The New Store

Gives You a Special

Invitation to come and inspect our line of

RUBBERS,

For Men, Women and Children.

Also Arctics and Boots.

Coat Sweaters that Fit Perfectly and are very serviceable for cold weather.

Chas. G. Miller.

Smith Store Room,

Hanover Street, New Oxford.

LOOKING FOR FALL AND WINTER FOOTWEAR.

Looking for Value—value in getting exactly what you want, exactly what pleases you most. Our great stock and big variety makes that certain—any price you want to pay. Men's working or dress shoes at \$1.25 a pair and upwards; Women's likewise. A full and complete line of Misses and Children's School Shoes at low prices.

CONRAD'S.

Center Square, West Side, Hanover, Pa.

BE UP-TO-DATE.

Build Your House of Concrete.



It is the Greatest Material, and the Miracle Double Staggered Air Space Concrete Building Block is the best form of concrete construction.

It makes your building Frost and Moisture Proof.

It makes it Warm in Winter and Cool in Summer.

It makes the finest building at least cost.

Come have a talk with us, and be convinced that Concrete is the best building material of the present age.

Geo. D. Sheely,

NEW OXFORD, PENNA.

Grain & Produce.

The undersigned, having taken charge of the warehouse on Pitt Street (formerly conducted by A. Sheely), desires to inform the public that he will pay Highest Cash Prices for all kinds of GRAIN, &c. Will also handle all kinds of MILL FEED, Salt, Potatoes and the Best Brands of Flour. All orders for feed, etc., will be delivered free to any part of borough.

LUMBER AND COAL.

Will also at all times have a full supply of LUMBER & COAL of all kinds, which will be sold at bottom prices.

J. H. Duttera, Jr.,
New Oxford, Pa.

ARE YOU

in need of a

Cook Stove, Range, Oil Stove,

or any other kind of a stove? If so drop in to see us, we have them in all styles and at right prices. Also a full line of

Tinware, Enameled and Agaté Ware.

Repairing Promptly done.
Roofing and Spouting a
Specialty.

HAYES B. FAIR,

Carlisle Street, New Oxford.

Always Proud of it.

Always Glad to Tell it.

Want others to know it.

That's the Truth about people who buy

BANNER FLOUR

When people have the best there is, they don't hesitate to say what they have, and you'll always find when you ask why they have good bread they don't simply say, "we use flour," oh no, the BANNER

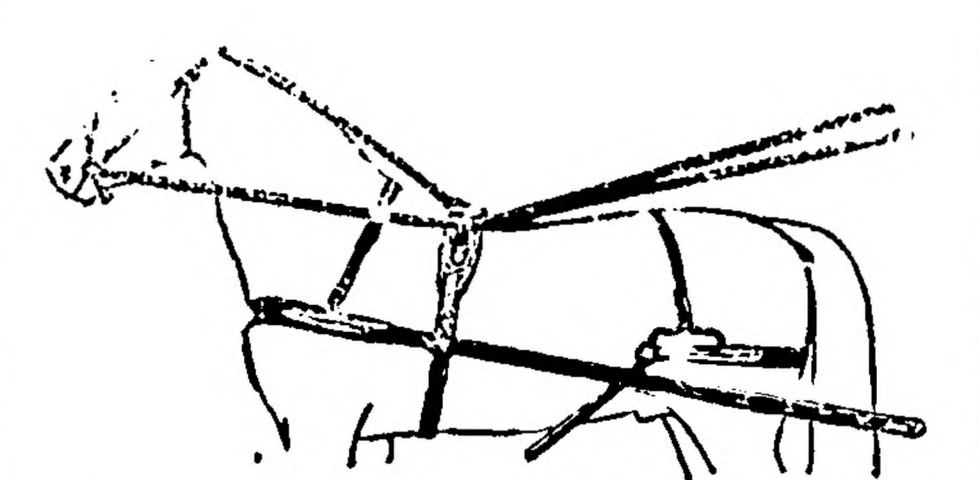
..IS THE BEST..

and they want you to know they had the good sense to buy THE BEST.

J. R. HARTMAN.

New Oxford Flouring Mills,

Horses & Mules.



Saturday, Dec. 5, 1908,

Will receive 80 head of yearling and 2-year-old mules. And will receive 2 carloads of sucking, yearling and 2-year old mules every week from now on. Also have horses and broke mules on hand all times.

H. A. SMITH, Hanover, Pa.

MADAME DEAN'S
FRENCH
FEMALE PILLS.

A SAFE, CERTAIN RELIEF FOR SUPPRESSED MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. Just on getting the genuine, accept no substitute. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the

UNITED MEDICAL CO., Box 74, Lancaster, Pa.

Sold in New Oxford by Ed. T. Auker

Red Letter Fur Sale.

439 Pieces of STANDARD WORTH.

.. SALE ENDS NOVEMBER 30 ..

WE will have on exhibition and for sale at our store four different manufacturers' lines of Furs, consisting of Fur Coats, Ladies' Separate Furs, Ladies' Fur and Muff Sets, Misses' Fur and Muff Sets, Children's Fur and Muff Sets, at the following prices:

FUR SCARFS.

12 Scarfs at 79c;	3 Scarfs at \$ 1 25	8 Scarfs at 6 50	3 Scarfs at 6 75
4 Scarfs at \$ 2 00	4 Scarfs at 2 25	4 Scarfs at 7 00	1 Scarf at 7 25
3 Scarfs at 2 75	4 Scarfs at 3 00	1 Scarf at 7 50	8 Scarfs at 8 00
1 Scarf at 3 25	5 Scarfs at 3 50	1 Scarf at 8 50	1 Scarf at 9 50
1 Scarf at 3 75	3 Scarfs at 4 00	1 Scarf at 10 00	3 Scarfs at 10 50
2 Scarfs at 4 25	7 Scarfs at 4 50	3 Scarfs at 11 00	1 Scarf at 12 50
10 Scarfs at 5 00	2 Scarfs at 4 75	1 Scarf at 13 00	1 Scarf at 13 50
23 Scarfs at 5 50	1 Scarf at 5 75	2 Scarfs at 16 00	2 Scarfs at 16 50
3 Scarfs at 6 00	2 Scarfs at 6 25	2 Scarfs at 25 00	

LADIES' FUR SETS.

2 Sets at \$ 3 50	1 Set at \$ 3 75	1 Set at 13 50	2 Sets at 14 50
1 Set at 5 50	4 Sets at 6 50	2 Sets at 16 00	2 Sets at 16 50
1 Set at 6 75	1 Set at 7 25	1 Set at 18 50	1 Set at 22 50
1 Set at 7 50	3 Sets at 8 50	1 Set at 23 00	1 Set at 24 00
1 Set at 9 50	18 Sets at 10 00	1 Set at 27 50	2 Sets at 37 50
4 Sets at 10 50	1 Set at 12 50	2 Sets at 40 00	2 Sets at 47 50

Children's and Misses' Sets.

2 Sets at \$1 00	9 Sets at \$1 25	3 Sets at 3 50	5 Sets at 4 00
9 Sets at 1 50	1 Set at 1 75	3 Sets at 4 50	1 Set at 4 75
1 Set at 2 25	5 Sets at 2 75	6 Sets at 5 50	5 Sets at 6 50
1 Set at 3 00	3 Sets at 3 25	1 Set at 8 00	1 Set at 8 50

MUFFS.

3 Muffs at \$ 1 75	1 Muff at \$ 2 50	2 Muffs at 3 00	1 Muff at 3 25	2 Muffs at 4 50
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MUFFS.

4 Muffs at 6 50	16 Muffs at 5 50
2 Muffs at 7 00	1 Muff at 7 25
3 Muffs at 7 50	12 Muffs at 8 00
8 Muffs at 10 50	2 Muffs at 12 50
1 Muff at 15 50	

Also 30 Ladies' and Misses' Tailor-Made Coat Suits, At Bargain Prices.

ALL goods not sold by the 1st of December must be bought out-right by our firm or returned at once. This is the largest assortment, and best opportunity for buyers ever shown in Hanover. First come, first choice.

WENTZ BROS. & FREY,

33 Baltimore Street,

Hanover,

Penn'a.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

The undersigned residents of New Oxford Borough, Oxford and Hamilton townships, hereby give notice to all persons not to trespass upon their premises for the purpose of hunting game in any way. Persons so offending will be prosecuted to full extent of the law.

O. A. RUFF.
J. H. STOK.

G. R. THOMPSON,

Practical Auctioneer.

Desires to inform all who intend having public sale that he open for engagements at all times. Several years experience; satisfaction guaranteed. P.O. Address—GRANITE HILL, 10-5.

Subscribe for the ITEM, \$1 a year.

Alton Hoover, of Atlantic, near Meadville, fired three bullets at his wife, two taking effect in her head. She will die. Hoover is a partner with his father in the general mercantile business, and was married two years ago to a Miss Fay. Recently Hoover has not been entirely temperate. Mrs. Hoover went to her parent's Monday and when she returned Friday Friday evening Hoover refused to recognize her. She then went to the home of friend across the street from the store. A little later he called her out and a moment later shot her.

MARKED FOR DEATH.—"Three years ago I was marked for death. A grave-yard cough was tearing my lungs to pieces. Doctors failed to help me, and hope had fled, when my husband got Dr. King's New Discovery," says Mrs. A. C. Williams, of Bac, Ky. "The first dose helped me and improvement kept on until I had gained 58 pounds in weight and my health was fully restored." This medicine holds the world's healing record for coughs and colds and lung and throat diseases. It prevents pneumonia. Sold under guarantee at Ed. T. Auker's drug store 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills relieve pain.